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Fascinating Photo

In your February issue you published reproductions of two photographs, one of Lincoln and one of an unknown man. A casual observer should note several discrepancies . . . an adult ear never changes. The two are not similar.

—J. T. Chandler
Jacksonville, Ill.

I have just spent an hour under the hair dryer with four pieces of paper which I placed in every conceivable position on the Stashin picture and the picture of Lincoln. . . I am on Stashin's side. Anyone with their hair combed differently and a different expression looks different in two different photos.

This was Lincoln early in the morning of a bad day.

—Mrs. L. Zamrzla
Sacramento, Calif.

. . . it must be a picture of Raymond Massey who is deeply hurt if anyone other than himself is cast as Lincoln. Massey's self-image as Lincoln is substantiated by the remark of a motion picture producer who said that Massey would not be happy until somebody assassinated him.

—Paul Crowin
Burbank, Calif.

Photographer Stashin has unwittingly (and you can say that again!) stumbled onto a find far vaster than he, in the wildest flight of his fevered imagination, could have dreamed. . . .

No, gentlemen, that's not Lincoln. Incredible as it may be, it is the one and only photograph ever taken of George Washington!

—David H. Rust
Rock Springs, Wyo.

. . . the more you look at it, the more it resembles Lincoln on the penny, but not like the picture on the $5.00 bill.

—John A. Rogers
Jerup, Ga.

If it's worth what photographer Stashin thinks, maybe the government will put it on the $5.00 bill.

Hold That Author

The *Not Guilty* bit by Jerry Izenberg (True, February) was one of the best things I've read in years. Capture that man and lock him in a room with a typewriter and reams of paper.

—Robert Phillips
Santa Clara, Calif.

Have done.

Fish Story

The Fish That Goes Fishing With Me (True February 1968) has got to be the fishiest yet. Give me some dimensions on that fishing canoe, excluding the outrigger. Two men, two boys (?), fishing gear plus 300 lbs. of fish and still room to maneuver makes quite a boat load. At $150 a day (300 lbs. at 50¢ per pound), invested wisely should make fisherman Frank a millionaire. Tell me now really, author Mantley, just how salty is ocean water?

—Charles A. Garrard
Hutsonville, Ill.

I have just finished reading your February edition. I enjoyed it and the past editions very much. I look forward every month to read True.

But why not print something that at least sounds true? I am referring to the February, 1968 edition, page 59, *The Fish That Goes Fishing With Me* by John Mantley.

Don't you think it is a little farfetched?

—Alan Leonhard
Ramer, Tenn.

No.

Hell Raiser

I was pleased to see the answer from the Hell's Angels (which I was once a member of) printed in your January issue. I think you should print an apology for your idiotic remarks.

I take exception to your deliberate misspellings and the asinine cartoon (intended, I suppose, to ridicule the writer) and your flippant answer. Speaking for every outlaw biker in Southern California, I don't see why you, a Man's Magazine, should try to poke fun at one of the few groups of *real men* left in the United States.

—Michael "Mad Mike" Gray
San Diego, Calif.

No apologies. The misspellings were the letter writer's not ours. Suggestion: the Army, Navy, Marines, etc., can use all the *real men* they can get.

Rickenbacker

I find it necessary to disagree with a statement in Eddie Rickenbacker's autobiography appearing in the January issue of True.

In the interest of truth and historical facts, allow me to state that the 103rd Aero Pursuit Squadron relieved the French mechanics of the Escadrille LaFayette in February, 1918, and began operations against the enemy February 18, 1918, as evidenced by squadron orders in my possession.

It is true that we served with the various French armies, but under the then Maj. William Thaw as our Squadron C.O. Believe me, he was an ALL AMERICAN as was the entire personnel of the 103rd. I was there.

Mr. Rickenbacker undoubtedly holds many "firsts" but being a member of the first American combat squadron to see service against the Germans is not among them.

—J. W. Warner
Lyons, Kansas

In line with Captain Rickenbacker's story which recently ran in your magazine, it might interest your readers that some of his cars are still around. I just purchased a 1926 Model B8 Brougham which I hope to re-

[*Continued on page* 4]

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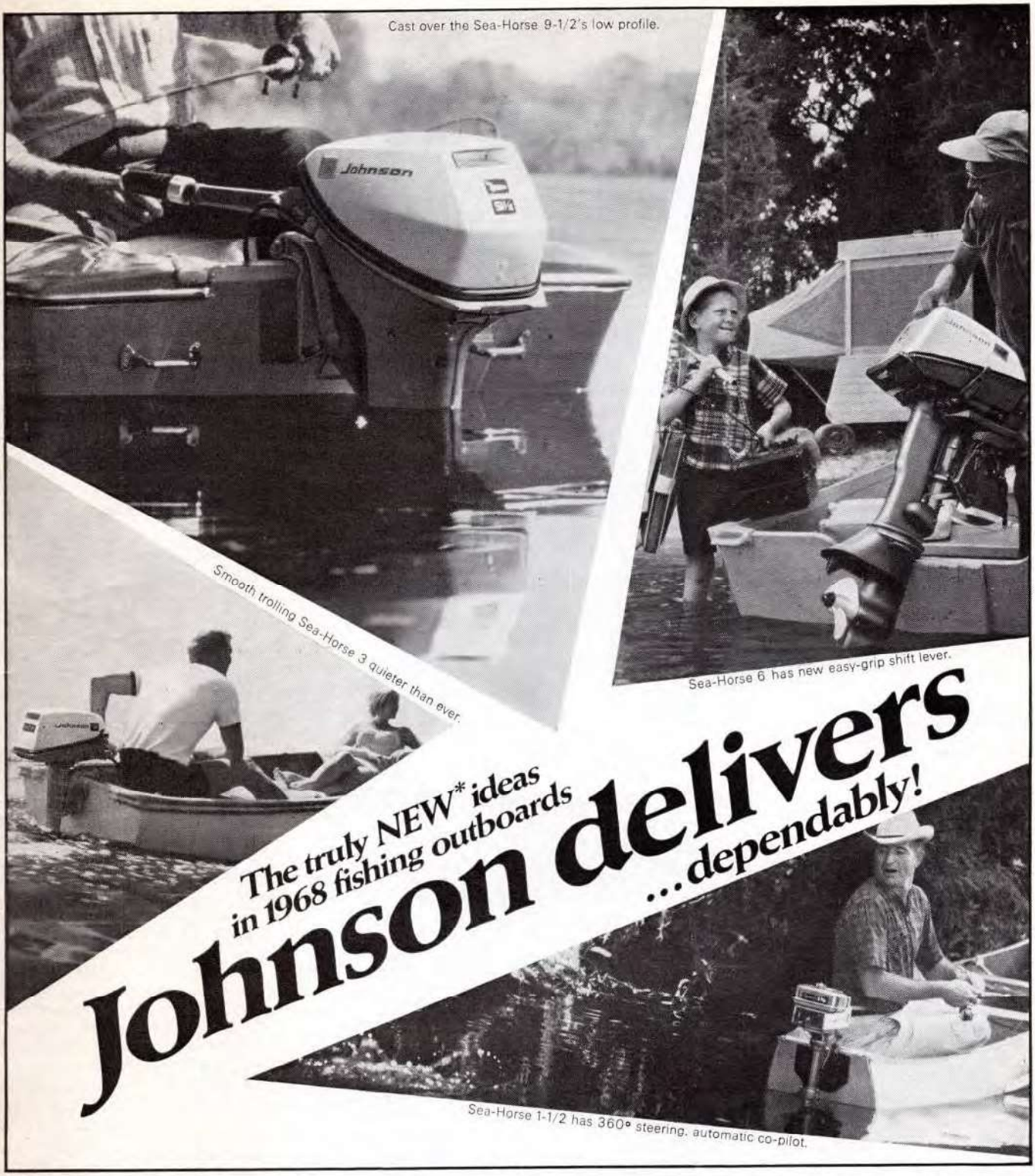

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[*Continued from page 2*]
store to its original condition. This car has a straight-8 engine and is equipped with the controversial four-wheel brakes. I would like to hear from any of your readers who might have any information on this car.

—*J. Bastien*
San Leandro, Calif.

Dictionary

I just finished reading *The U.S. Goes To War On LSD* by Dale Shaw in your February issue. It is clear that Mr. Shaw regards the B-DAC agent Irwin Dahlberg as some kind of a hero. I think there is a better way to describe a person who works his way into the friendship and confidence of others while at the same time sharpening a knife to stick into their backs. The best word to describe such a being is—FINK!

—*James A. Grangruth*
N.Y., N.Y.

What word do you use to describe LSD pushers?

Mima Mounds

After reading in the January issue, *The Mystery of the Mima Mounds*, I have come to the conclusion that the professional UFO investigators should look down instead of up!

From the photo of the mounds, it appears that the flying saucers are born in the state of Washington.

—*Elmer Carlson*
Duluth, Minn.

My theory is that the saber-toothed tigers, being fastidious like all cats, used this plain as a toilet. They scooped out a hole, made their deposit, and covered it up.

—*C. L. Swartz*
Little Falls, Minn.

Scat, cats!

Pool Lingo

The article in True, February issue by Eddie Taylor and Tom Fox, *I'll Shoot Your Eyes Out*, prompts me to write this letter.

Away back yonder in time, 1926 to be exact, I was well acquainted with Hayden Lingo (mentioned in the article) who was a "pool hustler" at the time the author ran across him in West Virginia and when I knew him he was starting out to be a very good pool hustler.

My eyes did a double take when I ran across the name because as far as I know there are no more Lingo's in the entire United States and certainly none with the first name Hayden. Hayden used to live in Tulsa, Oklahoma, on South Elwood, with his folks when I knew him.

I'm writing this more to let you know that the coincidence of running across Hayden Lingo's name, gives me confidence in the authenticity of the article, and also bolsters my confidence in True Magazine.

—*C. F. Milbourn*
Estancia, N. M.

Here Comes the Bride

We wish to thank you for the exposure given to Brides Showcase International in the February issue of your fine publication. We have received an overwhelming response to this newly-conceived business. It reinforces our belief that sophisticated and knowledgeable people have been able to grasp the appeal, growth and profit potential of this unique business concept.

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—*James R. Cronin*
N.Y., N.Y.

What the hell ever happened to the simple nonbusinesslike elopement?

Land Quarrel

I have read with considerable concern your story *The U.S. Stole Our Land* by Tony Hillerman in your January issue.

Mr. Hillerman has a great many dates and facts in his article that are unquestionably true. He is, however, very naive or must have communist leanings since most everyone knows this fiasco was nothing more or less than a Castro-type communist attempt for a take-over.

—*Chase Traweek*
Springerville, Arizona

You will undoubtedly get a strong negative reaction to the article *The U. S. Stole Our Land* by Tony Hillerman. The law-abiding citizens of New Mexico regard Reies Tijerina as something less than the hero Hillerman has depicted. His story tries to glorify the actions of the "Alianza," who raided the county courthouse at Tierra Amarilla, shooting at everything and everyone in sight, including police officers and police cars. In New Mexico we regard this as outright lawlessness and the law and the courts should move swiftly and positively to stop this, not only in New Mexico but anywhere in the United States where it occurs. The key witness who was to testify against Reies Tijerina, (a jailer, Eulogio Salazar, who was wounded in the June 5th raid), was murdered Tuesday night, January 2, 1968, in Tierra Amarilla.

—*William L. High*
Albuquerque, N. M.

Internal Dissension

Well, you did it to me this month. Your Man's World *Taxing Art*, February issue, got my dander. Of course, we all know this is only one of many ways our taxes go down the drain, but man, this one really galls me. Thanks a million for bringing this to light. My million-dollar memory will cling to this item for a long time to come.

—*W. C. Peck*
Hialeah, Fla.

Regarding the Internal Revenue seal in the February issue (Man's World) your interpretation of its significance is in error. The figure on the right is obviously a vulture sticking his beak in our pockets. The symbol on the left is our money going up in smoke through foreign giveaways.

—*D. J. Farrell*
Washington, D. C.

A CORRECTION

In the November 1967 issue of True Magazine there was published an article entitled *All The Twiggy's Want To Be Sophia*. On page 58 of said issue reference was made to the Mark Eden Bust Developer.

The Mark Eden Corporation through its counsel has notified the editors of True Magazine that the postal fraud order issued on November 4, 1966, pertaining to the Mark Eden device, was revoked by the Judicial Officer of the Post Office Department on February 2, 1967.

By mentioning this product in the article, the publisher of True Magazine in no way intended to imply that the product referred to was tainted by fraud. In fact, the editors have been informed that the device is available through the mails.

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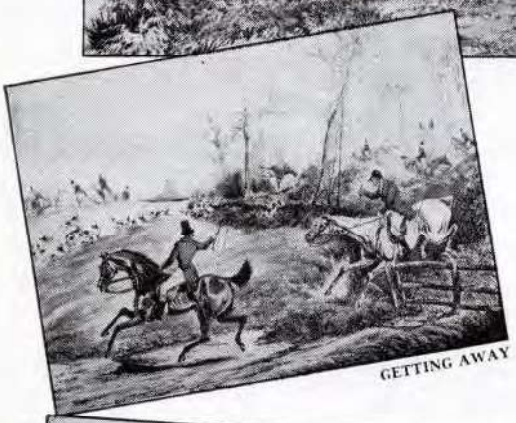

GETTING AWAY

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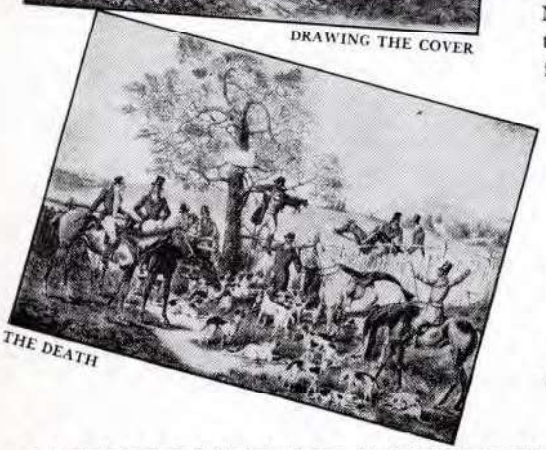

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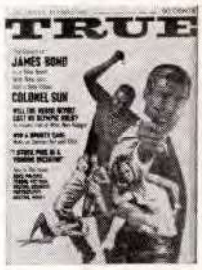

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE APRIL 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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VOL. 49 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION No. 371

If the "single" in the next apartment says the autumn-day aroma of Field & Stream turns her giddy,

marry the girl.

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in this corner

THE D.A.R. MUST BE KIDDING

BY JOHN KEATS

I have learned, with a sense of loss and shock, that the membership of the Daughters of the American Revolution has dwindled, and—worse—that the D.A.R. is thinking of changing its public image. Here is a tragedy. Should the Daughters fade away, or abandon the stage to become just another women's club full of creamed chicken and platitudes, the nation will surely be the loser. Without the Daughters' lighthearted but powerful support last August, for example, Joan Baez, the golden-voiced folk singer, might have been reduced to singing in a small hall to hundreds of people, instead of to tens of thousands gathered round the Washington Monument. But let us put the D.A.R. and that pregnant episode with Miss Baez into proper context.

Perhaps the problem stems from the fact that Daughters' role in our national life has never been fully appreciated. Humorless columnists, labor leaders and prominent musicians with foreign names have all from time to time wrongfully accused the Daughters of being "aristocratic, snobbish, bigoted people." Not one word of this is true. Indeed, it may be said that no group of comedians has ever been so misunderstood as the blithe spirits of the D.A.R. who have ever sought to bring a shout of laughter to our lives.

For an earlier example of their sly joshing, one could go back to the D.A.R. blacklist of 1928-31. In their own, fun-loving way, the Daughters had drawn up a list of ordinary citizens, authors, educators, clergymen and organizations who (the Daughters pretended) were either dangerously radical or who held beliefs unacceptable to the D.A.R. The list included Nobel Prize winner Sinclair Lewis, the Junior League, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. One Daughter, who failed to see the joke, peevishly complained that if Jesus Christ were to return to Earth today, the D.A.R. would find Him unacceptable. Quite rightly, she was expelled. The D.A.R. is no organization for the dull.

In 1939 the clever ladies were at it again, this time refusing to let the Negro contralto Marian Anderson sing in Constitution Hall. At first, they humorously said this was not because they disliked Negroes, but because the Hall was solidly booked. When everyone had stopped laughing at this, they next said they were only following local custom. If, or when Washington ever "worked out its problems," then the D.A.R. would adapt its policies to fit the city's, D.A.R. President-General Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., jokingly explained.

Beneath this idle quip, one can see again the serious intent that always undergirds satire. To say that the D.A.R. would always follow local customs was really to remind Americans that this country would never have been born if the ladies' ancestors had meekly gone along with George III's oppressive tyranny. It was a reminder that so long as the D.A.R. existed, it would keep the fires of freedom brightly burning. The ladies were pointing out that Congress had decreed segregation in Washington—and that they were opposed to such an inhuman policy. By pretending to find Miss Anderson unacceptable because of her race, the D.A.R. was really ensuring that an immense throng would gather to hear Miss Anderson hold her concert at the Lincoln Memorial instead. No doubt many a Daughter went herself, and wept to hear Miss Anderson sing, "Nobody Knows The Troubles I've Seen."

By the 1950's, the good Daughters were brightly fighting other battles, drawing attention to the need for international understanding by humorously opposing the government's cultural exchange program with the Russians, denouncing the United Nations, and later castigating Jacqueline Kennedy for having bought UNICEF Christmas cards. Once again, the whole nation laughed, and the Daughters went on to oppose the Supreme Court, foreign aid, urban renewal, legislative reapportionment, immigration, nuclear test-ban treaties, the Atlantic community, and red, white and blue panty girdles.

Then last August, the sly Daughters had their great fun with Joan Baez, in the course of helping America to bring peace to the world. They denied Miss Baez the use of Constitution Hall on the ground that Miss Baez opposed the Viet Nam war, whereas the good Daughters were wildly in favor of it. As if on cue, Miss Baez announced that, the Hall being closed to her, she would offer a free concert on the lawn beneath the Washington Monument, and this of course gave the Daughters one of their greatest comic opportunities. They asked Interior Secretary Stewart Udall to keep Joan off the grass! Of course this clever play on words brought down the house, and when Mr. Udall told Miss Baez that the show could go on, and when many more thousands came to the Monument than could ever have wedged into the Daughters' auditorium, Miss Baez quite properly thanked the D.A.R. for all the publicity they had given her.

Clearly, Miss Baez has caught the sensitive soul beneath the Daughters' clown costumes. She seems to understand, as others sometimes have not, that these dauntless Daughters are just humbly trying, like any who follow the comic muse, to point out the absurdities of human existence. The Daughters' problem is that humor in these grim times is so seldom understood. More than this, their humor is so rare and refined as to perhaps confuse those Americans whose ancestors came to these shores at a later time than did the Daughters' ancestors—after admission had become more selective. Speaking as one whose kinfolk first arrived in America in 1650 and in good time also became traitorous revolutionaries who defied their rightful king, I think I may be better placed than some to try to explain the Daughters' sense of humor.

The essence of it is really quite simple. By giving themselves military-masculine titles, such as President General, Recording Secretary General, and so on; by exaggerating their clothing, their manners, their reverence to the Flag and the Constitution; by so laboriously picking out their geneologies; by so assiduously pretending to oppose everything their ancestors fought for, and by proclaiming their objection to very nearly every enlightened act designed to promote the safety, health, education and welfare of all Americans, the Daughters try to make themselves appear ridiculous. They do this gaily, gladly, hoping to amuse us, to make us laugh with them, in order that, refreshed, we can get on with the good work that began in 1776.

JOHN KEATS IS A SHARP CRITIC OF THE AMERICAN SCENE. HIS BOOKS INCLUDE "THE CRACK IN THE PICTURE WINDOW," "THE SHEEPSKIN PSYCHOSIS," AND THE RECENTLY PUBLISHED, "THE NEW ROMANS."

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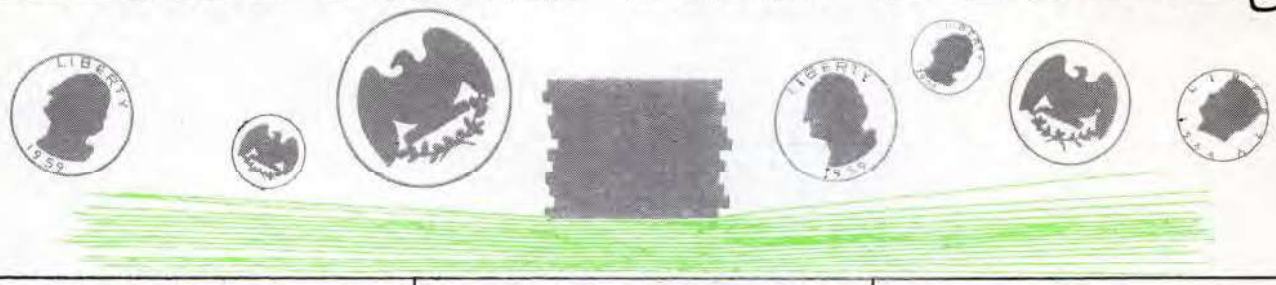

BY MAX GUNTHER

THE IRS REVEALS HOW YOU MAY GYP YOURSELF

You may find it hard to believe at this particular time of year, but the Internal Revenue Service is basically a good-hearted outfit. Its job, as an official bulletin puts it, is "to collect what each taxpayer owes—no more, no less." If you pay too much tax this April 15, and if IRS finds out about it, you'll get your overpayment back pronto.

If IRS finds out. That, friend, is the catch. For there is no guarantee that IRS will even look at your tax return, beyond perhaps a quick arithmetic-checking spin through a computer.

Take IRS' 1967 operations as an example. A record 72 million individual income tax returns were filed last year. Some 65½ million were put through a quick "mathematical verification"—a simple check of the taxpayer's arithmetic, performed by computers. Six percent turned out to contain mathematical mistakes. Of those taxpayers who had made mistakes, roughly two-thirds owed more money to the government and the other third got money back. A total of $94 million in overpay went back to taxpayers as a result of this check.

Some three million tax returns were then selected for a more thorough check by IRS examiners. In auditing these returns, the examiners went far beyond a mere arithmetical verification. They studied each taxpayer's entire financial situation. It turned out that about half the returns contained errors. The majority of taxpayers in these cases owed more money to IRS, but thousands got money back. The government, as a result of this thorough auditing, mailed back $53 million in individual income taxes, $12 million in estate taxes.

The happy taxpayers who got these government checks represented only a small fraction of all income earners in the country. What of the tens of millions of taxpayers whose returns weren't audited? How much had they overpaid? Nobody will ever know. They'll never get their money back.

Don't be an overpayer. According to IRS officials at the New York district office (IRS' biggest) and at headquarters in Washington, D.C., here are the mistakes that most often lead taxpayers into coughing up too much:

Failing to deduct certain taxes. If you itemize your deductions instead of taking the standard 10 percent, you're entitled to deduct several kinds of tax from your reportable income.

Most taxpayers know they can deduct state income taxes, real-estate taxes and personal-property taxes paid during the year. Here are some other taxes that many neglect:

(1) General sales taxes. In many states and cities you pay a one percent to five percent tax every time you buy something. The tax may be several hundred dollars on a new car or a nickel on a meal. Over a year's time it adds up. IRS doesn't expect you to keep a record of every nickel and dime but allows you to take a reasonable guess at the total. Some district offices even give out tables of averages that can be used by residents of certain states. A man with a total 1967 income of $15,000 and a family of five can deduct anywhere from $83 (Texas) to $296 (Hawaii) for state sales taxes.

(2) Gasoline taxes. On page 9 of this year's Form 1040 instructions is a table of state taxes on gasoline. You figure how many miles your car or cars rolled in 1967, look up your state's gas-tax rate and compute your year's total. It's simple, and IRS wonders why thousands of car owners always forget to take their gas-tax deductions. If you drove 20,000 miles in Nebraska last year, for instance, you can deduct $105.

Treating a capital gain as ordinary income. The capital-gains tax is half or less of the straight income tax, and it pays to take advantage of this pleasant fact whenever you legally can. Thousands of taxpayers, it turns out, don't.

To word a nightmarishly complex set of rules as simply as possible, a capital gain is a profit you make from selling anything you own, except where the transaction is part of your regular business. If an art dealer makes a profit by selling a painting, that's ordinary income. But if anyone else sells the same painting, the profit is a capital gain.

If you sell your house, car, boat or any other piece of personal property, the profit is a capital gain. If you sell a corporate stock for a profit, it's a capital gain. If you made any money in 1967 beyond your regular earnings, you should study the situation hard to see whether you qualify for the friendly capital-gains treatment.

Forgetting about gambling losses. More than a million taxpayers report income from gambling (IRS calls it "wagering") each year, but only half a million ever report gambling losses. This puzzles IRS agents. If a man has won money by gambling during the year, chances are he has lost bets at other times, unless his wagering income is all the result of a single big plunge or sweepstakes ticket.

The law says you must report all gambling winnings—including lottery and raffle prizes—as income. But you can deduct from that the total of your gambling losses. (You can deduct gambling losses only to the extent of your winnings in the year. You aren't allowed to show a net gambling loss and apply it against other kinds of income.)

If you discover this year that you've been making some such mistake or omission in prior years, and if you've overpaid in those prior years as a result, you can do something that few taxpayers seem to know is allowed: file an "amended return." You can do this within three years of the date your faulty return was due. That is, this year you can amend as far back as your 1964 return, which was due in April, 1965. You simply write or phone your IRS district office for a 1964 Form 1040, fill it out with the correct figures, write "Amended Return" in big red letters across the top and mail it in for a refund.

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by
DICK
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trueviews: movies books records

movies

COUNTERPOINT. Late in WW II, an American symphony orchestra touring for the USO is captured by the Germans. The bored German general, his attack stalled by a lack of fuel, commands the orchestra to give him a concert. The autocratic conductor refuses, setting off a contest of wills. Charlton Heston and Maximilian Schell are superb in this suspenseful, intelligent, but slow, drama.

Katharine: Graduate's young love.

THE GRADUATE. This outrageous satire is surely one of the best American pictures in years. Brilliantly directed by Mike Nichols, it delineates the dilemma of a young man who doesn't know what he wants to do or be. He is pressured by adults on all sides until he stages an uproarious rebellion. Hilarious deadpan comedy abounds; Dustin Hoffman is outstanding as the "graduate," and Anne Bancroft and Katharine Ross are fine as a mother and daughter he loves—sort of.

GRAND SLAM. Movies about major robberies are getting as imitative and tiresome as spy spoofs. This one has a foolproof scheme (for a jewel theft) that backfires, an exciting heist, and a "twist" ending. It's all very familiar and boring. Edward G. Robinson and Janet Leigh star.

THE PRODUCERS. There is so much good in this movie—the acting, the premise, many gags—that one feels regret when it fizzles out in the end. Zero Mostel stars as a roguish Broadway producer who works out a scheme with a wildly neurotic accountant (Gene Wilder) to put on a show that will instantly flop but make him a fortune—a musical comedy about Hitler. Like the film, their plan goes awry.

THE POWER. In this film, George Hamilton plays a brilliant scientist. No, it's not a comedy. It's a science-fiction story about the fantastic power of the human brain. If you have one, you'll stay home.

SEBASTIAN. Dirk Bogarde plays the head of the code department of British Intelligence. There are 100 girls working for him, but he stays aloof until Susannah York forces him to break his code. Eventually, some spies try to break his head, too. He triumphs in the end. It's part spy spoof, part romantic comedy drama, all mishmash.

A MATTER OF INNOCENCE. A small attempt has been made here to convey the poignancy of a girl losing her innocence under the spell of the romantic Orient. Even if it had been done well, this would be a trifle. It captures some of the sights of Singapore, but it's second-rate on all counts. Hayley Mills and Trevor Howard are adequate.

DOCTOR DOLITTLE. Hugh Lofting's famous, whimsical stories about the doctor who could talk to animals have been transformed into a large-scale, whimsical musical. Rex Harrison is Dolittle; after some tribulations at the hands of humans, he forsakes them for an adventurous sea voyage, taking Anthony Newley, Samantha Eggar and William Dix along. Generally good family fun.

HALF A SIXPENCE. This seemingly interminable musical has only one thing going for it: Tommy Steele, who sings and dances with abundant energy and talent. However, since his material is witless and undistinguished, his efforts come to naught. This story of a rags-to-riches rise in Victorian England should have been left in the closet with other dated relics. The score is forgettable.

books

BEYOND BELIEF by Emlyn Williams. A few years ago, the world was shocked to learn of three outrageously cruel murders by a young English couple. The victims (a boy, a girl and a young man) were tortured, photographed and tape-recorded in their distress, then murdered and buried on the Moors. This book re-creates their lives; it's good, but overwritten. *Random House; $5.95.*

THE NAKED APE. by Desmond Morris. The subject of this witty zoologist's study is not gorillas, but us. The author examines man as he would any other animal in order to find certain fundamentals which have gotten lost under civilization's overlay. The results are fascinating, surprising and often funny. You may not like it, but you can't afford to miss it. *McGraw-Hill; $5.95.*

THE WIND CRIED by Paul Hecht. Eight years ago, the author went to Spain in order to regain some authority over a half-baked life. He did so by discovering the flamenco—the primitive, personal music of the Spanish people. This unique slice of biography details the lives and music of a fiercely individualistic and dying race of men. *Dial; $4.95.*

VANITY OF DULUOZ by Jack Kerouac. America's Boswell of Beat has simmered down somewhat and produced his best book in years. This pseudonovel details Kerouac's adventures as a football star and merchant seaman in the '30's and '40's with vigor and feeling. He's still a sloppy stylist, but on balance, it's good. *Coward-McCann; $5.50.*

BEAUTY BEAST by McKinlay Kantor. The author's 30th novel is a disappointment. It recounts the story of a wealthy widow in the pre-Civil War South who conceives a passion for one of her male slaves, with tragic results. The writing is turgid and flowery, and the story marks time until the final, predictable outcome. *Putnam; $6.95.*

THE TORCH BEARERS by Bernard V. Dryer. This ramshackle novel makes a strong case for population control—it's an outstanding polemic. It's a mediocre novel, however, with cardboard characters and atrocious dialogue. Set in the Caribbean and New England, it also makes some interesting points about revolutions. That still doesn't make it good reading. *Simon & Schuster; $7.50.*

STANDING ON A DRUM by Irwin R. Blacker. If the hero of this very bad novel reminds you of Hemingway, that's probably no accident. All the events in it have been covered quite well in Hemingway's works; we suggest you read the original. *Putnam; $5.95.*

THE WARS OF AMERICA by Robert Leckie. With simple eloquence and admirable objectivity, the author has put together an absorbing review of America's military history, right up to the present. As if that considerable achievement weren't enough, he also demolishes a number of myths about our military involvements and attitudes. *Harper & Row; $12.50.*

records

DISCOVERY. A unique album. It contains songs by six major American composers—Gershwin, Kern, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers and Morton Gould—which were never recorded. They are beautifully played by Larry Adler on the harmonica, backed by Morton Gould and his orchestra. All in all, this is pop music at its best. *RCA Victor.*

BY THE TIME I GET TO PHOENIX. Glen Campbell is an uncommonly good country singer. In this, he's a wandering man. Though he's "Homeward Bound," "Love Is a Lonesome River" and "Tomorrow Never Comes" for him. *Capitol.*

74 MILES AWAY. The Cannonball Adderley Quintet is one of the most inventive jazz combos around, as this album attests. Before a hip, responsive audience, the hard-driving group spins complex but melodic improvisational webs from five tunes. *Capitol.*

FLOYD CRAMER PLAYS COUNTRY CLASSICS. And quite well, too. This dextrous pianist gently draws out the essence of each song he plays with a light, bright touch. Highlights are "Welcome to My World," "Gentle on My Mind" and "All the Time." *RCA Victor.*

FOWL PLAY. The Baja Marimba Band firmly believes that music can be fun, and they prove it every time they put out a record. On this occasion, they romp through "Windy," "The Sounds of Silence," "Baja Humbug" and others. You'll have fun too. *A&M.*

MISTY ROSES. The Sandpipers have done it again; the softly swinging vocal group has turned out another impeccable album. The title tune is just right for them, and so are "And I Love Her," "The Honeywind Blows" and the others in this romantic set. *A&M.*

THE LOOK OF LOVE. Dusty Springfield fools you: Her husky velvet voice lulls you, then she cuts loose with a gutsy wail that packs a wallop It's a potent combination. Here, she's sweet and silky on the title tune and several others, but look out. . . . *Philips.*

EVERYTHING PLAYING. And The Lovin' Spoonful ain't kidding—they play all out, whether in folk-rock or folk-type songs. They do both very well, adding a dash of wit. Standouts: "Priscilla Millionaira," "Only Pretty, What a Pity" and "Money." This group is one of the best. *Kama Sutra*

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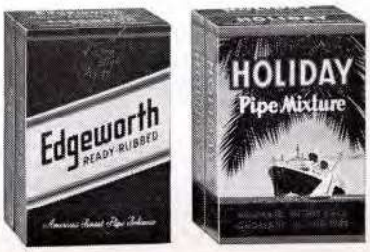

BY JAMES PHELAN

Ronald Reagan, Republican Rocket

He's risen so far so fast, some politicians wonder if he'll ever come down. Many who laughed at his chances of becoming governor are taking his run for the Presidency a lot more seriously

■ When Governor Ronald Reagan of California kicked off his national speaking tour last fall, he unerringly chose Eureka, Illinois, as the site for his first speech. Eureka? "It's near Peoria," Reagan explained, and everyone who grew up in the Illinois corn country knows where Peoria is.

Eureka is a tiny (population 2,500) town on the flat, fertile prairie east of the Illinois River. It is an elm-shaded Small Town U.S.A. and it was made for Ronald Reagan the way Pamplona was tailored for Ernest Hemingway and New York City for Fiorello La Guardia. It is a town where everybody knows everybody else, where life is simple, and six people clustered on a street corner constitute a crowd. Today it is an enclave in time, preserved intact from a long-gone and happier era innocent of the atomic bomb, hippies, 800-million Red Chinese and riots in Watts and Detroit. A third of a century after Repeal, it still has prohibition under local option and you have to drive out to the town line to get a drink. Its chief "industries" are the old-fashioned Woodford County Courthouse and miniscule Eureka College (530 students), founded in 1855 and sponsored by the Disciples of Christ denomination.

"This place looks like a scene out of *Music Man*," marveled CBS newsman Bill Stout, who covered Reagan's trip. "It's too good to be true, and I keep wondering who built the set."

"I fell in love with Eureka in 1928," Reagan says with nostalgia, "and I never got over it." He came down that year from Dixon, Illinois, with $400, a sizeable amount for the son of an unsuccessful Irish shoe clerk. In the next four years, Eureka College fashioned Ronald Reagan's mind and life-style. He worked his way through college, washing dishes and serving as lifeguard and swimming coach. Eureka taught him how to stretch a dollar ("There were nights when we spent all of 20 cents on a date—two big cherry phosphates") and a love for sports (substitute right end on the football team). It gave him a burning ambition to make it in show business, fanned by Eureka's dramatics teacher and a big role in the campus production of *The Brat*, wherein he saved the heroine from disgrace and degradation single-handedly. Above all, it gave him an enduring middle-class, midwestern perspective of the world that existed beyond Eureka.

Eureka sent "Dutch" Reagan forth with a BA degree in economics and sociology in 1932, when four years of college—even from a tank-town campus—was the certification of an educated man. It was a year when the country was flat on its back in the Great Depression, but he rapidly moved up to fame and fortune in Horatio Alger style. He went straight into show business as sportscaster for the Palmer Chiropractic College radio station in Davenport, Iowa, moved over to "big-time" Des Moines, then to Hollywood on his very first screen test; his next stop from Hollywood was the governor's mansion of the nation's largest state, though he was a governmental

Demonstrators against Reagan's tuition plan are met on capitol steps by governor himself.

"There is something about crowds that turns Reagan on, but he is not much in face-to-face give and take"

virgin without a single day's experience as even a town councilman.

When he came back to Eureka last September 28, it was the biggest thing that ever happened to the town, bigger than the annual Pumpkin Festival, the college's Homecoming Day and the Fourth of July rolled up into one.

He returned in clouds of glory, trailed by more than 100 newsmen, and flying so high politically that some polls showed him out in front of Lyndon Johnson. To Eureka, he was a living hero of an economic morality play, proof in flesh that the American Way works out just as the Fourth of July speakers always said it did. For all his trappings of greatness, everyone in Eureka found Dutch Reagan as comfortable as an old shoe. "He's not changed one bit," said the old-timers who-knew-him-when, and Dutch proved them right by calling out "Hi there, Harry!" and "There's old Stonehead!" to friends he had left behind more than 35 years ago.

They organized a parade for him in the late afternoon, complete with red-white-and-blue bunting, hand-lettered WELCOME HOME DUTCH REAGAN signs in store windows and a marching band with drum majorettes. It was a short parade, because even a medium-sized one in Eureka would take you right out of town. It wound up in front of the courthouse, where Dutch shook hands with the town's dignitaries, accepted a hand-carved wooden key to the city, signed autographs for all comers and gave a little talk.

"Right over on that corner," Reagan reminisced, "there used to be a soda fountain. I earned a dollar there one day when it was 20 below. I crawled under the building and thawed out the soda-fountain pipes with an acetylene torch." He came back smoothly and sadly from the good old days to the bad new ones. "Today," he said, shaking his head, "they'd probably put the torch to the whole building." He did not say who "they" were, and no one asked him.

That evening he dedicated the new library at Eureka College. More than 8,000 persons—three times the population of the town—blanketed the slope on the campus facing the new building. Both Illinois U.S. senators—Ev Dirksen and Chuck Percy—showed up, and there was a big wooden stand with banks of television [*Continued on page* 20]

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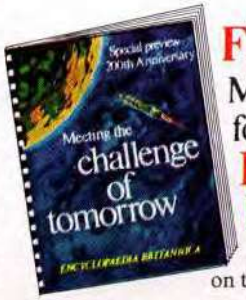

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[*Continued from page* 16]
cameras, their red "on" lights glowing in the dark, hay-scented air. Poised, open-faced, sincere, eloquent and concerned, Dutch Reagan talked about the communication chasm between the college generation and its parents. He had nice things to say about both of them and talked of building "at least a footbridge between the age groups of parent and child—with the understanding that it's for two-way traffic." When he finished, the throng streamed over to the college cafeteria for cookies and coffee and a handshake from Governor Reagan, while a three-piece college combo nervously played some waltzes and fox-trots.

There was only one false note, and it was Reagan's speech. It was a speech that would have made sense at Berkeley or Yale or Columbia, but it sailed right over the heads of the neat, well-scrubbed, earnest students of little Eureka. "Heck, we've never had any rebellion or protest demonstrations *here*," said a senior from Kewanee. "But I guess Mr. Reagan wasn't really talking to us. He's got the whole country listening to him now."

He had, indeed, and the next day, after breakfast at the old frat house, Dutch was off in his private jet to Columbia, South Carolina, and the day after to Milwaukee. By the time the Republicans got down to serious thinking about a 1968 candidate for President, Reagan would have crisscrossed most of the nation. And everywhere, he packed the halls to the walls, and again and again stirred thunderous applause for the good old down-to-earth common sense he had learned at little Eureka College. "He *explains* things so well," said a Wisconsin Republican matron with a giant orchid corsage, "and he's *such* a handsome man."

Ronald Reagan has come a long way from Eureka, and he has only a short way to go to the American pinnacle. No form chart on G.O.P. presidential possibilities today is complete without his name; *Time* magazine has put him on its cover as the lower half of a "Republican dream ticket" with Nelson Rockefeller. On the West Coast there are political experts who will give you five-to-one that in a head-to-head contest between Rocky and Ronnie, the 1968 Republican convention would go massively for Reagan in the top spot.

The delegates to the G.O.P. convention in Miami, their reasoning goes, will be 60 percent or more "repeaters" from the 1964 Cow Palace assembly that nominated Barry Goldwater. They detest Rockefeller for his all-out attack on Goldwater, and they won't take Romney or any eastern "moderate" for the same reason. They look upon Reagan as a vastly more attractive and articulate Goldwater who can woo the independents and the conservative Democrats that Barry repelled. Nixon, they argue, is the key, and Nixon carries a "loser" tag while Reagan is the most spectacular *new* Republican vote puller to show up in years. With Johnson deep in trouble on Viet Nam and racial violence, there is a smell of G.O.P. victory in the air, and the conservatives see a chance to reverse the 1964 disaster and gain the goal that has eluded them since 1928—to put a conservative Republican in the White House.

If Nixon comes up short of the necessary votes at the convention, Reagan's backers say, California's huge bloc of votes will stick with Reagan past the first ballot, when his name will be offered in an honorary "gesture" as the state's favorite son. "Watch the second ballot," say the Reaganites. "If California hangs in with Reagan, it will set off the wildest demonstration you've ever seen. And if Nixon begins to drop—particularly if Barry's Arizona switches to Reagan—the stampede will be on." The scene calls for music blaring amid a shower of red-white-blue balloons, a close-up of Reagan's white smile, and a fadeout of Nixon hurling his body under the Reagan bandwagon.

In the chancy world of politics, no one can write a convention script six months in advance. Reagan keeps saying "I'm not a candidate," and he lost some of his bloom when he got headed off at the credibility gap during last fall's scandal over homosexuals on his staff. But it can be safely stated that if the Republicans nominate Reagan he will not throw the honor back in the delegates' faces.

His candidacy for governor of California in 1966 spawned a marathon of show-biz jokes. ("No, no! Jimmy Stewart for governor; Reagan for his best friend!") This year, nobody is laughing. The notion of an actor making it all the way to the White House strikes fewer and fewer people as inconceivable. Reagan's campaign against Brown, structured by the savvy political public-relations firm of Spencer-Roberts of Los Angeles was a model of flawless efficiency. A Democrat who learned the hard way rates Reagan a fearsome opponent. "He's a hard man to get a grip on," said Pat Brown after he went down to defeat by a million votes. "If he runs for President he will be a formidable candidate."

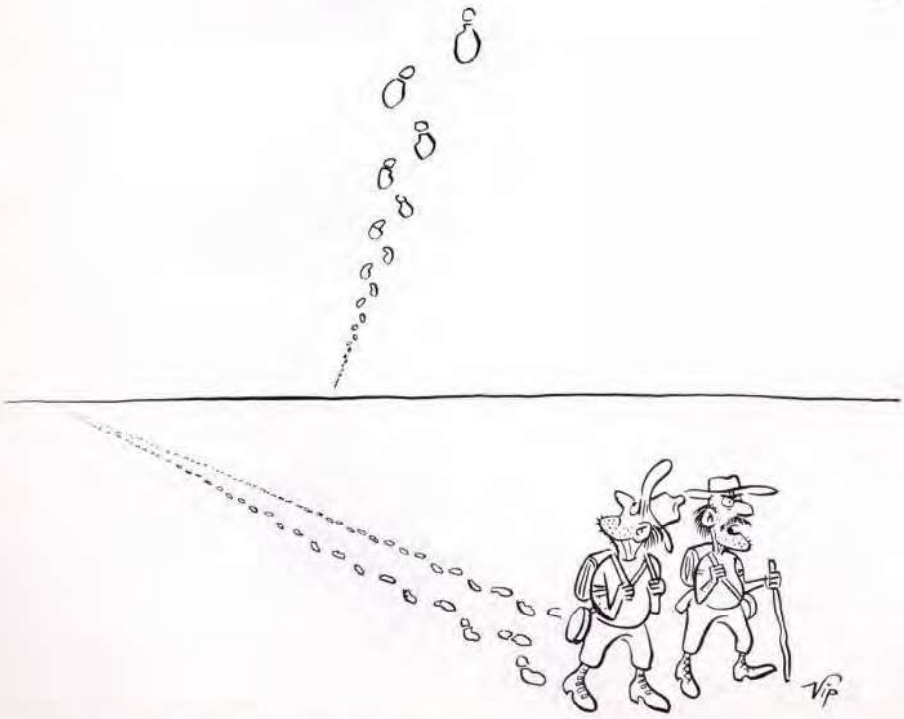
Reagan's first year as governor has been the object of intense scrutiny and heated debate. His political opponents declare that his achievements have been largely rhetorical, that he has done little but put a good face on his failure to deliver what he promised. "He is a triumph of magnificent mediocrity," says Jesse Unruh, the Democrats' veteran Assembly leader and one of California's most skilled lawmakers.

Reagan himself believes that he has eased into the unfamiliar Sacramento saddle with little chafing. "I haven't had too many surprises in office," he told this writer at the end of the first legislative session. "I didn't think that reform would be easy or quick. It's like stirring cold molasses. Or to put it another way, we have had to slow the sled down before we start pushing it back up the hill.

"Our main focus has been straightening out our financial condition and we're on the path to sizeable savings. Some conservatives," he winced, "think we're not moving fast enough and they feel that I have changed since I took office."

Government spending is a touchy subject with him, now that he is doing the spending. For years he railed against the costs of state and federal government, when touring the lecture circuit as spokesman for General Electric, as a Goldwater supporter and as a candidate against Brown. "No one can tell *me*," he de-

TRUE



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Foreground: Caprice, Impala (left), Chevelle Nomad Custom (right).

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clared in his campaign, "that there isn't a lot of fat in government. I'd like to call in the department heads in Sacramento, tell them we're cutting their budgets 10 percent across the board, and that they must boil out the fat and maintain performance. I think it's just that simple."

So far, Reagan has fallen flat on his face in cutting state costs. When running against Brown, Reagan boasted that he could trim $245 million out of Brown's $4.6 billion budget without even breathing deep. But with Brown ousted, Reagan found that state spending is a dragon more easily vanquished verbally from afar than in hand-to-hand combat. After portraying Brown as a sailor on a Saturday night spree, Reagan outstripped him as both a taxer and a spender. He wound up with a $5.1 billion budget and a billion-dollar tax increase, both the biggest in California's or any other state's history. Along with the record budget and new taxes, his administration produced highly publicized cutbacks in mental health programs, medical care and a demand for state university tuition—in a state that has always been tuition-free. "Less bang for more bucks," Democrats jeered, while liberal Andrew Kopkind, in *The New Republic*, proclaimed that "Reagan plays Pat Brown better than Pat Brown."

Reagan blames his failure on the "financial mess" Brown left behind him, and says his major belt-tightening measures will have to await the reports from a series of task forces currently examining the state government for that hidden fat. Meanwhile, he recounts with satisfaction his so-far sporadic triumphs in state economy. "We cancelled a $4,000,000 building for the Motor Vehicle Department as absolutely unneeded," he says, and found a way to shoehorn "1,100 more workers" into another state building in Sacramento. "Those were the real rewards," he says. "I went home those nights walking on air." But Reagan refuses to say that his next—and wholly Reagan—budget will be smaller.

His financial problems have shaken from the Reagan bandwagon his earliest and most exuberant drumbeaters—the far right-wingers, who plainly expected him to shut down Berkeley, outlaw fluoridation and cut taxes in half his first month in office. California's lone John Birch legislator, Sen. John Schmitz of Orange County, blistered Reagan's molasses stirring as "a tragic end to the brightest hope on the American political scene today. Many of the best of our citizens," Schmitz mourned, "may never again be willing to trust the word of a seeker or holder of high political office."

In writing off Reagan, Bircher Schmitz confirmed the darkest suspicions of his maximum leader, Birch Society Founder Robert (Ike's a Commie) Welch. "Welch never did trust Reagan," says a fallen-away Birch executive. "He often warned us that Reagan was just a lefty Trojan Horse infiltrating the conservative movement." Ironically, Pat Brown tried to portray Reagan as a *Bircher* Trojan Horse trying to infiltrate Sacramento for Welch's hot-eyed followers. In 1962 Reagan did serve as featured speaker at a fund raising for John Rousselot, an avowed Birch Society member running for reelection to Congress in southern California. But from the time he entered the gubernatorial race Reagan has done his best to avoid an "extremist" label.

Whether real or illusion, Reagan's first-year performance in Sacramento was plainly a box-office triumph with the only audience that counts—the electorate. Opinion polls in California showed that 74 percent of the voters approved of the way he was running the state. Gruffed Jesse Unruh, "He defies the political law of gravity."

His stature as a national figure got a big lift when he took on Sen. Robert Kennedy in a joint TV appearance on CBS's *Town Meeting of the World*. The program, on "The Image of America and the Youth of the World," pitted Reagan against Kennedy in fielding questions, mainly about Viet Nam, from foreign students. Reagan, according to a staffer, was "extraordinarily tense and uneasy" as the confrontation neared. But once on-camera, his professional poise, honed smooth by 50 motion pictures and a long TV career, took over and the consensus was that he flattened Bobby as thoroughly as John Kennedy took Rich-

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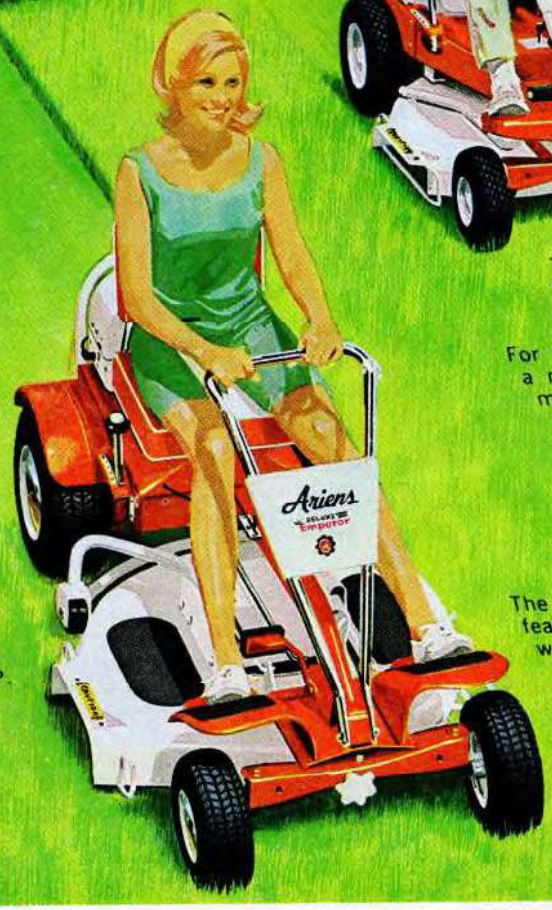

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ard Nixon. Reagan is a hawk-of-hawks on Viet Nam: "Isn't it time to recognize the great immorality of sending our neighbors' sons to die with the hope we can do so without angering the enemy too much? The war in Viet Nam must be fought through to victory. . . . We have been patient long enough and our patience wears thin." In answering the students' questions, he displayed no doubts about Viet Nam being simply a contest of right against wrong. Kennedy tended to qualify his answers and wrestle with the complexities of the enormously complex problem. Said *Newsweek*: "Political rookie Reagan left old campaigner Kennedy blinking." The encounter brought an avalanche of congratulatory letters and telegrams for Reagan. Out of 4,936, only 27 were critical and many said, "We need a man like you in the White House." Inquiries at the Kennedy office on his mail response were met with a glum silence.

At 57, Reagan is flat-bellied, quick-moving, and keeps his weight within a few pounds of the 175 he weighed at Eureka College. He has a ruddy outdoors look that misled some writers into circulating the canard that he wears studio makeup. He has a handsome head of hair that is his own; so is his quick, gleaming smile. His only physical weakness is his eyesight, which has been poor for years. He wears contact lenses for normal vision, can't see an elephant at 50 paces without them, and wears glasses over the contacts for reading.

In a sense, the jelly bean has become a Reagan trademark much the way the PT-boat tie clip was Jack Kennedy's cachet. Reagan became hooked on jelly beans when he gave up smoking years ago; he likes the small chewy ones that his wife Nancy buys for him from a neighborhood candy store in Sacramento. He keeps a big, old-fashioned, square confectioner's jar full within reach in the governor's office. Human nature being what it is, shortly after Reagan took office, jars of jelly beans blossomed on some lower echelon desks in the California capitol.

Reagan married his present wife, the former Nancy Davis, in 1952, four years after he was divorced by actress Jane Wyman. He had a daughter and adopted son with Jane Wyman, and has two children, Patricia and Ronald ("Skipper") by Nancy. Hollywood friends say one of the reasons for the Reagan-Wyman breakup was that his interest in politics was not shared by his first wife. On this score, Reagan and Nancy are highly compatible.

Nancy Reagan may be her husband's best friend but she is not, in the cliché, his severest critic. Virtually every newspicture of them together shows Nancy gazing up at him with a look of utterly unrestrained adoration. The look is chronic with Mrs. Reagan. "Nancy, you've got to stop looking at him as if he were your hero," a friend finally told her. "But he *is* my hero," Nancy replied. When they greet each other—even after an absence of only an hour—they make what appears to less affectionate people a production of it. "They go into a clinch even when Ron's just going down the hall to wash his hands," says a Sacramento observer.

She takes an offstage but intense interest in his career. When the governor threw a party for the San Francisco press, Mrs. Reagan made sure that the S. F. *Chronicle's* popular columnist, Herb Caen, was not invited. The irreverent Caen has a penchant for topping his column with "Ronnie-baby" jokes that leave Nancy tight-lipped and furious.

Reagan's own press bugaboo is Karl Fleming, the tough-minded *Newsweek* Los Angeles' bureau chief. Fleming wrote some abrasive articles about the image remaking done for Reagan by Spencer-Roberts, and was the first newsman to hint in print at the homosexual scandal on Reagan's staff. "The governor was on a plane recently with Fleming when the stewardess came along taking orders for drinks," Lynn Nofziger, Reagan's communications director, says. "The governor wanted champagne, but he thought Fleming would consider this sissy. So he ordered a gin and tonic." Fleming, across the aisle, caught the by-play. When the stewardess came to him, Fleming ordered champagne.

COMING. . .

He took a bunch of losers
and wrote baseball's greatest
Cinderella story

THE NEW WILLIAMS IN BOSTON

A close-up look
at the pennant-winning
Red Sox manager

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Reagan's simple, I'm-from-Eureka approach to domestic and foreign issues is both his strength and his weakness. He has a strong appeal to the middle sector of affluent America, beset by taxes, uneasy over the rebellious young, street disorders, and the seemingly endless war-that-is-not-quite-a-war. He projects a reassuring image of confident certainty based on the old-fashioned virtues that the middle-class desperately hopes are still good and true. He articulates them well, in simple and convincing metaphors and anecdotes. Above all, he comes across to mass audiences as sincere and well-intentioned. "He relates magnificently to the $10,000-a-year families—where the votes are," says a California publisher, "and to the wealthy conservatives—where the money is."

The paradox that this man with the warm, simple, friendly appearance poses is that hardly anyone knows him well at all. The contradictions, conflicts, quirks, prejudices and passionately held beliefs that make up most mortals lie deep and out of view in Ronald Reagan. The visible Reagan is a model of simplicity. Besides jelly beans, he loves the Charlie Brown comic strip, football, baseball, horses, Allen Drury novels, astrology predictions, the TV science-fiction show *The Invaders*, private industry and home movies. He dislikes big government, red tape and bureaucrats so intensely that he continues to denounce them although he now runs the biggest government establishment outside of Washington, D.C. "One of these days," says Nofziger, "I'm going to have to tell him, 'Hey, that's *us* you're stoning!' "

For all his small-town, homey air, Reagan is a multimillionaire; he recently sold his southern California ranch for $2,000,000. He is a tight man with his own money; his older daughter, a highly conservative Republican divorcée, says, "I know he can run California thriftily because I remember vividly how tough he was with my allowance."

Reagan closely guards his privacy; when he leaves the governor's office at the end of the day, he pulls a kind of Gardol shield around him. "He believes his evenings and his weekends are his own," says Press Secretary Paul Beck. His own staff knows so little of the private Reagan that they disagree widely on such a simple question as "Who's his best friend?" One nominated fellow-actor Robert Taylor, long a southern California neighbor who shares Reagan's enthusiasm for ranching. "But I guess that can't be so," he amended. "He hasn't seen Taylor for more than six months." Another named Reagan's older brother Neil. A third said, after long thought, "I think his wife Nancy is his best friend."

Many people—and this includes some who work close to him—complain that Reagan doesn't, somehow, seem quite real. "He reminds me of a grown-up Ken in the Ken-and-Barbie doll set," says a California newsman who has covered Reagan for 18 months. "I get the feeling that he is made of plastic."

"The trouble is that he actually *is* Joe Nice Guy," says Nancy Reynolds, one of his press assistants and former San Francisco TV newsreporter. "Some people see his Jack-Armstrong-the-All-American Boy exterior and wonder what's beneath it. Well, underneath it is a real Jack Armstrong. He is kind, loyal, polite, good and true—and I guess I sound like an idiot."

"Reagan is very, very good with the mass audience, but uneasy in small groups," says the Democratic chairman of an Assembly committee. "There is something about crowds that turns him on, but he is not much in face-to-face give and take. Pat Brown used to have the legislators out to his place in small groups in the evening and we'd relax and kick politics around. Reagan has been having us out, too. But when dinner is over, do you know what he does? He takes us downstairs and shows off this big toy electric train layout he has down there. We all stand around while he plays engineer. I think he does it because he's uncomfortable."

One thing that puzzles Reagan watchers is the strange political odyssey on which he went before adopting the conventional political outlook of his

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FORD

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small town, midwestern background. He was a registered Democrat until 1962 and a practicing one until 1952 when he jumped the party fence to become a Democrat-for-Ike-and-Dick. Until that year, he had voted Democratic all his life and had won—and earned—a reputation in Hollywood as a flaming liberal. He served for a time on the board of the Hollywood Independent Citizens Committee of Arts, Sciences and Professions, a postwar pro-Soviet "front" organization born, according to a number of defected comrades, in the offices of the *Communist Daily Worker*. In the yeasty postwar years, he loaned his name and talent to a number of causes—including the A.D.A. and United World Federalists—that are anathema to his present conservative admirers.

Some attribute Reagan's party switching to Nancy Reagan. His first wife was a registered Democrat; Nancy is an ardent Republican, a graduate of Smith College, and the daughter of a Chicago surgeon, Dr. Loyal Davis, an unbending enemy of anything resembling socialized medicine.

Whatever the underlying reason for the change, in his political journey from Hollywood ultraliberal to ardent conservative, Reagan maintains that he actually has stood constant while everybody else did the shifting. "I didn't leave the Democratic party," he is fond of saying. "It left me."

In contrast to Goldwater, Reagan maintained excellent relations with the press —until late in 1967. He won respect by appointing as his press secretary Paul Beck, a Los Angeles reporter who had given him a hard time in the campaign when Reagan got tangled up in his facts on the fair-housing issue. "You're really boring in on me, Paul," Reagan complained, and got so angry he threw down a cough-drop box and kicked it. In addition to taking gadfly Beck aboard, Reagan impressed newsmen by facing a weekly press conference alone and fielding a wide-ranging variety of questions with skill and surprising familiarity with state issues. The press corps abandoned any notion that he was a mere script reader reciting some public-relations expert's lines.

Then in a single, 20-minute outburst, he antagonized a large section of the press and opened a wide credibility gap with a substantial segment of the public. His blowup was set off by Drew Pearson, a longtime nonadmirer of Reagan, who authored a steamy story that Reagan had harbored a homosexual ring on his official staff for six months without taking any action. The Pearson article, which named no names, was filed away unprinted by almost all of the newspapers that run his column. But at Reagan's next press conference, he was asked to comment on the story, and he went up in smoke.

With a show of outraged innocence, Reagan replied that Pearson was "lying" and "stooping to destroy human beings, innocent people." Said Reagan, "I think Drew Pearson shouldn't be using a typewriter and paper. He's better with a pencil on outbuilding walls." Asked how he thought the story originated, Reagan said, "Oh, I don't know. It's Halloween. Maybe that's why he chose to come out from under his rock this way." The reporters pressed Reagan about a report that Nofziger had confirmed rumors that two staff members had been ousted after an investigation of homosexuality. Reagan denied there had been a staff investigation or that Nofziger had confirmed the story. "Nothing like that ever happened," he declared, in a tense voice, and turned to Nofziger to back him up. In a terse, one-word reply, Nofziger supported his boss.

Present in the conference room were at least three newsmen to whom Nofziger had in fact confirmed, on a confidential basis, the broad outlines of Pearson's story. Most of the other newsmen had heard rumors of the scandal.

The following week, both *Newsweek* and *Time* in effect gave the lie to Reagan. So did Pearson, coupling it with a challenge to Reagan to sue him or submit to a polygraph test. *The New York Times*, the *Washington Star* and a number of other newspapers challenged Nofziger's denial that he had leaked the scandal, named the reporters to whom he had talked. In the face of this backlash, Reagan issued a policy order that no one on his staff was to discuss the matter further, including Nofziger. On the hottest subject in Sacramento, his communications director became the most uncommunicative man in town.

COMING. . .

Twenty-thousand Nazi war criminals sweat out a

COUNTDOWN TO INJUSTICE

Learn why they can never be punished for their atrocities if they are not tracked down by the end of next year

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

In retrospect, the scandal was a molehill that Reagan's handling escalated to an unseemly mountain. Few people with even marginal sophistication were either surprised or outraged that two members of Reagan's sizeable staff had been charged with homosexuality. But the deeper they dug, the more the newsmen were astonished and offended by the show Reagan had staged. They identified the informants who originally had made the accusations, the date the findings of the investigation were disclosed to Reagan, the site of the conference with him, and even the existence of some incriminating letters uncovered by the investigation. They also learned that the two staffers had undergone no security or background check by any state agency before they were hired. "Can you picture," asked a California publisher, "President Reagan appointing his cabinet and a CIA director in such a capricious manner?"

Under the pragmatic rules of professional politics, a public official is permitted—and even expected—to mislead reporters on a touchy, unpleasant subject in which the public welfare is not deeply involved. In this scandalette, Reagan later privately admitted that he had lied and excused himself on the grounds that he did it at the urging of relatives of the persons involved.

"A real pro," said a Sacramento veteran, "would have no-commented the affair from the start, rather than pounding the lectern and calling Pearson a liar."

What effect the affair has on Reagan's rocketlike political rise awaits the passage of time. The political impact of the affair could impede Reagan in his most telling attack on Lyndon Johnson—for a lack of credibility. As they say back in Eureka, "You don't mention the rope if any of your kinfolks were ever hanged."

Amid the intense speculation over why Reagan blew up, nobody thought to relate it back to little Eureka, Illinois, where you have to drive out of town to drink a beer. In Eureka, people simply don't discuss homosexuality in public. Maybe Dutch Reagan just lost his head out of sheer embarrassment.

It is difficult to believe that a man who spent a quarter century in Hollywood could retain such naiveté, but under that Jack Armstrong surface there just *could* be a real Jack Armstrong. After all, there's the story about his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*

The book, written by Reagan with Richard Hubler, is a folksy account of his career, published in 1965 by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. It opens with a passage that Reagan's admirer and fellow conservative, William Buckley, described as, "Well, disastrous." "The story begins," it reads, describing his birth, "with the close-up of a bottom. My face was blue . . . my bottom was red . . . and my father claimed afterward that he was white. . . . Ever since I have been particularly fond of the colors that were exhibited—red, white, and blue."

Reagan now stoutly maintains that his book was "sabotaged." He does not refer to the excruciatingly cornball opening, but to the dedication. "I dedicated it 'To Nancy With Love,'" he says darkly, "and the first 7,500 copies came out 'To Honey With Love.' I tell you, somebody sabotaged it."

The production manager at the publishing firm was flabbergasted at Reagan's charge and had a highly prosaic explanation devoid of SMERSH agents. "The dedication was telephoned in when the book was being closed," he said. "The person who took it down had lousy handwriting and the printer mistook 'Nancy' for 'Honey.' As soon as we heard about it, we pulled the edition back and corrected the dedication page. At most, only a couple hundred of those 'Honey' books got out.

"Sabotage? *Sabotage?*" said the man from Manhattan. "Good Lord, did Reagan *really* say that?"

That's what the man from Eureka really said. **—James Phelan**

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Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should *(like your cigarette should)*

it's a man's world

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

OUT IN FRONT

Mini-skirts are no longer a novelty, although the contents merit attention. Skirts can't get much minier and dress designers are wracking their brains to put pizazz into the product. Danielle Aubry, a French actress, has designed a "New Dimensions" dress for girls who want to keep abreast of fashion. The dress has three horizontal racing stripes across the front at points of interest, with huge numerals giving advertisements-for-myself measurements of bust, waist and hips. The dress is no good for 30-30-40 women, but the well-endowed girl has a new way to flaunt. As Diamond Jim Brady said of his sparklers, "Them as has 'em wears 'em."

ABOUT THOSE BEES, DOCTOR...

Some fathers may think that the best way to inform Jimmy of the facts of life is to send him to the family doctor who will explain everything in the most aseptic way. Forget it. Many doctors are pretty ignorant of sex matters. They are anatomically and no doubt personally informed, but as Mark Twain said of his wife's shy attempts to swear, they "know the words but not the music." Assertions that doctors don't know enough about sex were made by doctors themselves at a symposium held in New York. One asserter was Dr. Harold I. Lief of the University of Pennsylvania who deplored the lack of medical school education in sex and family matters. Standard medical texts can be found that warn against sexual intercourse during the six weeks before and after childbirth, he said, but "most leading authorities in obstetrics-gynecology no longer believe this." He doubted that a doctor's advice to a coronary patient to "take it easy" in sex matters did much but stir up anxiety. Marriage manuals written by doctors and "counselors" aren't founts of wisdom either. According to Lionel Lewis and Dennis Brisset of the State University of New York at Buffalo, who analyzed 15 best-selling marriage manuals, these how-to-do-its exhibit an American tendency to make play as much like work as possible. Sex is viewed as a kind of athletics with the coach pep talking the team to try hard and keep in training. Somehow, many unscholarly people seem to muddle through.

BONDED GOODS

Ian Fleming, famous creator of James Bond, is dead, but Bond lives more gloriously and dangerously than ever, as you will know—or already know—from the lightning-paced suspense novel *Colonel Sun* elsewhere in this issue. Who is the author, Robert Markham, identified as a "distinguished British novelist?" It's no secret. He is Kingsley Amis, well-known author of *Lucky Jim*, a marvelously funny novel of the British social classes, and of other widely read novels as different from 007's adventures as can be imagined. How did Amis come to be Markham? James Bond is a glittering personality that will not die, and is the "property" of Fleming's estate. Executors of the estate sought a writer who could record Bond's continuing battles against menacing evils in a style Fleming would have admired. Kingsley Amis was a close friend of Fleming and a dyed-in-the-wool Bond fan. Next to Fleming, Amis knew Bond best. In fact, he wrote *The James Bond Dossier*, wherein appear those voraciously nubile females whom Bond contends with. It was natural for Amis to be tapped by Fleming executors to return James Bond to his public. Amis chose to write under a nom de plume, not to conceal his identity, but to avoid confusion with quite different novels published under his own name. Welcome, Robert Markham.

FLINT-KNAPPER

If you're looking for a noncompetitive job, become a master flint-knapper. To our knowledge, there's not a single flint-knapper in the country. And only one in England. He is Herbert Edwards, who knaps flints for the international trade. That is, he makes flints for flint-lock muzzle-loaders. Most of his flints are sold to American ironmongers and wind up in more or less antique weapons hung over fireplaces by gun collectors. Right now Edwards is quite dejected. He got a nice order from South Africa asking him to knap some flints. He couldn't get an export license. The British government prohibits "export of arms" to South Africa.

MULE TRAIN

Mules are notoriously deprived of hope of posterity, but something even worse is in store for them: technological obsolescence. Already your chance to ride in a romantic mule train carrying packs and people over steep canyon trails is going glimmering. Dozens of mules in the National Forest System have been put out of business by something called a "gyro carrier." It's a vehicle-resembling a motorcycle with three wheels in line, kept upright by a 180-pound gyro spinning at 5,500 revolutions a minute. The carrier can handle 800-pound loads, climb 60-percent grades, ride over ordinary obstacles and negotiate steep and narrow trails. The vehicles are working on 100,000 miles of National Forest trails. Mule skinners and oats farmers are heartsick. If you camp in a National Forest and look against the setting sun, expecting to see a silhouette with four heels, it will have three wheels. Next they'll be adding neon lights.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A service station in Des Moines that sells nylons offers free installation.

—THE EDITORS

Drive safely. It's also contagious.

This is the Coronet 500 wagon

that has a two-way tailgate...

which makes it as easy to handle people as it is parcels or potted palms. What it also has is plenty of room, deep foam-padded seats, carpets on the floor, great-looking simulated wood-grain side panels that swish clean with a damp rag, a zippy 318-cubic-inch V8 that thrives on regular gas, and a habit of treating passengers luxuriously.

a magic window that cleans itself...

(Optional, of course.) Touch a button, and your dirty rear window disappears into the door. Press another button, and it is washed, neatly dried, ready to be raised again in seconds. So relax, tune in the stereo, adjust the power seat, set the automatic speed control, and get ready for some of the easiest highway cruising you've ever known. These options and more can make your Coronet 500 wagon just as luxurious as you want it.

and a price that lets you put on air.

No joke. Coronet 500 is priced just about enough below comparably equipped Impala and Galaxie 500 wagons to let you start thinking about optional air conditioning.* Airtemp keeps you cool in summer, warm in winter, and shuts out road noises. (No wonder they call Coronet 500 the welcome wagon.)

Airtemp

Another beautiful way to get...

DODGE fever

*Based on a comparison of Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices in effect January 19, 1968.

Scotch vs. Canadian vs. 7 Crown.

We don't want to step on any toes.
Scotch makes a great drink.
So does Canadian.
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We just want to remind you that more people prefer the taste of Seagram's 7 Crown.
Which is why it outsells the top ten Scotches combined.
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Surprised?
Then you haven't tasted our whiskey.

Seagram's 7 Crown. The Sure One.

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Since the death of James Bond's creator, Ian Fleming, 007 fans the world over have waited for the return of their hero. Now, reincarnated by a distinguished British novelist, James Bond lives again. TRUE is pleased to present his new adventures from a book named for a sinister new adversary...

COLONEL SUN

BY ROBERT MARKHAM

Bond muffled his anger as he looked down at the bodies of M's two loyal servants.

Part One of Two Parts

■ James Bond stood at the middle tees of the 18th on the Sunningdale New Course, enjoying the tranquil normality of a sunny English afternoon in early September. Bond was feeling mildly pleased with himself. He had managed a clear 250 yards straight down the middle, a shot that had demanded every ounce of effort without the slightest complaint from the area where, last summer, Scaramanga's Derringer slug had torn through his abdomen.

Nearby, waiting for the four ahead of them to move on to the green, was Bond's

Condensed from *Colonel Sun*, to be published by Harper & Row. Copyright © 1968 by Glidrose Productions, Ltd.

The Greek girl had lured him into a trap in the shadow of the Parthenon. But then she proceeded to disable one man with a knee in the crotch, while Bond easily took care of the other.

opponent and incidentally his best friend in the Secret Service: Bill Tanner, M's chief of staff. Noticing the deep lines of strain round Tanner's eyes, his almost alarming pallor, Bond talked him into a trip down to this sleepy corner of Surrey.

The last of the four, caddie in attendance, was plodding up to the green. Tanner stepped to his cart—having some minor Service shop to exchange, they were transporting their clubs themselves—pulled out the driver and, with characteristic deliberation, squared up to his ball.

The sun beat down. Bond's gaze shifted beyond the lean, intent figure of the chief of staff. Was this the right sort of life?—an unexacting game of golf with a friend, to be followed in due time by a leisurely drive back to London, a light dinner alone in the flat, a few hands of piquet with another friend and bed at 11:30. It was certainly a far more sensible and grown-up routine than the round of gin and tranquilizers he had been trapped in only a couple of years back, before his nightmare odyssey through Japan and the U.S.S.R.

With the sound of a plunging saber, Bill Tanner's driver flashed through the still, warm air. A beautiful tall shot and as things stood he had only to halve the hole to win.

"It looks like your fiver, I'm sorry to say, Bill."

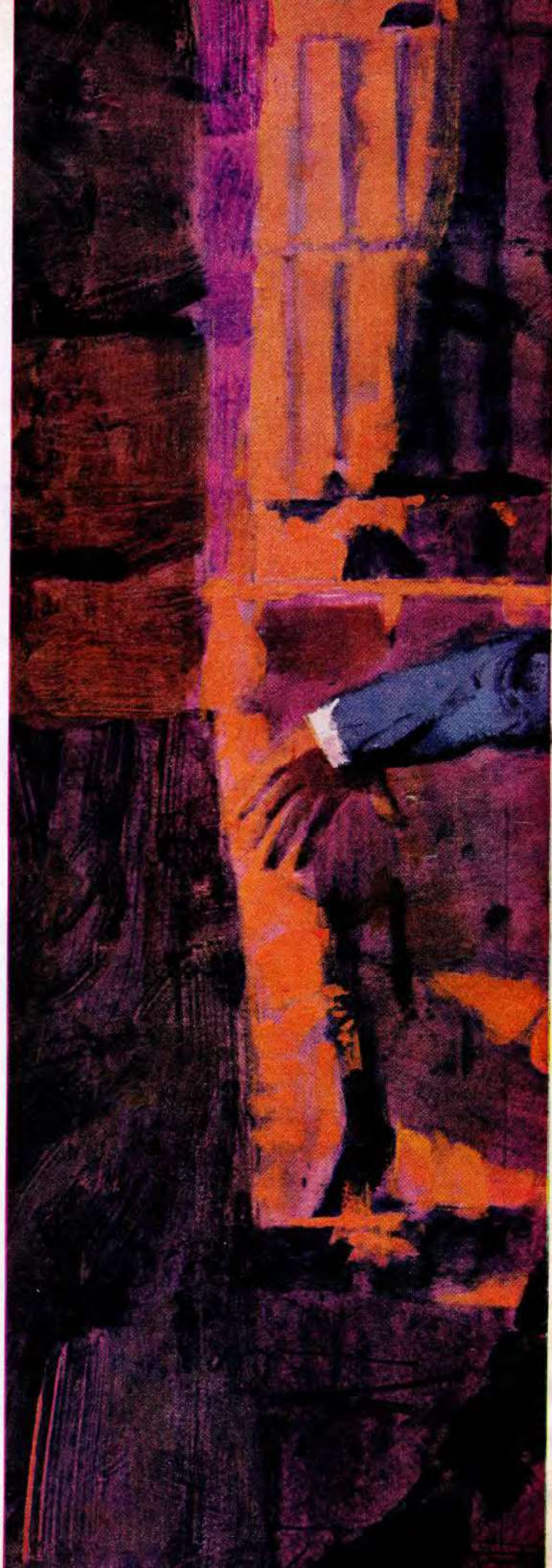
"About time I took one off you."

As James Bond stepped forward in his turn, the thought crossed his mind that there might be a worse sin than the cardinal one of boredom. Complacency. Satisfaction with the second-rate. Going soft without knowing it.

†

The man wearing the rather unusually large and opaque sunglasses had had no difficulty, as he sauntered past the open windows of the club lounge towards the putting green, in identifying the tall figure now shaping up to drive off the 18th tee. He had had plenty of practice in identifying it over the past few weeks, at greater distances than this.

Nobody noticed the man in sunglasses. This was not so surprising, because a long course of training, costing a large sum of money, had seen to it that he



ILLUSTRATED BY BOB ABBETT

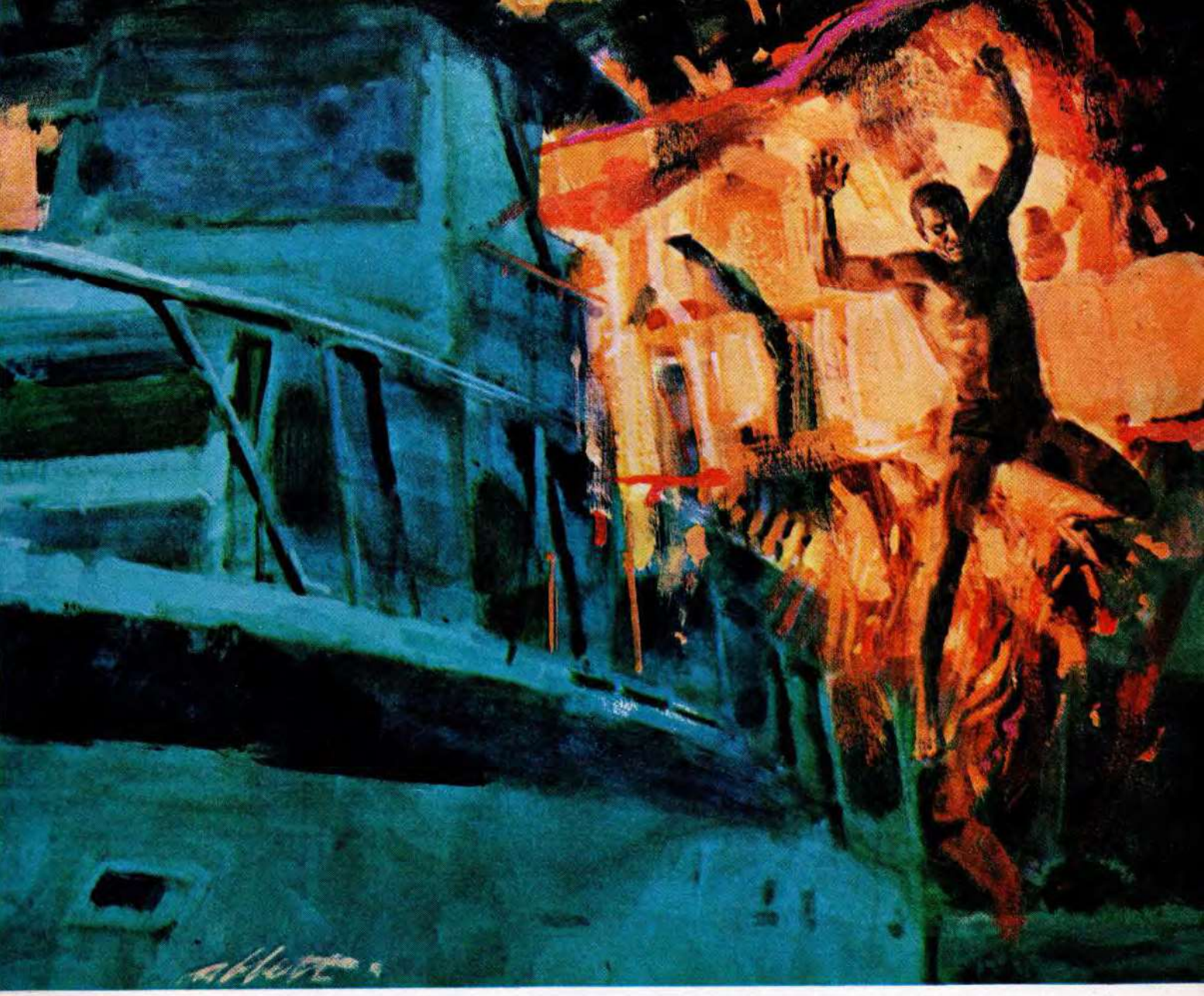
was a master of the fine art of not being noticed.

The man strolled across the putting-green and seemed to be examining, with exactly average interest, the magnificent display flower bed. His demeanor was perfectly relaxed. His mind, however, was racing. Today's operation had been set up three times already, before being abandoned at the 11th hour. There was a date schedule on it so tight that further postponement might mean the cancellation of the entire scheme. This would have greatly displeased him. He very much wanted the operation to go through, not for any fancy idealistic or political reason, but simply out of pride. What was being undertaken would, if all went well, end up as the most staggering piece of lawlessness he had ever heard of.

The man Bond and his companion had lingered hoggishly over their lunch in a rich aristocrats' restaurant. It would be very awkward if they lingered over the drinks these people felt bound to consume around this hour.

A casual glance showed that the two Englishmen were approaching the clubhouse, laughing inanely together. They passed out of sight. No further delay occurred. Although he had not looked at his watch for half an hour, and did not do so now, he knew the correct time to within a minute.

A pause. The man went through a tiny underplayed pantomime of somebody deciding regretfully that he really cannot be kept waiting any longer. Then he walked off at an easy pace towards the entrance. As he neared the road he took off his sunglasses and slipped them carefully into the top jacket pocket of



Bond was right—the cabin cruiser housed the enemy. He threw the grenades into the hatchway and then, as the vessel reverberated and burst afire, he vaulted the rail into the sea.

his light-gray suit. His eyes, a washed-out blue, went oddly with his dead black hair.

"Do you think I'm going soft, Bill?" asked Bond 20 minutes later as they stood at the bar.

Bill Tanner grinned. "Still sore about ending up two down?"

"No, I'm talking about becoming a creature of habit. I've been coming down here about three Tuesdays out of four, arriving at the same sort of time, going round with one or other of the same three friends, leaving at 6:30 or so, driving home each time for the same sort of evening. And seeing nothing wrong with it. A man in my line of business shouldn't work to a timetable. You understand that."

For a moment there was an odd silence between the two men. Then Tanner glanced at the clock, drained his glass and said briskly, "Well, I suppose you'll want to be getting along."

On the point of agreeing, Bond checked himself. "To hell with it," he said. "If I'm going to get myself disorganized I might as well start now." He turned to the barmaid. "Let's have those again, Dot."

"Won't you be late for M?" asked Tanner.

"He'll have to wait. He doesn't eat until 8:15, and half an hour or so of his company is quite enough these days."

"Don't I know it," said Tanner. "I still can't get near him at the office. I've only to say it looks like rain for him to shout at me to stop fussing round him like a confounded old woman."

It was a lifelike imitation and Bond laughed, but he was serious enough [*Continued on page* 104]

Ray Meyer aims his 4-bore rifle. Even compared with a modern shotgun — bore and gauge are equivalent terms — the 24-pound rifle is gigantic.

The four-inch brass cartridge case is loaded with almost an ounce of black powder, and the bullet alone weighs well over five ounces.

two big barrels loaded with BOOM

Elephant hunters have always wanted their rifles extra large. But here is a gun that outdid them all

■ Nowadays riflemen count any caliber larger than .30 as big—that is, a bullet three-tenths of an inch in diameter. A .375 is a giant, and a .458 elephant load is gigantic. But back in the old days of black powder, before the development of the modern high-velocity rifle, the big-big bullet was the thing. In the 1800's British elephant hunters in Africa and India carried virtual cannons—like the 24-pound, 4-bore rifle shown here.

The 4-bore is the equivalent of approximately .999 caliber, firing a bullet one inch in diameter. There are still some of these rare rifles around—most often they are double-barreled. One of them belongs to Ray Meyer of Orinda, California, an accountant whose hobby is hunting elephants in Africa.

How big is this Gargantuan gun? Consider the bullet. For the pictures on these pages, Ray Meyer fired pieces of lead weighing 2,350 grains each, or over five ounces. The cartridge case is loaded with 14 drams—almost an ounce—of coarse black powder. The projectile itself explodes on impact; it is charged with two drams of powder, which is ignited by a .38 caliber rimfire shell mounted in the head of the bullet.

When this chunk of lead leaves the muzzle, it has an energy of 10,000 foot pounds and a velocity of 1,400 feet per second. The bullet loses its energy and velocity rapidly, but under 100 yards its killing power is sure.

How do you go about buying a monster rifle like this 4-bore? Ray Meyer suggests that you try India. His rifle had belonged to the Maharaja of Madhya Pradesh. He was able to buy the gun recently, but only after long and complicated negotiations. He estimates its value at about $2,500, but guns like this are hard to come by even if you do have that kind of money.

Built by an Indian gunsmith named Rodda in 1873, Meyer's double rifle was last used on game in 1885—to kill rogue elephants. Meyer is planning to take the rifle with him on his next safari to Africa. He believes that it is high time the big gun drew elephant blood once again. — Norbert R. Darga.

Fired through telephone books, 4-bore blasts a gaping hole. The bullet itself is packed with powder and on impact explodes into handful of lead fragments.

Lead from the projectile would yield 15 .30 caliber bullets of 150 grains. Big bullet outweighs three 12 gauge shotshells.

BY PETER BARRETT
TRUE's Outdoors Editor

Good Catch, No Eat

Fish for sharks? With fly tackle? Brother, in the shallow waters of the tropics it's pure excitement!

GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND

■ Once in a great while a fishing trip turns out better than expected. In my case recently, all it took was an idle cast. A four-foot shark of about 60 pounds swam past my boat barely 15 feet away, and out of curiosity I dropped the little white bonefish fly in front of it and started to retrieve. The shark followed, and that was the beginning.

But let me put the whole business into perspective.

What could be finer than this? I had been thinking, as we leisurely cruised along in our boat. Back in Connecticut the bitter winds of February were piling snowdrifts deep, but here in the balmy Bahamas the gentlest of breezes was clearing the smog from my lungs and the sun was friendly on my back. Ahead stretched two weeks of fishing, and endless ocean flats that were often stiff with feeding bonefish.

Look at that big bunch there—surely there were at least 100!

The rod swished and by some miracle the fly landed just right, not too far so they wouldn't see it, not so close as to spook them. A hefty bonefish detached itself from the others and in a graceful swirl took the fly. I set the hook hard. For a long moment the horror-struck fish remained motionless, suspended in that impossibly clear water as if in another dimension. Then in a flicker the fish began its run.

When the last of the slack line had hissed through the guides, the reel suddenly shrilled. I held the rod high, listening with joy and letting the fish streak across the flat like some incredible silvery arrow unleashed by an underwater genie.

A bonefish is so fast that each time you hook one, you can't quite believe it. And for their size—these were averaging about four pounds—they are remarkably strong. A first run of 100 yards or more, going full tilt, is commonplace.

They'd be perfect if they jumped, I thought. Challenging as they can be to stalk, wonderfully strong as they are, there is a predictableness about hooked bonefish that is their only flaw.

And so, when that shark swam by after the guide had released this latest bonefish, I flipped the fly at it. The shark turned. I looked at that ugly brute bearing down on the little fly and fragile leader and suddenly the hair on the back of my neck stood up. Just then the shark saw the boat and turned away.

Right then I was hooked. I knew I'd have to catch one of these sharks on a fly rod to satisfy my curiosity. I'd heard vague rumors that such a thing was possible, and *McClane's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia* shows a shark fly originated by Al Pflueger, [*Continued on page* 82]

Using a gaff hook and keeping well clear of sharp teeth, the author hoists a small lemon shark.

ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

The local schoolmaster bathed my foot with the blood of a pig—the start of a ritual that marked me a trusted friend.

My Life with the Montagnards

Report from Viet Nam

BY JOHN F. RUDY II

These fierce, primitive tribesmen hold the balance of power in the strategic highlands. After they made me a "brother of the heart," they confided what it would take to really get them on our side

■ When he came for me, I was squatting on the floor of the thatch-roofed hut sipping rice wine from a bamboo straw by the light of a makeshift kerosene lamp. The door swung open abruptly and the business end of a rifle poked in. It was not a rifle I knew, but a Chinese or a Russian model, and it was followed by a canvas-clad arm and then the rest of him. He was a short, thin Vietnamese wearing a dusty brown canvas coat, with a canteen in a threadbare case hanging from his belt. I knew immediately he was Viet Cong.

The nearest American was at least four miles away from this small Montagnard village in the central highlands of South Viet Nam. Within minutes, I thought, I will probably be dead or a prisoner on my way through the mountains toward Hanoi.

The man stood in the doorway of the hut and spoke rapidly in Vietnamese to my host, Bir, a handsome, black-haired Montagnard wearing a loincloth and the colorful homemade vest which is the badge of office of a chief. Bir looked surprised and concerned. The intruder gestured to Bir to step outside. As the two men did so, I reached instinctively for my M-16 rifle leaning against a rough-hewn post behind me. A 15-year-old village boy, son of another of my hosts, grunted, "No." I left the weapon where it was.

They were gone for perhaps five minutes. I could hear angry voices raised in argument nearby. Then Bir returned alone.

"Minh," he reported impassively, using the local expression for the Viet Cong. "They want you," he

said in Montagnard. I stiffened and braced myself for the worst.

But then the chief continued, "I have told them they cannot bother you, they cannot come to this hut while you are here drinking rice wine. I have told them if they disturb you, the people of the village will kill them all. You good friend me. I guarantee your body. You will not travel tonight; you will sleep here."

He looked right into my face and grinned. He seemed to be completely calm and suddenly so was I. When a Montagnard tribesman says he "guarantees your body," he will give his own life to make good. You are as safe as any human can be against fire, storm, Viet Cong or other peril. The Montagnards may or may not be a primitive people—I can argue that point—but their sense of honor is absolutely unspoiled by the sneak tricks and flexible conscience of modern man.

I sipped more rice wine from the jug with my friends, the tribesmen, and then drowsily lay down on the wooden native bed, called a *sung die*, in the small hut. When I awoke the next morning, I had been stripped to my scivvies. As I peeked up from under a rough, heavy, handmade blanket, men in loincloths began handing me things. One of them handed me my shirt, another my pants, still another my eyeglasses, my wallet, my money. Each item was deftly extracted from a separate crockery jar where it had been placed for safekeeping as I slept. Everything was intact, including my M-16 and ammunition. Someone handed me a gourd of water for washing, and from another brown hand came breakfast—a hard-boiled egg.

As the sun came up, I left the village compound on my Honda, a black, shiny, rugged motorbike which I had won in an Air Force raffle at Nha Trang and which turned out to be a valuable asset in my free movement among the tribesmen. I roared past the village moat and the sharpened punji sticks at the compound entrance. The Viet Cong intruder and his squad were nowhere to be seen. Over the bumpy dirt trail, Pleiku Air Base was an hour away. I pulled in just in time to smooth my uniform and shake off the dust of the road before showing up for the regular daily staff meeting of the 633rd Combat Support Group where I served as judge advocate, or legal officer. I had to attend those morning meetings supposedly to keep informed. But I found out later, bit by bit, that my commanders were kidding either me or themselves. I learned more from the tribesmen about what was happening both on and off the base

Three tribesmen stopped me from getting on my motorbike and leaving the village. That night my air base was shelled.

than I was ever told in the supposedly secret briefings at the staff meetings.

The experience the night before was not my only brush with the Viet Cong, who are plentiful in the thickly wooded hills and valleys of the Vietnamese highlands, nor was it the only time the bravery and loyalty of the mountain tribesmen saved my life. Though I knew nothing of them or their ways when I went to Viet Nam, I was able to live among these gallant people as a "brother of the heart" as few Americans have been privileged to do. Whenever my duties would permit—often from late afternoon one day until staff meeting time the next morning—I would stay among the tribesmen. Despite the Viet Cong in the area and sometimes in the same village where I slept, I was safer and more comfortable than I would have been at Pleiku Air Base.

Pleiku, about 260 miles north of Saigon, is in the heart of the rugged and strategic central highlands which make up about two-thirds of the land area of South Viet Nam. It is an often neglected and sparsely settled two-thirds. Most of the embattled country's people live in either the thickly-populated coastal strip along the South China Sea or the low-lying section from Saigon south. The highlands, for the most part, are left to the Montagnards, who number between 800,000 to one million (nobody is sure), and to the heavily armed contestants for power: the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese government and U.S. troops on the other.

The area has seen some of the bloodiest fighting of the war, most recently around Dak To. Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap, the top military leader of North Viet Nam, has said that "to seize and control the highlands is to solve the whole problem of South Viet Nam."

During 10 months of close contact, I visited approximately 30 different Montagnard villages ranging up to 25 miles away from my home base. I became so well acquainted with about 15 of the villages that I knew many of the inhabitants by name and they in turn knew me. Since the letter "j" is pronounced as "y" in the native dialect, the Montagnards had a little difficulty with my name. It didn't trouble me. I was known to one and all as "Yak."

Talking to the tribesmen in their own language around the glowing fires in their huts, I learned much about their thinking and their ways. Gradually I became convinced that these tough, self-reliant people could be a potent third force in South Viet Nam. They are natural fighters, and they know the terrain of the highlands like the backs of their small hands. If freely enlisted in our cause, they could help us win

Premier Ky promised to meet the Montagnard demands. Later I learned why the tribal chiefs were unimpressed.

It took my threat to shoot to make the ARVN ranger return the Montagnard chickens he was stealing.

the war in a fraction of the time it will otherwise take. I say "they could" because this is a possibility for the future. As the war effort stands, they aren't much help today.

The first surprise I encountered, and the first thing to remember, is that the Montagnards are not Vietnamese. They are a separate people of Malay-Polynesian extraction, more brown-skinned than yellow. They have a separate history, which includes centuries of conflict with Vietnamese invaders who drove them from their original homes in the fertile coastal region. They have separate traditions, and a separate way of life, as well as a separate language. Few Vietnamese, North or South, can understand a word they say. Few Montagnards can understand the Vietnamese. What is more the Montagnards are not anxious to learn, because their thinking is deeply engrained with the idea that Vietnamese is a language of trouble and deception, not of truth.

The communists have tried to capitalize on this antipathy, with uneven success. The tribesmen were among the best and most loyal troops on the side of the French during the first Indo-China war. They distrust the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese (who, after all, are Vietnamese too). But they also have come to have a keen distaste for South Vietnamese regimes which have treated them badly.

A succession of Saigon governments has tried to change all this, promising that Montagnard lands seized by Vietnamese will be returned; that the special blue, red and green Montagnard flag will fly alongside the yellow and orange Vietnamese banner; and that a Montagnard military force under a Montagnard command will keep order in the highlands. In October of 1966, I heard then-Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, resplendent in his black flight suit and purple scarf, make such promises through an interpreter to tribal leaders assembled in Pleiku. "Now we're getting some place," I said to myself. But it wasn't long before my optimism faded.

After the speech, I was invited to accompany five Montagnard chiefs to a nearby village. In a wooden hut, we squatted around an earthen jug of rice wine, sipping and talking. I was shaken to discover the leaders weren't at all impressed. "Our people have heard the same promises before, but nothing has happened," said a tribal chief. "Why should we fight for the Vietnamese who steal from us and take our lands?" asked another brown-skinned leader. "Why should we fight for Vietnamese who call us '*moi*' (savages) and cheat us in the marketplace?" As we drank more rice wine, my friends became franker. One chief asked, "Why should we help you Americans when you are helping the Vietnamese, and they are the ones who are causing the trouble in our country? We didn't ask them here, and we don't want them here."

At first I tried to argue with such sentiments, but the more I saw of things, the more I had to admit—at least to myself—that there's a certain truth to what they said. Outside of the appointment of a Montagnard as province chief in the Pleiku area (and he is criticized as a figurehead), nothing much has been done to redeem the promises I heard. From all I could see, the Montagnards remain as hostile to the Vietnamese as before, and vice versa.

Maybe the Viet Cong would do no better. But as the tribesmen see it, the [*Continued on page* 95]

"Sleep with my daughter," a tribesman will tell an honored guest, but woe to the man who tries uninvited.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BARNEY HUGHES

Sports

BY AL STUMP

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

■ Harry Edwards is probably the most formidable black man in the country today. He's a bearded behemoth who practices weekly at a gun range near San Jose, California. With a target rifle at 150 yards, Edwards consistently scores 85 percent bull's-eyes and with a handgun at 50 meters he's even better. He is skilled with any kind of knife, having learned early in the East St. Louis, Illinois, slum—"Slashville"—where he grew up. In unarmed combat with Edwards you'd be facing a 25-year-old star college athlete—6 feet 8, 255 pounds—with hands larger than Sonny Liston's and an 86-inch reach. He flips caps off beer bottles with his thumb.

Self-defense in all its aspects is important to the brooding, hard-eyed Edwards—a sociology and anthropology associate professor at San Jose State (California) College—because since last November he has become the hated ogre of sports. Edwards proposes to cut the legs out from under the U.S. team competing in next October's Olympic Games at Mexico City by pulling every top Negro performer off it. He is the inventor and leader of the Olympic Project for Human Rights, which has a single overriding purpose: a black boycott of the Olympics. Scoffed at originally by Olympics chieftan Avery Brundage and other satraps of the Games as a revolu-

THE MAN WHO'D LIKE TO WRECK OUR OLYMPIC TEAM

Six-foot-eight Harry Edwards grew up in the slums, became a star athlete, then a college professor. He got smart but he stayed bitter. Now he's organizing a black boycott of the Olympics and he just might succeed

tionist with a wild and unworkable idea, Edwards, by early 1968, was taken seriously.

To the shock of everyone, he has already recruited enough top Negro trackmen, basketballers and competitors scattered through other events to cut significantly into America's potential point total. For tough, shrewd Harry Edwards, this is only the start. "I'm an insignificant teacher at a school most people never heard of," he told me recently, sticking a huge finger under my nose. "But this I can promise you: blacks are fed up with being Whitey's trained animals in the Olympic Games, settling for the little bit of dog meat he throws them in the way of gold medals. By refusing to compete they're telling the world—in a great, international arena—that their blood brothers in the ghettoes are not forgotten by them. The boycott will succeed for the best of humanitarian reasons. The fastest cats in the world on the track and the best basket stuffers and weight lifters and boxers are striking a blow for human rights. If their country won't do a damn thing for 22,000,000 oppressed people, why should they flag their butts and sweat and strain under the Yankee flag?"

After beginning on his own campus Edwards had, by last January, moved his recruiting operations into 17 states. Right off the bat he signed up for the boycott

the world's fastest human, Tommie Smith, holder of 10 indoor and outdoor sprint records, topped by an amazing 19.5 seconds for 220 yards. Along with Smith, the prof signed up Lee Evans, the national AAU and Pan American Games 440 champ. "I'd probably win the 400 meters at Mexico City," confidently says Evans. "But I won't be there. I'm pledged to Harry Edwards. I believe heart and soul in what he's out to accomplish."

"Ouch!" cried Payton Jordan of Stanford University, the head track-and-field Olympic coach for 1968, when he learned that Smith and Evans had defected. Considering the added anchor-man relay stints Smith and Evans would have contributed at Mexico City, possibly four gold medals were lost right there. (At the 1964 Tokyo Games, of 12 first-places won by the U.S. in track-and-field combat, blacks contributed more than one-half.) Jordan just about lost his voice, next, when Edwards pledged as added boycotters:

Otis Burrell, a 7-foot-2 high jumper and the national AAU champion; John Carlos, a 9.3 sprint flash; Jerry Proctor, a 27-foot broad jumper rated almost the equal of world champ Ralph Boston; and Gene Johnson, another 7-foot high leaper. Encouraging still more stars to join up was Jackie Robinson, the graying dean of sports integrationists and Bill Russell, coach of the Boston Celtics. Both Robinson and Russell feel that Edwards has a "constructive" plan, striking a blow for vast numbers of people who collect no trophies, only grief.

But some ex-Olympic superstars such as Jesse Owens, Lee Calhoun and Bob Hayes wouldn't touch Edwards' spikeless protest with a vaulting pole. Apparently speaking for a majority of their race, they denounce the boycott as outrageous, if not traitorous. Sportswriters, almost unanimously, have roasted the professor; California Gov. Ronald Reagan has described him as "unfit to be a teacher," and hundreds of death threats have been received by Hard Harry. So many threats have piled up at his home base south of San Francisco—a college of 23,000 enrollment—that when I visited him recently, Edwards was well-armed and he was checking all streets and alleyways before crossing them.

Edwards is a Ph.D candidate at Cornell but his knowledge about the dangers of dark alleys was picked up in East St. Louis where Edwards was born in 1942. The whore-ridden, vice-heavy ghetto he called home was five blocks by 20 and contained 35,000 indigents. Few of them got through life without running afoul of the law. "We got jail records in my family that run into pages," Edwards grunts. "Including my own."

Harry, Sr., now 55, father of the professor, came north from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, running away from an impoverished family of 14 kids. In Chicago he was an 11-year-old dishwasher who never saw the inside of a school. "Dad had to wait 27 years to get a decent job—lugging beef in a packing plant—and in between he just tried to keep alive," says Harry, Jr. "To avoid starving he got himself a gun and he landed in the Pontiac [Illinois] State Pen. When he got out he went into the East St. Louis hellhole and he's still there today, barely existing." Returning to visit and help his father recently, the professor found him still using the same outhouse the son had used as a child.

The prof's brother Donald currently is doing a 25-years-to-life stretch in the Iowa State Penitentiary. "Don was always a peaceful type. But the ghetto destroyed him," says Edwards. "I was in and out of juvenile jails, myself, for stealing—hell, there was *no food* in the damned shack we like to died in, *no heat*. Kids around us burned to death when they huddled too close to open stoves and their clothes caught on fire. I pulled my own rotten teeth with my fingers, never did see a dentist as a kid. My mother? She ran away when I was eight years old; next time I saw her she had 86 stitches in her body from being slashed in a knife fight. Neither of us recognized the other when we met."

From this shambles, Harry salvaged little at school. "I was a near-dropout. Only reason I stuck in high school when most others quit was that I could get a hot shower there—what a luxury that was." On a diet of spaghetti, hamhocks, beans and welfare-department cereals, he grew to 6-feet-6 and 220 pounds at age 18. He was runner-up for the Illinois state discus title and all-state in football, a muscular monster who drew scouts from Indiana U., Wisconsin, Iowa and other major colleges. They dropped him fast when they found out he had flunked mathematics, had "D's" in languages and, all in all, a hopeless grade average.

Even so, Edwards claims, he was the first boy from his neighborhood to gain a high-school diploma. "That was 1957. Nine years later I'm able to beat out over 60,000 whites in the Woodrow Wilson national scholarship competition, go to Cornell, survive more eliminations and win a master's degree. Yale, USC, Minnesota, UCLA—they all welcomed me once it was discovered I had intelligence. But I was one in millions. An old Negro attorney in East St. Louis lent me $700 to go to a college where I could eat square meals, have some incentive to study and get an academic rating. That saved my life. What about those who never get a chance to show they have brains? I'm no minority-of-one-exception-to-the-rule. Untold numbers of blacks have IQ's as good as mine, but you never hear of them, America smothers them [*Continued on page* 70]

WANT TO BET?

This is the year for Democratic and Republican partisans to make silly wagers. TRUE's editors don't offer to push peanuts around the courthouse with their noses, but we do have a little sporting proposition to make all the same.

Our election game is easy and it could be profitable, too. Risk a postage stamp and five minutes of your time. We'll put up the 1968 sporty car of your choice. Our bet is that you can't name the man who'll be elected President in November.

PLAY TRUE'S ELECTION GAME—WIN A SPORTY CAR

On the ballot below (or a facsimile) fill in the names of the men you think will be nominated for President and Vice-President by the Republican and Democratic parties. Put an X in the box by the name of the Presidential candidate you think will win the election. Then tell us how many popular votes you think he will get. That's all there is to it.

Put your ballot in an envelope. In the upper left corner of the envelope, write the name of the man you have named as the Republican Presidential Nominee. Mail to TRUE ELECTION CONTEST, P.O. Box 1035, Greenwich, Conn., 06830. Each entry must be submitted in a separate envelope. The entrant who names all the candidates correctly and who comes closest to predicting the winner's popular vote wins the sporty car* of his choice—or $2,500 in quick cash. Judging will be based on the election results and popular vote as reported in the Late City Edition (final run) of *The New York Times* for the Thursday after the election, even though those results may not be 100 percent complete. In case of a tie, the prize will go to the entry with the earliest postmark. The decision of the judges will be final.

The contest closes May 31. Only entries postmarked before midnight that day and received by June 10 will be accepted. All residents of the United States and Canada are eligible except employees, and their immediate families, of Fawcett Publications, Inc., its wholesale distributors and its advertising agencies.

*A standard equipped Mustang, Camaro, Barracuda or Javelin.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES

WINNER'S POPULAR VOTE

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY: STATE: ZIP:

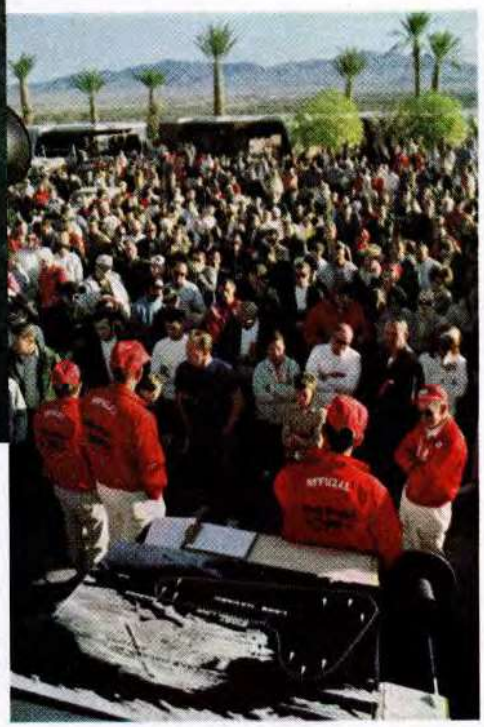
Bunched together at breakneck speed, boats streak for the starting line (above). Then the entries settled down to the long marathon grind (right).

HOT HORSEPOWER AT HAVASU

The governor's son was a winner, but the outboard racing championships were no place for the three fastest men in the world

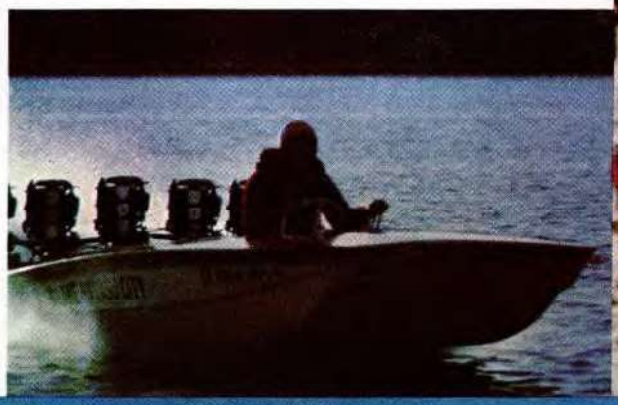
■ Early in this century people like Ole Evinrude and the three Johnson brothers began laying the foundations for today's booming—some seven million on the water this year—outboard motor industry. But it wasn't until lately that organized outboard racing got into the big time. It's a fast-growing sport now, and its Indianapolis is an improbable place in the Arizona desert called Lake Havasu City.

A "new town," Lake Havasu City owes its existence largely to outboard motors. Ten years ago outboard manufacturer Robert P. McCulloch decided that the dammed-up stretch of the Colorado River that gives the town its name would be an ideal place to test his line of motors. The idea of developing a resort town followed, and one way to publicize it was to hold the



Officials explain the quirks of the boomerang-shaped course and drivers listen carefully; a guy could get killed out there if someone doesn't pay attention.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

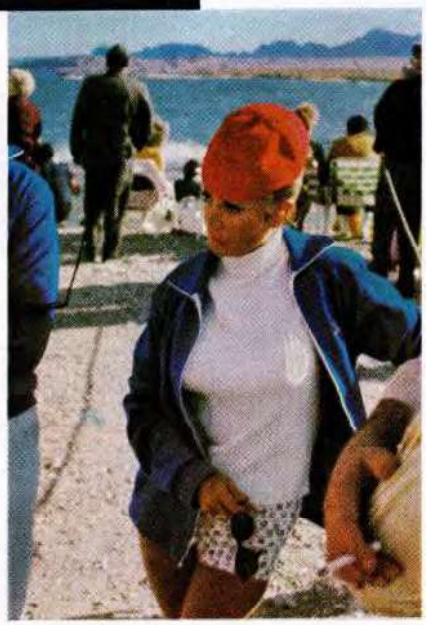


Five-engine craft (far left) did well in practice but foundered in rough water. A comely fan (left) keeps an eye on the race and draws a few eyes herself.

An informal gallery of spectators (above and right) watches from bluffs and the water's edge. Center of attention was the steady-running craft (far right) that took top prize.

As the drivers struggled on the choppy course, the crowd had things to watch besides the race

A twin-hulled speedster churns a foamy wake (left). Parisienne Michaelina Martel (below) was slated to drive an entry, but it was pulled out before she had her chance.



world's richest outboard race there. So Lake Havasu City became the home of the Outboard World Championships, and the recent fourth annual running of the event drew 127 entries from the U.S. and Europe.

Lured by $27,750 in prizes, the outboard jockeys descended on the mountain-ringed town a week before the start of the race. Their boats ranged from conventional craft to streamlined speedsters that looked like something out of James Bond. When it came to motors, there was more consistency: only a handful of entries packed engines of less than a hundred horses.

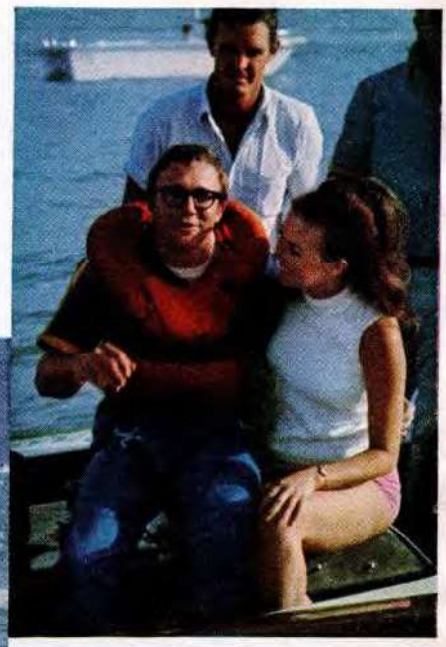
While drivers and pit crews were tuning up for the race, observers kept an eye on top competitors like Don Harper, the defending champion; John Merritt, 1966 and 1967 winner of the outboard division of the Salton 500; and John di Pietra, who turned in the fastest time in last year's Hudson River Marathon. Some newcomers drew their share of attention, too, especially Mike Reagan, son of the governor of California, and the team billed as "the three fastest men in the world"—Craig Breedlove, land-speed record-holder at 600 mph.; water speed king Lee Taylor (285 mph.) and Air Force Maj. Pete Knight, who holds the record of 4,534 mph. in the X-15.

The race was an eight-hour marathon, divided into two four-hour segments run on consecutive days. Entries were in three classes—single engine, twin engine and unlimited—although they all ran on the boomerang-shaped four-mile course at the same time in quest of the $9,000 top prize. Purses were given for the first five finishers in each class and the top 10 finishers overall, determined by the number of laps completed at the finish gun.

The most publicized entry was a boat powered by five McCulloch motors. Everyone wondered if a boat with so many engines could be kept running efficiently, and the answer came soon after the race began. The heavily burdened craft made frequent pit stops, and each time it lumbered back to the course it was a struggle to get up speed before the weight of the motors dragged it under. The boat retired after 15 laps. The view of many drivers was expressed by George

For the victors money and other nice things; for the nonfinishers a swim or a long paddle to the pits

The winning team: Mike Reagan (getting victory hug), Bill Cooper and Rudy Ramos. For one loser (below) a stalled motor meant a frantic struggle to stay afloat.

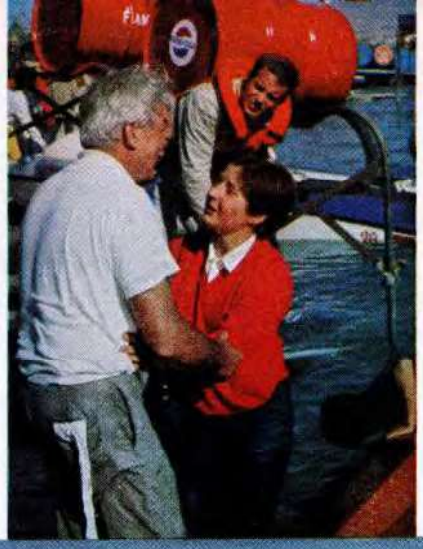


Linder, an East Islip, New York, competitor whose three-engine "Vulture" was hauled out after 38 laps. "Running with more than two engines is more trouble than it's worth," he maintained.

Mike Reagan and his teammates, Rudy Ramos and Bill Cooper, wouldn't agree. Powered by three of the new Mercury 125-horsepower motors, their yellow-hulled Rayson Craft slammed around the course at an average speed of 59 mph. to take top prize, with 118 laps completed when the final gun went off. They finished a full lap ahead of Ron Hill, who drove a Glastron packing a pair of Evinrude 115's. Four of the remaining top 10 finishers used Johnson 115's and the rest were powered by Mercurys—three by 125's and one by a trio of 110's.

Of the prerace favorites, only Don Harper made any kind of showing, finishing fifth overall. But the brutal pounding that boats, motors and men take in a marathon like this made favorites meaningless anyway, as more than half of the entries succumbed to flips, smashed hulls and overtaxed motors. Craig Breedlove, who was piloting his team's Chrysler-powered entry when it flipped on the windswept water probably summed up the race's fun and hazards best as he said with a grin: "I'd never driven in an outboard race before, so they took me out on the course and showed me how to make those right and left turns—but nobody told me what to do when the boat went straight up in the air." —R. H. H.

After flipping his boat, land-speed champion Craig Breedlove smilingly describes the perils of the water course to his wife and co-drivers Lee Taylor (left) and Maj. Pete Knight.



Melinda Mason's only concern was for her father after he overturned their boat in the second day's wind-whipped session.

A dazzling sun highlights the hazards of Havasu's angry waters. Single-engine class winner Jim McConnell (right) was badly cut when he slammed his head against the steering wheel. In the pits (far right) it sometimes took four men to bail while one worked on an engine.

Entertainment

AN EPIC MOVIE'S EPIC BATTLES

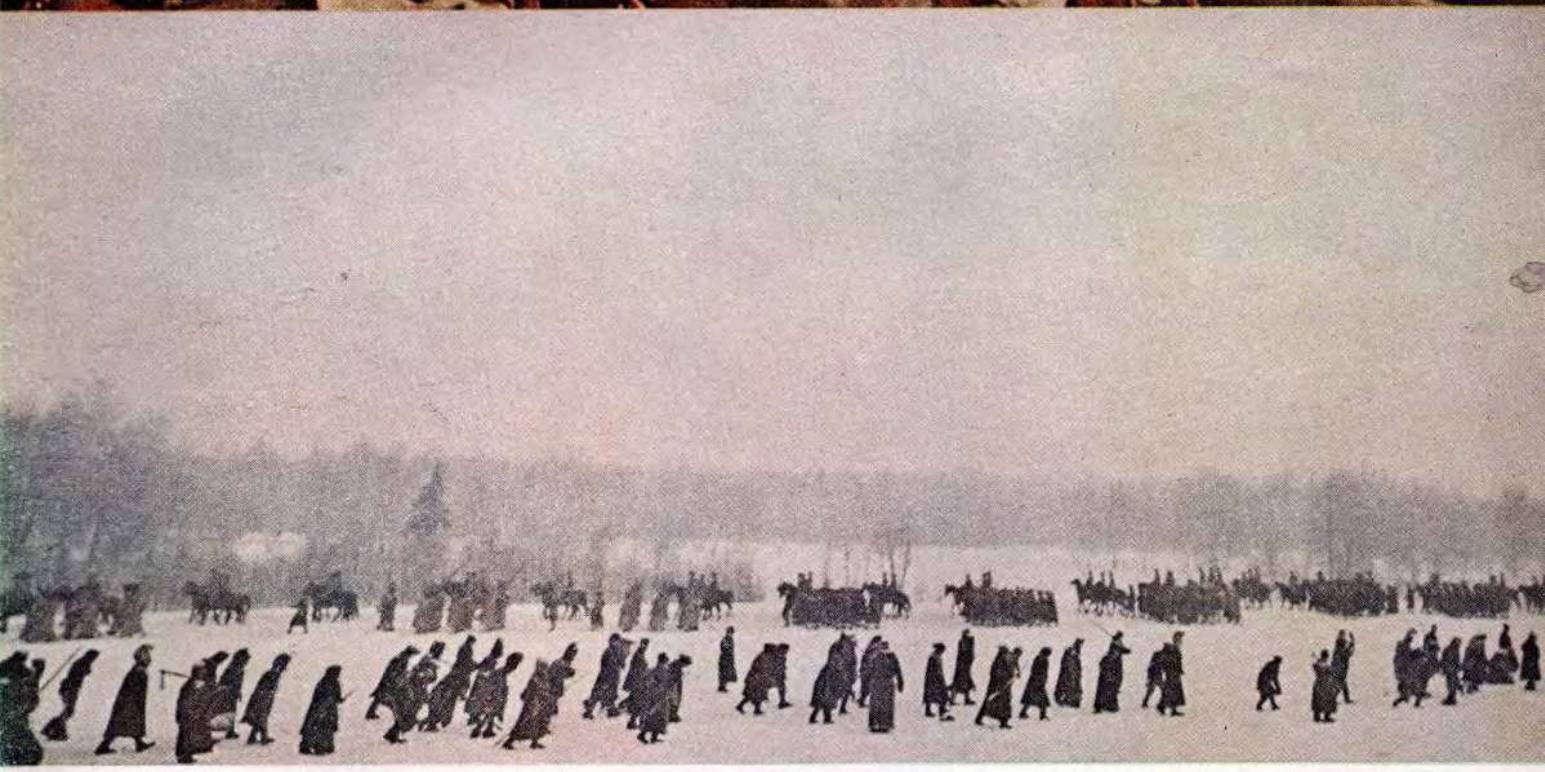
■ A new film version of Leo Tolstoi's classic *War and Peace* dwarfs all previous "superspectaculars" by comparison. Only with total government backing could a movie convey the full sweep of Russian life—and Russian death—during the Age of Napoleon. The Soviet government decided to provide just such backing. Where Hollywood's 1956 version cost $12 million to produce, the Russian adaptation would have cost the equivalent of $100 million if a private studio had been footing the bill.

Since the climax of the story is Russia's titanic struggle with the invading French army, the film's most elaborate efforts went into the battle scenes. The armies of Napoleon and the Czar are re-created by more than 100,000 Soviet soldiers who were trained in the battle formations and weaponry of the period. They proved apt pupils, as seen in the Battle of Borodino, top, where the French clashed with the Russian army outside Moscow in what was then the bloodiest battle in history. At lower left, the conquering French cavalry charges, sabers flashing, amid the debris of battle. To show the French occupation of Moscow, lower right, entire streets were painstakingly constructed, then set ablaze. As well as being the high point of the French invasion, the occupation marked the beginning of the end for Napoleon. (*"When the hungry army entered the wealthy, deserted city, the army and the wealth of the city both perished; and fires and marauding bands sprang up where they had been."*)

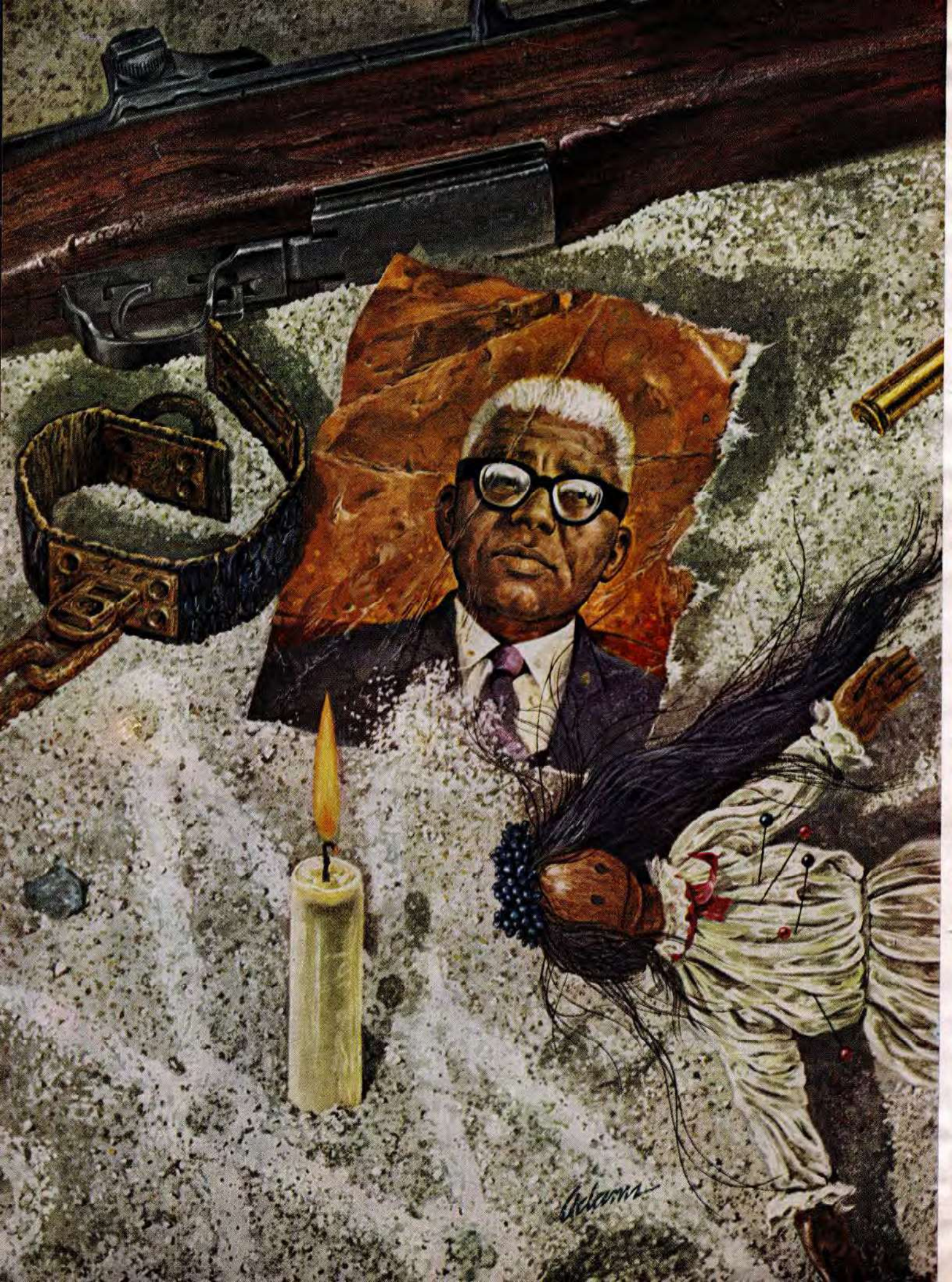
Continued

The film is the biggest and most expensive ever made

The wide screen captures, above, the desolation Napoleon's invasion left behind at every battlefield. (*"Tens of thousands of men lay sacrificed in various postures and uniforms on the fields and meadows."*) While the French weakened, in numbers and spirit, Russian determination hardened, and finally Napoleon was forced to begin his historic retreat in the fall of 1812. Soon after the first snows had fallen, the Russian troops, now near victory, prepared to greet their Czar, lower left. (*"In spite of the*



intense cold there were some hundred generals and staff officers in full parade dress, and a guard of honor standing before the castle.") Across the frigid spaces of Russia, the dwindling French army ("*...a disorderly, starving and freezing rabble*") fled for the border. And the weary, desperate character of the retreat is caught by the camera, as long columns wind their way across the screen, lower right. Pursued by the Russian army and harassed by Cossacks and partisans, only 30,000 of Napoleon's original army of half a million men escaped from Russia. *War and Peace* will be released in the United States by The Walter Reade Organization and Satra Corporation. Scheduled for a spectacular premier in New York on April 28, it will open in 15 cities in May and 75 more in the fall. Though tightened from the original running time of eight hours, the English-dubbed version is so long it will be shown in two three-hour installments to run on successive nights in each theater. —**Norman Lewis Smith**



ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ADAMS

Adventure

BY ROBERT EMMETT JOHNSON

I Stuck Pins In A Voodoo Dictator

Papa Doc Duvalier rules Haiti by terror and superstition. He has survived a steady stream of madcap conspiracies and muddled invasions mounted against his regime. I should know. One way or another, I've been involved in most of them

■ "My friend," said the man I'll call John Martin, "you are going to jail." He beamed at me happily from behind his big desk. I didn't feel so happy.

"I'm not doing anything illegal, Mr. Martin," I protested. "I'm just going along on the invasion as a correspondent."

"There isn't going to be any invasion," said Mr. Martin, "and you're not going anywhere as any so-called correspondent. You get involved in one more Haitian conspiracy and the government will come down on you with no less than 21 charges."

Stocky, blunt-spoken, Martin had long been my guardian angel and mentor. From this spacious office in midtown Manhattan he directed liaison between certain Washington security agencies and powerful business and financial groups. Martin was fully wired in with official policy.

"You have been in and out of Haitian politics for 10 years and you've never failed to pick the wrong side and the wrong people," he continued. "Furthermore, Washington doesn't want Duvalier ousted. At least not right away. Sure, he's a murderous dictator, a psycho. But when he falls there'll be chaos—a real 'Himalaya of corpses' like he's always threatening. So plans have already been made to land the Marines and occupy the country in the name of the Organization of American States. And we've got enough problems in Viet Nam without fooling around in Haiti. That's one country where everybody always loses."

He was right on all counts. Haiti is a land of losers, foreigners as well as Haitians. And I had no business getting involved in still another Mickey Mouse war against Haitian dictator Francois Duvalier—but it had almost become a habit.

It was December, 1966, and I was in contact with the people planning the latest push against Papa Doc. An invasion of Haiti from Miami had been in the making for months. It was a typical anti-Duvalier "invasion farce," involving eccentric Americans, feuding Cubans, mysterious Canadian interests, Swiss banks, women, priests, even the Columbia Broadcasting System. As usual, Haitian exiles—who have an instinct for survival—were mainly notable by their absence in the glorious army of liberation. I was less smart; I had arranged to cover the invasion as a correspondent. But Martin changed my mind.

To tell the truth, I was secretly relieved. For 10 years an incredible array of people and groups have warred upon [*Continued on page* 90]

Outdoors
BY DENNIS HOLMAN

HE KILLS 2,500 ELEPHANTS A YEAR

This African game warden directs a never-ending war against the ravages of too many tuskers

MOROGORO, TANZANIA

■ Tanzania is a huge country—larger than Britain and France combined—362,000 square miles, roughly 750 by 650 miles at the farthest and widest points, with an estimated population of something over nine-million people and uncounted thousands of elephants. It borders the Indian Ocean just to the south of neighboring Kenya.

The man I had come to see was Brian Nicholson, Senior Game Warden of Tanzania's vast Southern Region—the home of perhaps the greatest and most destructive concentration of elephants in Africa. Nicholson—35, slim, of medium height, with a long solemn face, brush moustache and lank, mousy hair—is of English stock, but he was born and educated in Kenya.

He may not look like the archetype of elephant killers, but together with two European wardens and nearly 100 African game scouts, he accounts for some 2,500 of the animals a year. This was what I had come to find out more about.

Our departure point was Morogoro, a hill town 120 miles west of Dar es Salaam, the capital and chief seaport of Tanzania (where Nicholson lives with his Australian wife and three children). The plan was to head south from Morogoro, taking the road that parallels the 190-mile-long Selous Game Reserve's inner edge.

"I'll show you the western part of my range," Nicholson told me as we bowled along in his Land Rover, a great rooster tail of dust climbing behind us, "and I'll show you why the elephants have to be killed. We'll drop by my hunting teams in the bush to check on their work."

It was in 1966 that the Kenya Game Department decided that because of the destruction they were causing, 5,000 elephants would have to be shot. Immediately there was a public outcry. The Ford Foundation responded by putting up $196,000 for a study to see if the "crash kill" was really necessary. This gave the 5,000 elephants a four-year reprieve.

But it was no reprieve if you were an African farmer who had laboriously whacked down the brush to clear a piece of land, then plowed it and seeded it. If the rains were kind there was a crop—your sole source of income, your main source of food. But in one night a few elephants could reduce the work, the hopes and the growth of months to an utter shambles.

Nothing stops feeding elephants. Trees as thick as a man are pushed over, the limbs torn off for the tender leaves at their tips. The aftermath looks as if a

With rifle work like the classic brain shot opposite, Brian Nicholson is, hopefully, saving the farms of Tanzania and paradoxically, preserving a healthy elephant population.

savage tank battle had been fought. Everything is flat. The land lies desolate.

This sort of disaster frequently befalls the small farmer in the two most heavily elephant-populated countries in East Africa—Kenya and Tanzania. As a result, the game departments of these countries dispatch men like Nicholson to areas of recent elephant damage to try to drive the elephants away from village farm areas. If the animals don't move out, some are shot. Tanzania is currently killing something over 3,000 elephants a year altogether in this "control" work.

For me, the excitement started on the second morning out with Nicholson. We were bumping along a track when a sudden shout of "*Tembo!*" (elephant) from Goa, Nicholson's gun bearer in the back seat, caused him to jam on the brakes. We piled out, making toward a herd as it drifted through a patch of woods. The night before, these animals had destroyed much of a plantation 12 miles away. We had to run to catch up, for an elephant's normal walking pace is a ground-covering seven or eight miles an hour.

We closed to within 25 yards of the herd. The creatures looked as big as houses.

"Yes, that's the bunch we want," Brian whispered. "I'll take the *budi*." He used the name for an elephant without tusks.

Bringing his double rifle to his shoulder, he dropped the beast with a quick shot. Immediately the herd began milling in confusion, bunching together in a wheeling, trumpeting mass. Presently they broke off and hurried away, screaming in protest. I wiped sweat from my brow. Brian was as calm as if he'd just shot a rabbit. Later he got two more from different herds, both within a few hundred yards of the Land Rover.

The following day the hunt after more raiders took us on an extended hike through trackless bush, swamps and high grass strewn with fallen trees and boulders, till we finally hit them in the semidarkness of the Magombero Forest at the northwestern edge of the Selous Game Reserve.

I didn't realize it then, but Nicholson was demonstrating a definite conservation technique in shooting a particular elephant in each herd, so as to guarantee the departure of the entire bunch.

By the time we got back to camp that evening we had covered over 16 miles. My feet were blistered.

"We'll give them a rest tomorrow," Nicholson said. He was sitting outside his tent, puffing reflectively on a pipe.

"Those four animals you killed were all females," I said.

"Yes," he agreed.

"You're not just taking it out on the cows?" I asked.

He went on puffing. "It's part of the theory," he said finally. "Something I've been working on for 16 years. Elephants are odd animals, and the oddest thing about them is their attitude to sex. Much of their compulsive crop raiding is tied up with their sex life. There's a very good reason for shooting females."

Next morning after breakfast, the safari staff cleared a patch of ground around the base of a tall, leafy tree behind our tents. Camp chairs and a table were placed in the shade and we settled down for a bit of theory and a little autobiography.

Nicholson was raised on a farm in the Rift Valley of Kenya where the antelope on the land [*Continued on page* 78]

The great herds crunch on, hardly diminished by the killing

As a breeding herd of cows and calves passes, Nicholson spots a budi, an aggressive troublemaker. When the herd pauses to feed, the hunter moves in for the kill.

PHOTOGRAPHY SEES WHAT THE EYE CANNOT

▪ Photography, say the ads, is fun. And, of course, it is. Just pop the little cartridge into the goof-proof camera and even a chimpanzee can take pictures. But there is another side to photography, as far removed from the Instamatic world as Mount Palomar is removed from a magnifying glass. This is photography, the scientific tool, that can go where man cannot to bring back pictures of the moon and the planets, the inside of a furnace or a snake's stomach. It can record images too bright for even protected eyes to register and it can form images from signals so low that man cannot see them even with the most powerful telescopes. On the following pages TRUE presents some of the outstanding photographs from a traveling exhibit of 120 first shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

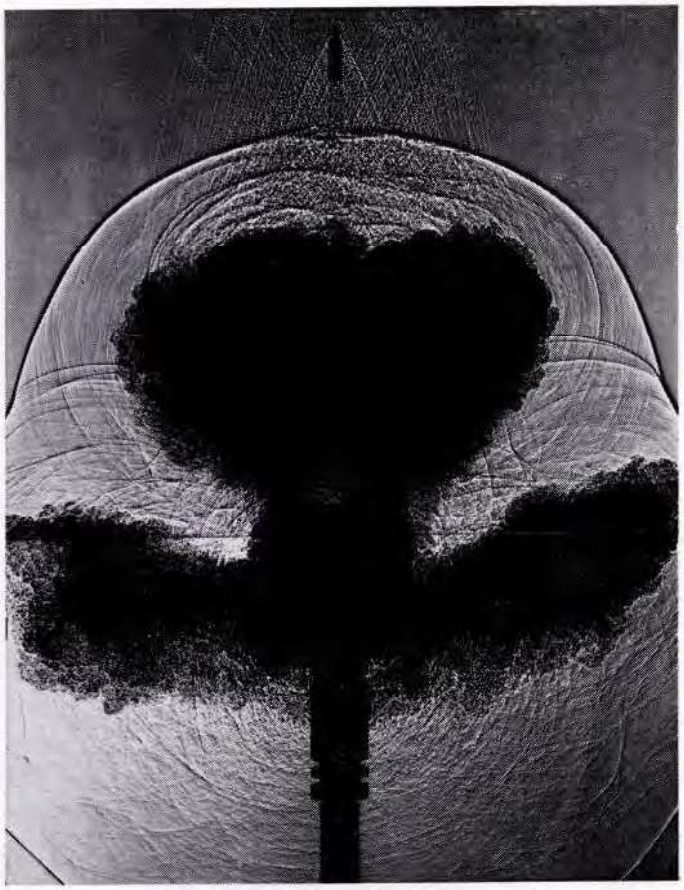
Science
PRODUCED BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

Field Emission Corp.

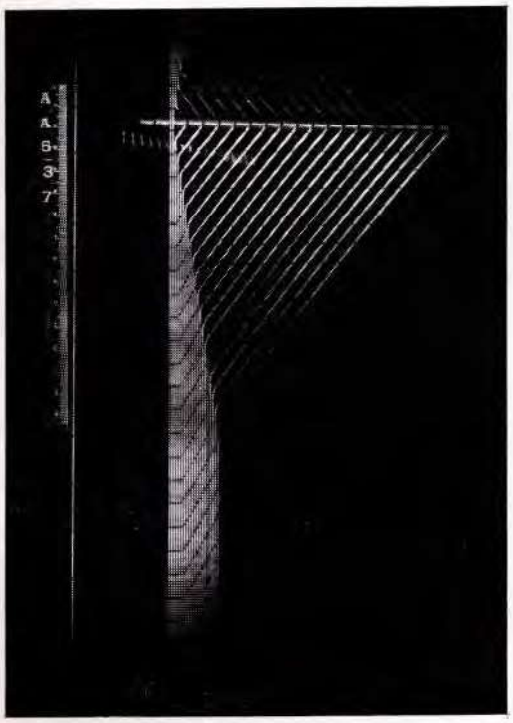
SEE THE GUN SHOOT: High-speed radiograph was made by using rays invisible to the eye to get an X ray in the incredible exposure time of one-billionth of a second. Two million volts of X ray, from a special tube, caught the Colt .45 firing through 16 thicknesses of steel and plywood. Techniques of this kind give photography its unique ability to manipulate time—to hold the graphic image of something that happens in far less than a split second beyond the range of the human eye for a later leisurely examination.

Robert L. Rowe, U.S. Army Ballistics Research Laboratories, Aberdeen Proving Grounds

SEE THE BULLET FLY THROUGH AIR: Shadowgraph picture was obtained without a camera and without a lens. It is the record of a bullet (top) emerging from a gun barrel accompanied by shock waves, turbulence and particles of unburned propellant shot out at the same time. Researcher Rowe used a high-intensity, short-duration spark from a very small source —light produced in this way gives an extremely sharp shadow. Photographic film was placed behind the barrel and the blast region. In a darkened chamber the film was uncovered, the gun fired and the spark discharged. The effect of the blast is neatly recorded—shock waves and turbulence show up because light bends in the differing density of atmosphere, caused by heat, pressure and expansion or compression. This direct shadow method of making high-speed photographs of bullets in flight by means of a spark source is one of photography's oldest techniques. It was developed in 1881 by Prof. E. Mach of the University of Prague. Shadowgraphs are relatively easy to set up and exposure times as short as a 10-millionth of a second are possible. For that reason, this photographic technique is often used in the study of missiles and weapons.



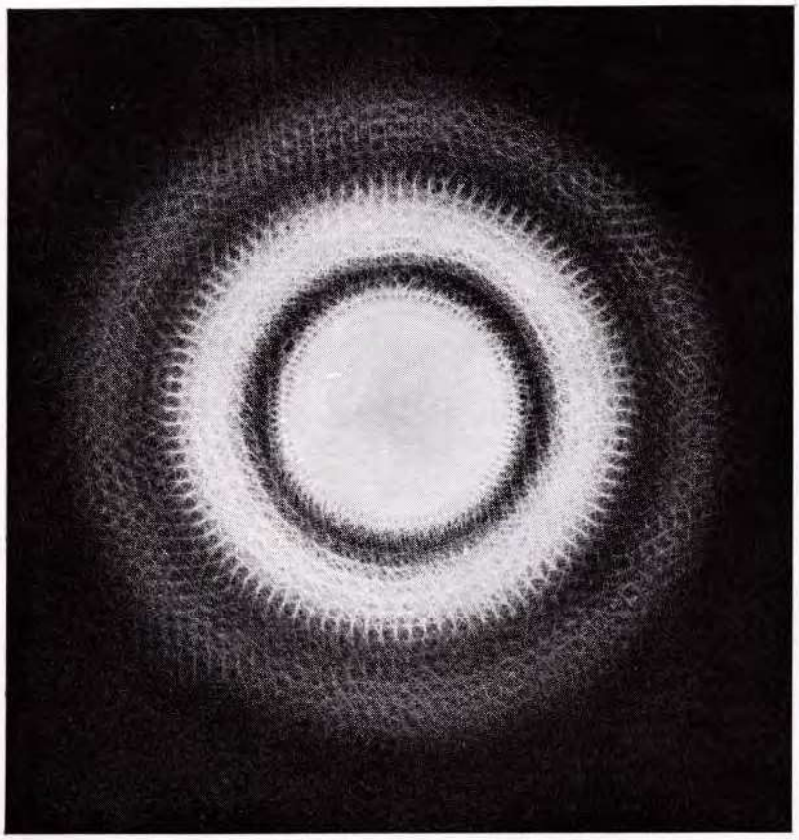
Dr. Floyd A. Odell



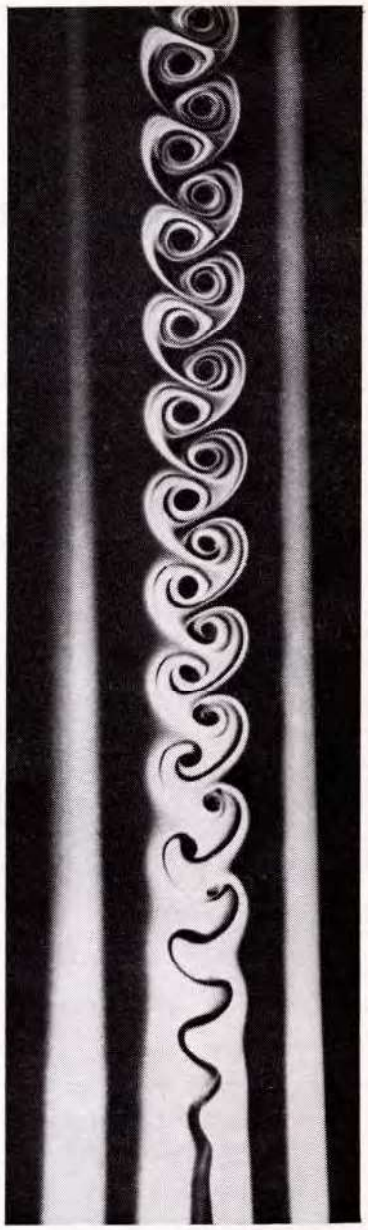
SEE THE BULLET HIT: Stroboscopic photograph of a .22 caliber bullet striking a single strand of nylon is part of a test of materials for possible use in "bulletproof" vests. In order to see how the bullet's impact was absorbed by the nylon, a repetitive electronic flash was started just before impact. It flashed for one-millionth of a second and was off 20-millionths. What we see in the picture is the single nylon strand photographed again and again as it stretches with the impact of the bullet. This was done by photographing the whole event in a rotating mirror so that each flash recorded a new position of the nylon strand and there are no overlapping exposures.

Conductron Corp

SEE THE ANTENNA PATTERN: Prolonged time exposure produced this striking pattern. It is a simulation of the interference pattern of the far-field microwave antenna known as the Australian Array—a vast installation used in space tracking. The real thing is made up of 96 different elements, each 45 feet in diameter, arranged around a circle which is 1½ miles in diameter. It would be necessary to get 2,400 miles above the earth to measure its pattern. So a scale drawing of the antenna array was made and photographed. The negative was placed in the beam of a laser—like slipping a slide into a projector. The laser's pencil of light, beamed through the image on the negative, reproduced in miniature the antenna's pattern of far-field interference. Such a simulation gives space trackers a way to judge their setup.



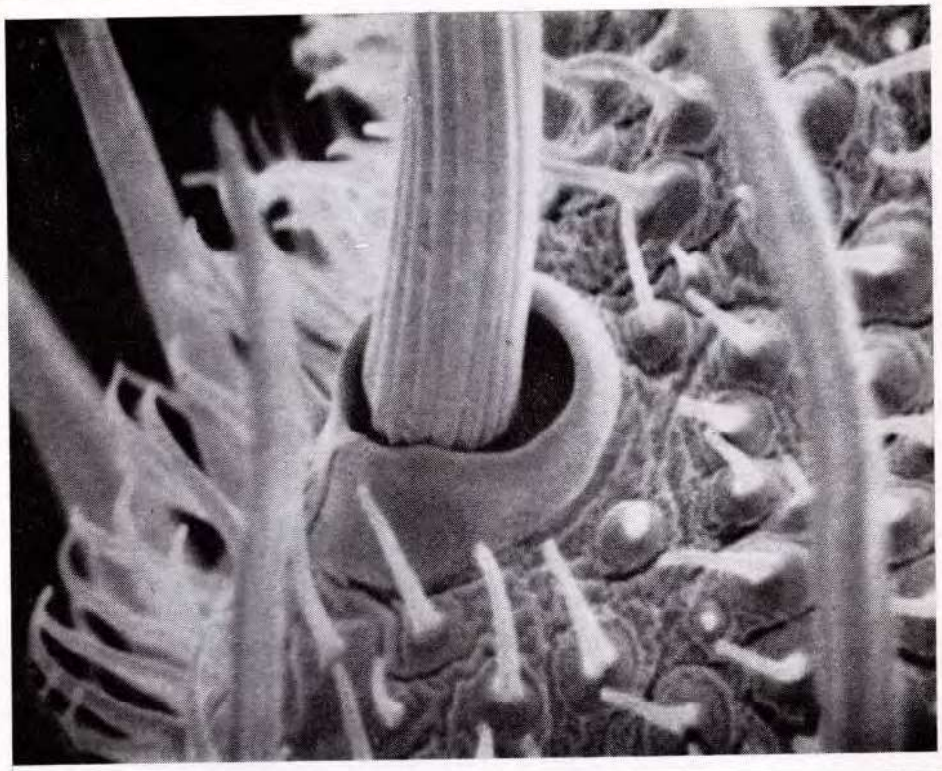
H. N. M. Brown, University of Notre Dame



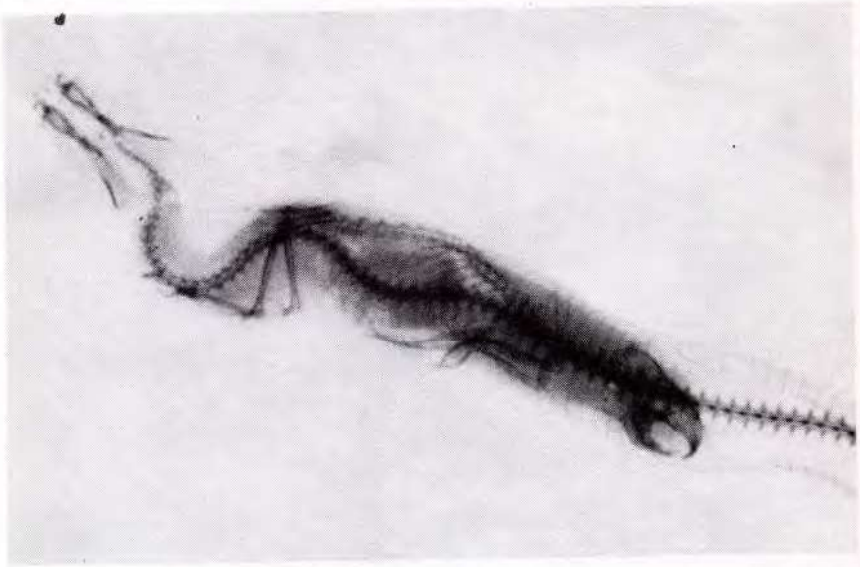
SEE THE CIGARETTE SMOKE: High-speed electronic flash in a smoke box is often used by specialist Brown in studies of aerodynamics and the flight of aircraft. Black-lined box has jets at one end, exit ports at the other. In this picture, taken at a fifty thousandth of a second, smoke rising from a cigarette meets a barrier (not in picture) and divides into two streams. These whorl around each other in strong convolutions, much like air turbulence flowing around an airplane.

Westinghouse Electric Corp.

SEE THE FLY'S TONGUE: Electron photomicrograph reveals the hair of the tongue of a house fly. Sophisticated technique called "electron scan" shoots narrow beam of electrons from device which scans subject back and forth, each sweep moving to a different section. The very high-speed electrons are reflected off the subject and the image recorded on a special screen which is then photographed on film. Surface detail, dimension and texture of three-dimensional subjects can be clearly recorded. Original of picture was 2,500x magnification of the subject.



Robert Logan, American Museum of Natural History



SEE THE SNAKE DIGESTING: X ray of a rattler after it swallowed a hamster was made in a quarter of a second on fast, screened X-ray film with 47 kilovolts of energy. It is part of a long-term study of rattlesnakes which is being made to determine how their jaws unlock so that, despite their comparatively small heads, they can consume such large lunches. Radiography of various types is used extensively in studies in pure science as well as in industry. There radiography can inspect, explore and record details that are not visible to human eyes in substances that light cannot penetrate. Radiography can also be combined with stereoscopic techniques to get three-dimensional studies.

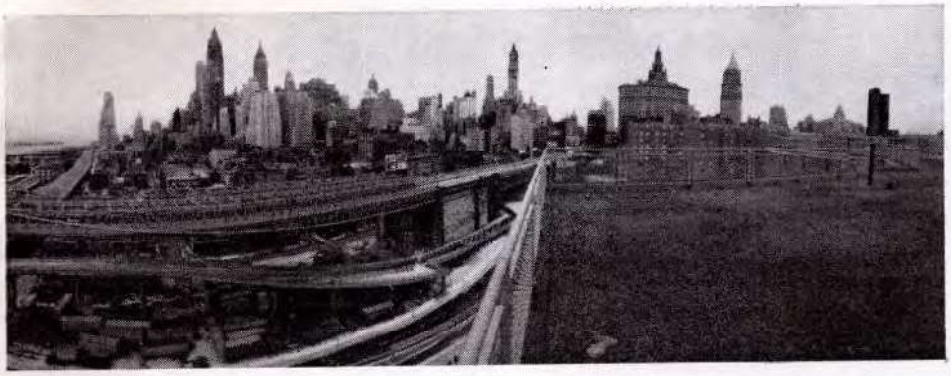
SEE THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—PLUS BROOKLYN: Panoramic photograph of the Brooklyn Bridge sweeps around 380° so that some buildings appear twice. The camera used is like a flat drum. Its lens moves around the circumference of the drum laying down an image on a long roll of 35mm. film through a narrow slit close to the film. The film is also transported and images can be recorded constantly as the lens goes round and round. Overlap is usually included to prove that 360° has been covered.

SEE THE MOON CLOSE UP: Lunar Orbiter II, traveling at 4,500 mph., took this now world-famous photograph from 28.4 miles away. View is across crater Copernicus, 60 miles wide, two miles deep. Orbiters carried complete photo labs in egg-shaped pressure shells. System used two cameras: one 80mm. wide-angle lens, one 24-inch telephoto. Film was moved slightly during exposure to allow for relatively slow shutter speeds compared with orbiting speed. Twenty separate exposures were made during each orbital pass and held in storage. On a signal the exposed film was developed in the Orbiter and a series of 2.4-inch wide negatives obtained. These were "read" by a scanner and transmitted to earth transferred to photographic film. Strips were assembled, for this extraordinary photo.

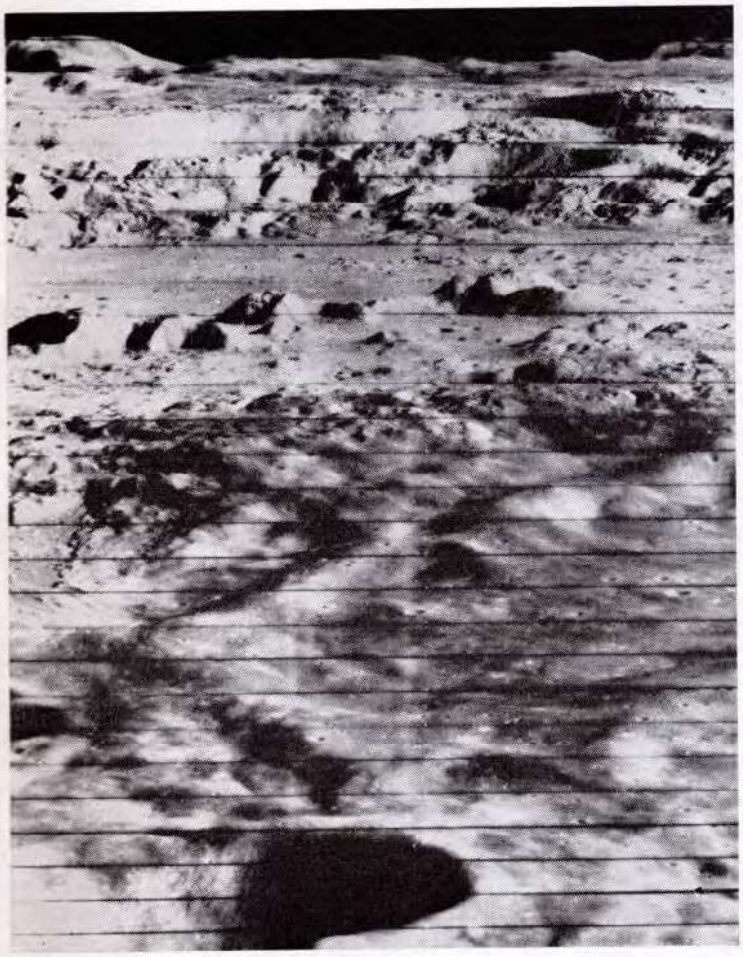
Clarence Snyder, Bethlehem Steel Corp.

SEE INSIDE THE FIERY FURNACE: High-speed picture of molten steel was taken in an oxygen-injected open-hearth furnace where the flames are about 4,000°F. What looks like an inside view of hell was photographed through heavy neutral-density filter to cut down the amount of light reaching the film. Photography is used widely in the steel industries to study characteristics of melting and molten metal and to accurately record color and temperature. In addition by using infrared sensitive film, similar photographs can be used for heat maps that will show the condition of the insulation and inner linings of furnaces.

Zoomar, Inc.



NASA



Fairchild Space and Defense Systems

SEE THE FUNNY EARTH: Aerial photograph of freighter crossing the Chesapeake-Delaware Canal was shot from jet flying 600 knots per hour at 1,000 feet. Wide-scanning camera photographs over period of time from an infinite number of places so the picture stretches from horizon to horizon.

THE MAN WHO'D LIKE TO WRECK OUR OLYMPIC TEAM

[*Continued from page* 46]

before they ever get to the starting blocks."

During those nine years, Harry migrated to northern California and set a national Jaycee record of 173 feet, 8 inches, in the discus at little Fresno City College. In 1961 San Jose State promised him all good things if he'd transfer to its track team. "But Winter, the coach, wrote to me: 'Come with us and you'll blossom like a flower.' Like a sap, I believed him. Winter didn't give one damn for me as a person, it turned out, only as a point-producing animal."

Edwards sparked the basketball team and hurled the disc close to 200 feet in practice and was known as a guy you'd better not crack a racial joke around. "We had a big football tackle who did it," relates Dennis Johnson, an ex-SJSC trackman. "Edwards almost demolished him."

The case of the stolen eggs in the summer of 1962 typifies how Harry developed his big heat against sports.

"The college didn't fulfill its promises on housing and the San Jose landlords wouldn't have us," he relates, "so finally there were 16 of us black beasts jammed into one apartment. We slept wall-to-wall, like pigs. The athletic department got us no jobs. When summer came and the whites went home, we were stuck there—no food, either. I'd skulk around dairies at night and steal eggs. Stole 40 dozen or so of them. Others stole bread and meat. We had to *steal* to get a start on an education."

Whatever the cause of Harry's bitterness, it's there and its present target is the U.S. Olympic team. His boycott campaign disgusts and enrages most Americans, including a lot of Negroes. Weeks ago, Bob Hayes, the 1964 Olympic sprint king who's now a $50,000-a-year pass catcher for the Dallas Cowboys, told me, "I don't see how athletics and social chaos can be mixed and benefit anyone. The Olympics always have given blacks the greatest chance for success most of them will ever have. Look at me, for example." One famed Negro pro basketballer and former Olympic star exploded, "Edwards is a maniac! He's using this boycott pitch to make himself a Black Power figure as big as Stokely Carmichael or Malcolm X."

Opponents who question his sanity or his sincerity have not slowed Edwards up at all. He seems determined to carry the Olympic Boycott Project through to a successful conclusion. And, from all appearances, he's not the type of guy to bet against.

The prof is a handsome fellow. Curly-bearded and thin-moustached, he carries himself regally. Whatever else one thinks of him, he's one of the most striking combinations of brains, poise, muscle, looks, drive, potent charm—and gut-deep hatred of the Anglo establishment—you'll encounter anywhere. A spellbinding sermonizer who earns (it's alleged by his critics) up to $1,000 a night for coast-to-coast platform appearances, he has almost hypnotic power over big-time, hired-hand college athletes, whose language he speaks. "Listen, baby," he says to Southern California University's sensational football back and member of the world-record-holding 440-yard relay team, Orenthal James (O.J.) Simpson. "Never forget who rocked you in the cradle. It was your mother who went hungry! Your father who was forced to clean up Whitey's slop in order to exist!" As of early 1968, Simpson was one of many quick cats who remained undecided for or against the Olympic boycott. O.J. was a man in a quandary.

Hunching gigantically over a phone in his small, cluttered San Jose office, which is Olympic Boycott Project headquarters, Edwards croons words of revolt to Simpson, listening in Los Angeles. Simpson was born and raised in Hunter's Point. The Point is an area of 10,000 people. It is the impoverished, festering, potential Watts of the San Francisco Bay area. "When you visited the Point last year, what happened?" Edwards reminds Simpson. "One hell of a riot happened, that's what. Your brothers and sisters in that hellhole just couldn't take any more and they got gassed by the cops for protesting. When Bobby Kennedy came visiting there, what did he see, O.J.? He saw black babies scrambling around garbage cans for food, no decent schools, a dung heap as bad as anything in Newark or Detroit. Government won't clean it up, as promised. Government is a liar!

"So think, baby. Start evaluating. Don't you owe your people who catch hell some sort of gesture? If you've got guts you'll stand up and be counted and refuse to be part of the Olympics, which advertises that all Americans get an even break—and, for evidence, tells us to just look at that fast coon standing up on the winner's platform. Bullcrap! Only one in millions of our kinfolk gets any kind of a break through sports. Playing the American anthem over Tommie Smith or Ralph Boston or you is the most hypocritical propaganda on the face of the earth."

No avenue of recruitment is overlooked by Edwards, who sits, now, smoking the biggest ornamented calabash pipe this side of the Casbah. "Let us consider Lew Alcindor," he tells you. "Lew, originally, last November, raised his hand and joined the boycott. Then he began to worry whether he was doing the right thing."

The 7-foot-1 Alcindor, college basketball's most phenomenal performer, plays for UCLA, and says he's never been happy there due to the "phony" whites he meets. Last Thanksgiving Day, Edwards called a Western Regional Black Youth Conference in Los Angeles and gained approval of a boycott proposal before 200 athletes and others by unanimous vote. Alcindor was present and said he stood ready to give up his chance at Olympic glory. Days later, the 20-year-old seemed to weaken in his resolve.

Flying to New York and then to Los Angeles, Edwards made numerous television appearances. He gained sanction for his boycott from Dr. Martin Luther King and Floyd McKissick, national head of CORE. He enlisted Louis Lomax, prizewinning Negro author, in the cause, and—stunningly—he produced what he called evidence that Avery Brundage,

"Understand . . . ? You're not *playing* second base, you *are* second base."

multimillionaire world head of the International Olympic Committee, owns a golf-and-tennis club in Santa Barbara, California, which excludes Negroes and Jews. Brundage dignified the charge by answering it. He replied that his Montecito Country Club has some Jewish members. And that the club members, not he, Brundage, make the rules governing the private organization.

"This is an example of how I work," Edwards told me coolly. "I get the goods on the Number One Olympian, Brundage, who is a towering fake when it comes to the democratic ideal. Sure, he doesn't *tell* the club's membership who they can take in. But he *owns* the place, as our researchers have proved with county courthouse records. So if he believes in equality, as he's proclaimed for years, why doesn't Brundage change the policy? Why? Because secretly he's a racist and bigot. No Negro could get past Brundage's front door except to shine shoes or mix drinks."

When you walk across any West Coast campus with Edwards, he's at once recognized and draws a hostile reaction about 80 percent of the time. At O.J. Simpson's school, USC, several husky undergraduates walked up to him and one said, "You're a disgrace to the country. Why don't you change the name of your group to the UBSBA—United Black Sons of Bitches Assembly?"

Looming from his 6-feet-8 over them, Edwards probably could have handled the lot. But he only gravely pulled on his calabash. He shot a cloud of smoke their way. "You boys are pretty young for it, but you've made the grade. You're Neanderthals. Your thinking belongs back beyond the Babylon slave days. Yours is the mentality that enables napalm to be dropped on women and children in Viet Nam."

Proceeding on, Edwards later that day conferred with Adam Clayton Powell (who's an ardent admirer of his program) and Cassius Clay. Says Clay: "Edwards is *real* black power. He's against burning and shooting, but he demands action *now*. One of his big aims is to make them restore my title."

"Damn right," confirms Edwards. "Unless Muhammad Ali—who once won an Olympic title for this ungrateful nation—has all his honors restored, we'll never stop organizing blacks against international sport."

Despite Edwards' persuasiveness, he faces what Olympic officials call impossible odds in collecting enough disciples to deal the U.S. team a staggering blow. Reason Number One: Universities might drop from their room-and-board scholarship list those aligning with him. That's a threat few poor-boy athletes dare risk. Number Two: Olympic titles are often quickly cashable in the pro market or in obtaining big-business jobs: Bob Hayes, Henry Carr, Hayes Jones, Rafer Johnson, Lucius Jackson, Floyd Patterson, Andy Stanfield, Joe Frazier, Walt Hazzard, Elgin Baylor and Mal Whitfield being only a few examples in the past decade. Number Three: The glory of an Olympic victory is almost irresistible. Number Four: Many black stars, when queried, believe their mass departure would touch off more ghetto riots this summer. "I'll admit Edwards has a lot of cats hooked, or half-hooked," says Charlie Greene, Nebraska U., perhaps the fastest 100-meter man today, "but the boycott's un-American. It could raise more hatred, turn into something terrible." Greene, Ralph Boston, Ralph Stebbins and a locker-room full of veteran runners say there's no way Edwards can get their support.

"Is there a known antidote for this?"

"Just wait, they'll see the light," the prof predicted one morning last January. "Know who called me from Washington today? Bobby Kennedy. He wanted to know what concessions could be made to Negroes—such as gaining admission to closed athletic clubs like the New York A.C. and naming a Negro to the Olympic Committee—which would cause us to back off from this strike.

" 'Senator,' I replied to him, 'that's not enough, and it comes too late.' If we've got Kennedy worried enough to call me and offer concessions, then we got us a war that we're going to win."

Oddly, Hard Harry Edwards, himself, is a shadowy figure, resisting interviews dealing with personal questions, keeping his own background and motivation private, living alone far off the San Jose State campus, a bachelor. "He competed for me a couple of seasons," sighs track coach Bud Winter. "I tried, but I never could get anywhere close to him. All I could see was as great a bitterness as I've ever seen in anyone. His chance to become great in the discus event and a great future he had in pro basketball meant nothing to him."

Edwards' home is a one-room-with-kitchen-and-bath second-floor apartment in a seedy, smoggy part of town (rent: $125 a month). Arriving there on a morning not long ago, I found Edwards, leaning on a balcony outside his pad. He pointed with a jut of his beard at a field across the street. "Last month the Ku Klux Klan boys—we have 'em in California, too, you're damned right—paid me a visit. They hacked up my dog over in that field. Chopped poor little Milo, a Scotch terrier, to pieces. I found parts of him scattered all over. A second dog of mine disappeared that same night. I never found him."

"Could you prove they did it?" I asked.

"No. They just scratched 'KKK' on my door and on my car while I was asleep. The local constabulary was so sorry—they couldn't do a thing about it."

Edwards stared at me closely. "Did you ever wake up having dreams about your dog? I do."

As a national anti-Olympic Games meeting point, the pad isn't impressive. Edwards says he exists (being one who hates to cook) largely on hamburgers and fried fish. He owns one couch, which sags badly, a few casual chairs, a frayed rug, a stereo set, and an outdated tape recorder. Blown-up photos of Cassius Clay and Malcolm X, whom he reveres and refers to as "St. Malcolm," and abstract drawings given him by Rap Brown cover the walls. He remarked, "I moved here

after getting turned down by seven apartment-house owners who had 'vacancy' signs up—even though I'm dressed well and have my master's degree from Cornell, and I'm not the type to piss on anybody's lawn. Finally, I did find a place where I could rent a room. *That* apartment building had a swimming pool. The minute Lee Evans and Tommie Smith and I walked out there in our trunks, all the Whiteys got up and left. The manager told us to use a public pool, up the street. So, every morning, I'd go down to *his* pool, and not swim in it at all. I'd just sit on the edge and soak my corns in the water, while the tenants ate their hearts out. If any of those people peeking from behind curtains had come out to object, you KNOW where they'd have landed."

Now, residing in a new location, with his companion, Milo, dead, the professor speaks in low tones, passionately. An index finger half again as long as most fingers jabs at you. The huge palms never stop gesticulating. "What I represent is cohesion," he puts it. "Someone to glue the athletes together. Some of the brothers can't quite bring themselves to join the cause, because it'll cost them a hunk of metal at Mexico City. I ask them, 'What good is a medal to you, really? Medals will help your postcollege, career, give you dignity, get you a job?' Bullcrap! Only one or two percent of the guys who win an Olympic title get any real breaks out of it—the rest are and always have been just 'former fast coons,' as one Olympic Committee bigot once admitted. After the Games are over and their eligibility is used up, back into the also-ran category they go. Colleges never hire them as coaches, athletic directors or trainers. Did you know that Dickie Howard, who had won an Olympic bronze medal at Rome in 1960, killed himself last November? Howard couldn't find a door of opportunity open anywhere and just fell apart, that boy."

A window screen near the front door of the Edwards apartment, I noticed, was ripped. When I asked why, he replied that at 2:00 a.m., a few weeks earlier, he'd been awakened by someone trying to enter. "There'd been break-in attempts before then, but not when I was at home," he said. "I figured these boys had come calling with something deadly in mind."

So Edwards crept to a closet nearby and selected one of a remarkable number of guns he owns, a collection that would be envied by men earning $30,000 a year. As an associate professor, his take-home pay is $580 a month. Yet his arsenal ranges from pistols to a .400 magnum "elephant gun" and includes a .45 automatic, a .38 Police Positive, a .30-06 with target scope, .44 and 41 magnum revolvers, a pair of .30-30 rifles, and a 12 gauge shotgun. Of a dozen weapons on hand, he picked the scattergun, and crouched in the darkness. "I wanted the guys to come on inside, so that when I blasted them," he told me, "they'd be dead all over my carpet, proving—with the torn screen—that entry had been forced. Not that some wild nigger had killed some Whiteys who were 'drunk' outside his location."

After 10 futile minutes of trying, the intruders departed. Edwards, from his door, saw two men race to a parked car, had a good moonlit shot, but didn't take it. "Hit 'em," he shrugs, "and I'd be serving 99 years in jail. When you boycott the biggest sports show in the world, you've got enemies that don't stop."

In his campus office, where volunteers, both Negro and white, mostly co-eds, were typing and mimeographing Olympic boycott broadsides and literature to be mailed worldwide, I read through bundles of mail—death-threat material. It ran into the hundreds of letters. "Wait'll I get home from Viet Nam," warned a GI from the battle front, "and there'll be one less bigmouth Commie —around." On the other hand, among a one-to-20 minority ratio of favorable letters, was one from a distinguished (white) New York doctor reading, "You have the most sensible approach within realistic means to letting all nations know how America treats 22,000,000 of us. . . a thousand marches on Washington wouldn't be as effective . . . please carry on . . . we must change."

Harry Edwards owns three suits of clothes, three sportscoats-slacks combos, some vests, and one topcoat, and that's his wardrobe; the major part of his income goes to meeting boycott project expenses, outside donations to the cause have come in $50 to $1,000 amounts, largely from some American-Jewish community interfaith groups, folk-rock outfits such as the Grateful Dead, civil-rights espousers, CORE, and the man on the street. Starting as a peanut operation, the Olympic Project for Human Rights has developed into a probable $100,000-or-more campaign between now and Mexico City. The University of California Press has asked Edwards to write a book on black athleticism and its handicaps and one wealthy white liberal of San Francisco offered the prof a blank check. "You've got a helluva idea," said the liberal of the boycott. "The Congress and the United Nations is a dead loss to your race. But when the U.S. gets into the starting blocks and people everywhere see that, without Negroes, we're just another country chasing the Russians, things will pop. You will have embarrassed the powers in Washington in an international arena to such an extent that a few hundred slums might even be cleaned up."

Generally, says Edwards, the latter summarizes his goal. But the opposition which terms him a wacky demagogue and riot-maker gets tougher all the time. California Gov. Ronald Reagan is among the loudest in denouncing Edwards. "He's victimizing youngsters on an emotional basis, leading them to a decision they'll regret for the rest of their lives," snapped Reagan. Edwards retorts, "That ham actor in Sacramento would like to get my professor's job. One attempt has been made. But it failed and the school renewed my contract." San Jose State officials remain wholly silent on the subject of Hard Harry, other than admitting that he outdraws (his classes average 150 attendance) most other profs.

Sprinter Tommie Smith is an $85-a-month sports-scholarship man at San Jose State, as is Lee Evans, member of the world-record 880 relay team and the national 440-yard champion. The two have put a rather minor sports school on the map. "But the school never helped me get a job, so I could live decently. No fraternity house would have me," Smith charges. "Last winter, when my wife became pregnant, we made the San Jose rounds, looking for the larger apartment we'd need, and over a dozen people would have nothing to do with us. One woman ran out when she saw us coming, pulled down the 'vacancy' sign, slammed the door and pulled the blinds. Things

TRUE

"I'm afraid she's shown just cause."

like that I used to take in stride, but no more—now I'm thinking 'what the hell goes on in the U.S.?' and 'how can I help focus nonmilitant attention on a dirty deal?'"

Powerfully-built Lee Evans, another declared scratch from the Olympics, chimes in. "Everything about the Games is wrong for the black man. In the 71 years they've been holding the modern Olympics, the hundreds of medals won by blacks haven't changed anything for the masses . . . we don't 'raise anybody up' by winning, as the propagandists say . . . we just increase the ruling white U.S. image in the world.

"And black Olympians get damned few breaks for what they've done. Not one of them, from Jesse Owens on, ever served on the U.S. Olympic Committee or was accepted in AAU circles as a policy-maker. In the last Olympics at Tokyo, we won 22 of the 126 medals this country pulled down. But when we try to get a Ralph Boston or a Rafer Johnson on a rules-making body, all we get back is an alibi covering up still more bigotry."

A New York Negro dash flash, John Carlos, and Evans were waiting with U.S. traveling track teammates last year to board a plane in Rome, bound for the States. Evans testifies: "A big, fat Olympic badge wearer walks up and taps Carlos on the shoulder. 'You're knocked off the flight. You'll have to catch the next one,' he announces. The badger took John's seat. John Carlos hung around the Rome airport all day until he could come home —alone." This sort of discrimination, claim Smith and Evans, happens often enough to enrage all blood brothers. Carlos is another boycott pledgee recruited by Edwards.

Edwards, himself, has given up sports. Ungratefully, say SJSC coaches, he told them off before leaving for Cornell in 1962. "You're a bunch of liars, hypocrites and racists," he said.

"You can't talk to me that way," replied one of his coaches. "I'm old enough to be your father."

"Okay, then you're an *old* liar, hypocrite and racist," returned the ex-discus slinger. Harry hasn't touched a ball or other sports implement since that day.

His hobby nowadays is fishing. "I catch black bass," he says, unsmilingly. "That makes it all right with the community."

While Governor Reagan shouted in Sacramento last September that it was "appeasement of lawbreakers," Edwards brought about the first boycott of a college football game which resulted in its cancellation in the country's history. He called it "reasoned militancy." He informed SJSC President Clark, "I'll talk first. But woe betide us all if talk doesn't work." His targets in forcing the San Jose-El Paso of Texas game to be called off were numerous. High on the list was the forcing of school fraternities to accept Negroes. Next came forcing "an even break" from the athletic department. When the authorities balked, Edwards walked into the school's mall and made it plain before a 2,000 crowd.

"Try to play this game and you'll see the stadium burn to the ground. I can't promise to control the people who've hit this town in support of my program."

"Well now, young lady, let's have a little look-see at that nasty old splinter. . ."

More than 100 police and 40 plainclothesmen searched the area and found sufficient evidence that the bloodiest explosion north of a Brazilian soccer match would happen if they challenged Edwards. Detroit-with-pompons didn't happen. Prexy Clark canceled the game. Then Clark called for public hearings, admitted that widespread discrimination did exist, suspended most of the school's frats until they opened their doors and said, in virtual apology to one of his faculty: "If we cannot solve the problems Professor Edwards points out in the elite, rational culture of the college campus, we can have very little hope for deliberation in Detroit, Chicago, Newark or anywhere."

Boycott of sports events isn't difficult, explains Hard Harry. "You have Whitey by the crotch," he rumbles. "Fifty or a hundred thousand people are present. You just walk out on the field with 500 or 1,500 backers and sit down on the track or gridiron. You make no hostile move. Down from the stands come the fans, blazing mad because they're cheated out of the action. They outnumber you and in the end you get slaughtered. But if you are equipped for the kind of combat the Romans knew about in Olympic arenas, you let the enemy know you've been there. I'd hate to see that kind of war happen. But not as much as I hate to watch the genocide of my people."

Would Edwards—if not enough blacks withdraw from the Mexico City games to suit him—consider anything as fantastic as a mass sit-down in the main Olympic arena?

"Anything's possible. The Mexican Army would be tough to buck," he says. "They had riots at the ancient Games, you know, the historic Roman-Greek hatreds. So we would be doing nothing new."

A prediction more in line with what I have perceived of Harry Edwards of East St. Louis is that certain selected U.S. track-and-field carnivals, such as qualifying pre-Olympic meets, will be hit, and hit hard, in the coming summer. World sprint marks may be set by customers, getting the hell out of there.

When I left Hard Harry at his small apartment, he stood on his second-floor balcony, bearded chin pointed out toward the weedy field across the street where last Christmas season someone chopped his terrier, Milo, into small pieces. He didn't say any farewells. He just looked out at that field. **—Al Stump**

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

The biggest sundial in the world casts a giant shadow that runs fast. Unlike little garden dials, the *Samrat Yantra* or Supreme Instrument at Jaipur, India, shows motion. It was built in 1730 by Maharajah Jai Singh II, ruler of Jaipur and amateur astronomer, who liked to know the time exactly. The spike—a right-angled triangle of marble masonry—stands 90 feet high and measures 174 feet along its upslanting edge, in which a stairway is cut for people to mount for a view. Its cast shadow falls on a vast scale of hour and minute markings, the latter 2½ inches apart. The shadow glides visibly from minute to minute at about the same speed with which the second hand moves around the dial of a modern wristwatch.

A rolling bubble in which a Chicago inventor expected to be windblown across land and sea ranks as probably the strangest man-carrying vehicle ever built. Certainly its principle has never been duplicated. Peter Nissen reasoned that a very large, light bladder would roll before the wind on level land and on water, and even bounce over obstacles a few feet high, while its occupant rested in a basket seat slung below a horizontal axle within. He envisioned it as a fine vehicle for exploring the ice-strewn Arctic Ocean. He built his inflated bubble, of waterproofed canvas, in the shape of a football, 38 feet long and 22 feet in diameter, to roll broadside-on. On the internal axis shaft, the seat could move like a sliding weight to tilt either end higher into the wind and swerve the football directionally. End portholes of glass gave vision; a valved tube and hand pump allowed air change. On November 29, 1904, Nissen cast off in his queer craft from the Chicago shorefront. Pushed by a frigid northwest gale, the slowly rotating ball soon passed out of sight on white-capped Lake Michigan. Two days later, Nissen's body was found on a beach across the lake 60 miles distant, the half-deflated ball awash in the surf nearby. Evidently the ball had failed to climb the shore as expected. Nissen, emerging, had died of exposure—self-martyred, like many another inventor, for an idea that didn't quite work. *By Jesse R. Blessing, Minneapolis, Minn.*

The musicians' union, which calls the tune in musical employment today, called the first labor strike recorded in history 2,278 years ago. It brought Roman ceremonial life to a standstill. Professional musicians—flute players all, that being one of the few instruments then used—had piped at every funeral, wedding and temple sacrifice to the gods. So religiously essential was their music that the city annually gave them a free feast. But in 311 B.C. the city, almost broke and facing a war, canceled the feast to cut expenses. The musicians' guild thereupon went on strike, though the word hadn't yet been created; members downed flutes and walked out, literally. They marched from Rome to a country encampment near the town of Tibur. To bring them back before the gods grew angry with Rome for silent temples, the city fathers enlisted Tibur's aid. The country town invited the "famous Roman musicians" to a big evening party in their honor. Wine and women were provided lavishly; as these took effect, flute players were carried out and laid asleep in straw-filled, leather-curtained wagons. The wagon train wended to Rome and into the Forum where, next morning, the bleary-eyed musicians awoke surrounded by citizenry. Implored to return to work, with their feast restored and new privileges added, they consented. Thus organized labor won its first strike. And apparently the gods were satisfied, for Rome won its next war easily. *By Charles Rutledge, Montgomery, Ala.*

Man's meat ceased to be eaten raw when early cavemen, eons ago, discovered the barbecuing benefit of fire. Yet in one region of the world today, a favorite food is still—or is again—animal flesh uncooked. The people of Ethiopia like to eat raw meat, though they can't say why, nor can Ethiopian historians say whether the practice is ancestral or acquired. It's a national custom at mass banquets given by high officials to government workers and soldiery. Sheep and cattle—the latter preferred—feed their craving. In large pavilions, several thousand men on benches along rows of tables begin with appetizer-snacks of cooked and spiced meats on unleavened bread. Then hundreds of waiters appear, shouldering stout poles from which hang huge chunks of raw beef. Waiters in pairs hold their poles across tables; the diners reach up with knives and hack off choice strips. These they eat by seizing a mouthful between the teeth and cutting off the portion with an upward knife slash between mouth and strip. For gluttonizing on meat hot off the hoof Ethiopians pay a penalty. They are afflicted with tapeworm, which may be transmitted in uncooked beef. Violent purgings with a native herb periodically keep Ethiopia's enormous tapeworm population in check. "Taking medicine" excuses the exhausted victim from all duties for a day or two. But Ethiopians figure it's worth the discomfort to indulge in their archaic diet. *By G. Wells, Troy, N.Y.*

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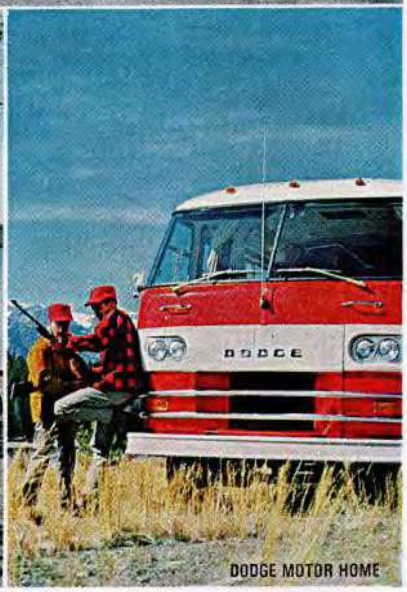
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Never trust a man who wears a yachting cap...

...is an old saying among practical boating men, and with good reason; it's always the guy who comes aboard in overdone nautical finery who doesn't know a docking line from a bilge pump. As another boating season gets under way, keep in mind that clothes for activity on and by the water should be sensible and easygoing—which doesn't mean they can't be good-looking too. The key to the combinations on these pages is white duck trousers, equally at home on the water and at cockpit cocktail parties. All it takes for variety is a change of shirt and jacket...and leave the yachting caps for the skippers of ocean liners.

LEFT: Yellow sport jacket by Clipper Craft, $39.95; cotton turtleneck from Puritan, $4. Blue suede jacket, Mighty Mac, $150; Puritan's "Peerton" machine-washable sweater, $15.

RIGHT: Orange nylon jacket with concealed hood, $10, and terry shirt, $6, are both by Jockey. "Pilot Man" reversible jacket by Mighty Mac, $25. The girl's outfit is from White Stag.

All men's shoes from Keds.

Photographed at Knutson Marine Center, Huntington, New York

HE KILLS 2,500 ELEPHANTS A YEAR

[*Continued from page 62*]

had to be kept down. He shot his first buffalo at 10. At 16 he was working for an animal catcher. Then he spent two years as an apprentice white hunter before joining the Tanganyika Game Department at 19.

"I was a cocky young swine," he recalled. "After 13 safaris as a number two hunter, I thought I was capable of dealing with any animal—till I walked round a bush not thinking where I was going, almost collided with a large bull elephant, and just turned and ran. The fact the tusker ran in the opposite direction only made matters worse."

Disgusted with himself, Nicholson sent in his resignation. But his boss understood. It was probably the best thing that could have happened, and the youngster was attached for training to an experienced African game scout named James Abdulla, who taught him the complex art-science of hunting elephants. *Nicholson has since shot with his own hand more than 1,200 of the animals.* He has also succeeded that understanding boss, and is now responsible for all game in an area exceeding 120,000 square miles. But the animal that has absorbed most of his time and attention is the elephant. To him it remains the great enigma of the wilds.

Sixteen years ago, when Nicholson began in the Game Department, the number of elephants being slaughtered on control appalled him, and he began trying other ways of discouraging herds from the village *shambas* (farms).

"I tried fireworks. A big cracker let off inside a four-gallon kerosene can made an almighty bang, but soon the elephants got used to the noise. Then even shooting wouldn't keep them away. In some places you had to wipe out an entire herd of maybe 30 to save a village from ruin."

There was only one effective deterrent—the bullet—and Nicholson went ahead with this well-tried method of "punishing" marauders. In a country seriously deficient in protein, the animals were never wasted. People would appear from miles around to strip every carcass to the bone.

It was during this period that he had one of the most terrifying experiences of his life. He was camped on the Kilombero River (a bit south of where we were), when news came that a woman had been killed by three rogue elephants at a village two hours' distant. When he got there, the victim's remains lay near the crumpled wreckage of the hut from which she had been snatched and torn apart by three probing trunks.

Bull tracks led away into an area of dense grass, 12 feet high and stitched into an impenetrable mass with wait-a-bit thorn creepers. The only way in was along the passage the elephants had made. Nicholson and his gun bearer went into the tunnel on hands and knees.

Presently they heard a heavy sigh and a flapping of ears. Pushing forward, Nicholson parted a curtain of stalks and looked into a small clearing. Under a patch of shade not five yards away were the three rogues.

Nicholson shot the first through the ear hole. It fell, exposing another, which he dropped with the second barrel of his .470. Quickly changing rifles, he managed to put another bullet into the third rogue just before it disappeared into the grass. He heard it crashing off, then swing round, and finally the thud of a heavy body falling.

Leaving the gun bearer to watch the first two elephants in case they were only stunned, Nicholson went after the third. He came upon it lying on its side, gurgling and thrashing about.

"I could easily have finished it off, but at that moment I was suddenly feeling intensely proud of myself—three rogues with three bullets—and I didn't want to spoil it with a fourth bullet. In any case the elephant seemed in its last throes."

To his surprise it suddenly rolled over, and the next thing it was hauling itself up, watching him. He gave it both barrels in the thick-boned forehead, without the slightest effect. There was no time to reload, so he got moving, forcing his way back along the tunnel, the elephant close behind. He covered barely 10 yards before he tripped and fell flat on his face.

The rogue came and stood almost over him, screaming. Nicholson could feel the grass and the ground vibrating, and for a long, terrible moment he waited, sprawled helpless, while the elephant hosed him and the grass around with hot blood from its trunk. Then, for some inexplicable reason (probably because it lost sight and scent of him), it moved off. Getting up, Nicholson nearly ran slap into its behind. It started to turn, so he slammed another two bullets into the head, but again they made little difference—except to put it back on course.

"A fright always has the effect of putting me into a temper," he told me, "and I ran after it, shouting and firing wildly till at last—with the 13th round—the wretched thing dropped with the weight of lead and died."

It was an object lesson for a young control officer: that you ought to kill an elephant twice, just to make sure.

I asked Nicholson if he was paid any danger money and he shook his head with a grin. "The risks are all part of it," he said. "Otherwise the whole bloody business would be intolerable."

Basically Nicholson is tough, unsentimental, and stoical—he endured a stomachache for four years before it was diagnosed properly and treated. Because of his wife and children he tolerates vacations (they have recently been to South Africa), but he is never really comfortable away from the bush. When I found him there, he was relaxed and amusing, with a rather dry, crusty sense of humor, and a surprisingly intimate knowledge of the London stock market. He earns £2,600 ($6,240) a year, and most of his savings go into shares.

But he is happiest when talking about animals, which he has been observing for most of his life. He will accept nothing on trust. It is this insistence on verifying the observations of others that has made nonsense of many long-held opinions, particularly concerning the elephant. And on the elephant Nicholson is indubitably an expert.

As a subject for study the species had baffled him from the start. "I found the animal a paradox. Like most people I began in the belief it was highly intelli-

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

"It says, 'Rush reinforcements to Belleau Wood.' Signed Pershing!"

gent and had a long memory. But I soon began to have my doubts."

There were things about the elephant that impressed him. He had noted the remarkable way in which individuals in a herd were able to communicate with each other. He had known groups a couple of miles and more apart to converge when alarmed and meet as though by prearranged plan. He had seen stragglers from a herd, although upwind and therefore unable to follow by scent, join up with the main party by intercepting them on their line of flight. The elephant was certainly no fool, yet it was capable of doing some very foolish things.

"I once saw a big bull trying to hide from me in ambush by putting its head into a small bush, rather like an ostrich burying its head in the sand," he said. "Of course, he may have been just a fool of an elephant."

But there was other, more damning evidence. Most animals learn by experience. Buffalo and the antelopes, for instance, will not approach human habitation, which they recognize as potentially dangerous. Yet it seemed impossible to *shamba*-train elephants. They had been getting shot near villages in thousands for more than 50 years and still they would not keep away. Why was this? Was it gargantuan foolishness, or some sort of mass madness?

"I was convinced there must be some explanation, because the behavior of these crop raiders was inconsistent. While some herds obstinately kept coming back to a *shamba* despite a hot reception, others on being attacked cleared out immediately, and the surrounding area became free of elephants for some time afterward."

An early clue to the mystery came to him when he realized that the sensible herds were females with their calves, while the persistent raiders were young adult bulls.

Who were these young bulls? Gangs of thugs?

"The word 'thug' came to mind because it seemed they *knew* they were doing wrong, yet were determined to take what they wanted despite the consequences," Nicholson told me.

The Young Thug Theory was plausible enough save for one important weakness: The raiding would go on in an area for six to eight weeks, then for no apparent reason the thugs would disappear. There was also a connection between these visitations and the seasons at which certain fruits ripened.

One in particular is the astringent, plumlike fruit of the solerocarya tree which grows in some alluvial valleys in southern Tanzania. In the wet season the fruits ripen and pile up on the ground, fermenting so that the groves reek with a distinctly boozy smell. Elephants converge in herds, gorging till they stagger about quite intoxicated, some getting truculent, others flopping down and sleeping heavily. Their snoring can be heard a good way off.

Solerocarya is not a complete food in itself; much of the fruit is passed whole and undigested. Elephants still require their main diet of grass and leaves. But for the whole of the two-month solerocarya season, large numbers of elephants are always to be found in the valleys where the trees grow. Yet, oddly, during the same season the farms in the vicinity were persistently raided by young thugs.

This puzzled Nicholson, particularly after he did several counts of the elephants in the solerocarya groves and was not able to identify any that he would have put in the young-thug category. Surely the younger bulls liked the fruit. He got the answer from a study of the organization of elephant herds.

"I found the breeding herds were female-dominated, bulls being admitted only when a cow had to be served. I saw how a bull would approach a breeding herd, going from cow to cow to see if any were interested. If the tusker got any encouragement he would stay in the herd till he had done his duty, after which he pushed off."

During his stay a tusker would be attended by two or three females, and if danger threatened he would be jealously guarded, his harem crowding round to protect him with their bodies. Nicholson also learned that cows definitely preferred older tuskers as mates, and aggressively repulsed the young males.

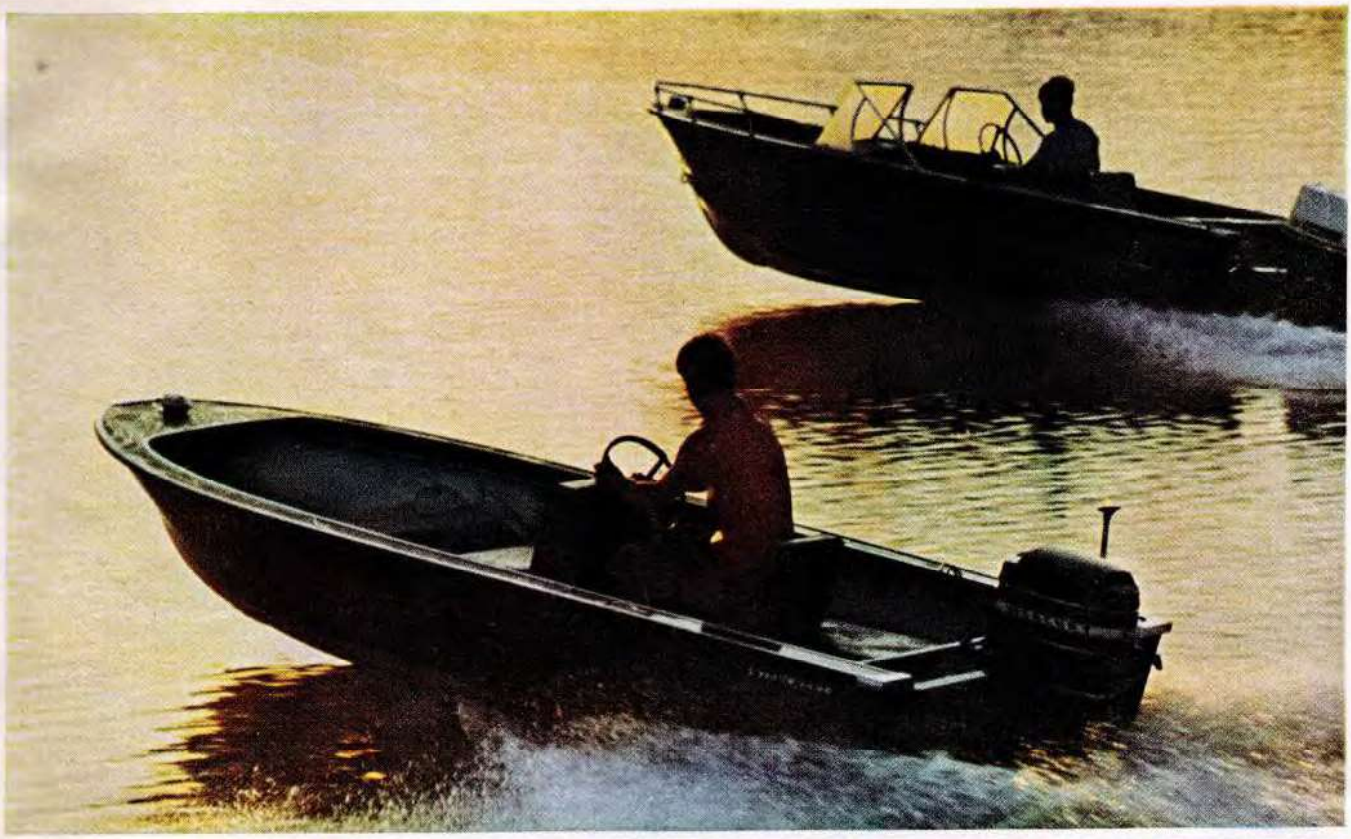
The paradox of this is that the elephant does not reach its optimum size in young adulthood like most other mammals. It and its tusks continue to grow so that a bull in its prime, in its 50's, is usually enormous, carrying tusks that can be seen for miles. Once into its 60's the tusker's rate of growth slows up, while the animal gets slower and more dignified. Being coddled by amorous females no longer interests an old bull; it becomes a majestic loner, leaving the impression of one of its great teeth on the ground wherever it has lain down to rest. A bull's life span is about 70 years, and if it is allowed to die of old age, its death will not occur in any special place to which it is mysteriously called when the end is near; the elephant's graveyard is a myth.

Since mating is reserved for mature males, the young bull is out in the cold till it is at least 25. This was an important pointer for Nicholson.

"For the male, the freeze sets in once he ceases to be a calf on reaching puberty at about 15," he told me. "The poor fellow is driven out of the breeding herd by his mother and aunts. It must be a miserable time for him."

Gregarious by nature, the young outcast cannot bear being parted from his family. He will follow them about, sometimes at a distance of several miles, and will persist in this for several years. Other bulls may have been expelled from the same herd, and he will naturally join them. Then, as the breeding herds converge on areas where fruit is plentiful, to form conventions of sometimes hundreds of animals, the young male outcasts from all around combine to form sizable bull herds.

Driven from the fruit by the females, they wander about looking for something else, find succulent crops and start raid-



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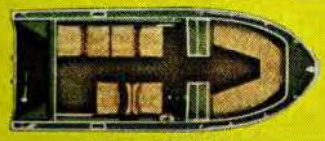

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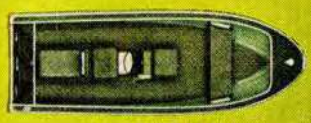

STAR TREK-V 15

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ing. Here again they are unwelcome. No wonder they cut up rough.

Anyhow, the conclusion Brian Nicholson had reached from his observations was to prevent this senseless slaughter of bulls. "I saw no point in shooting them up since they would not leave an area until the females did. So I just ignored the bulls and attacked the breeding herds instead. And that, to my joy, did the trick. Having their calves to worry about, the cows moved out fast. They were followed by their young satellite bulls who somehow seemed to know when their family herds pulled out; and *shamba* raiding ceased in the area."

Thus, at a cost of one or two cows, Nicholson achieved effective control, where previously between 20 and 30 bulls would have been shot while sporadic raiding went on all around during a fruit season.

Another advantage was that he could select as targets the least interesting specimens in a herd: the senile and tuskless. His policy is to try, if possible, to exterminate the tuskless elephants, the *budis*, in his region. The *budi* is a freak. It is habitually aggressive and is a most dangerous animal for the unarmed man to encounter in the bush—as I was to discover before very long.

Our safari continued. I had seen Nicholson's teams of hunters at work, and followed the control organization through to the point where the tusks from the animals are lodged in the District Commissioner's *boma* for auctioning in Dar es Salaam to help foot the cost of the service. I had been on further hunts which left me with very little doubt that elephant control is an extremely tough job. Again and again Nicholson had tried to provoke a charge for me to photograph, but none of the elephants obliged.

However, one day I was walking through a forest with an armed game scout named Kibanda whom Nicholson insisted should accompany me, when we came to a small glade, and Kibanda immediately stopped. Directly across the glade, barely 15 yards away, stood a *budi*, browsing.

Suddenly the *budi* swung round with its trunk up and ears forward. There was a scream and the next thing it was coming for us. It all happened very quickly, and the picture I got is a bit out of focus. Then there was a bang from Kibanda, and the elephant abruptly checked with a look of shocked surprise, and made off into the forest. Kibanda was not much of a shot, apparently, and a few months later came sad news of him in a letter from Nicholson:

"You'll be sorry to hear that Kibanda was killed by an elephant last month. He got tusked in the chest and guts, and his right leg was crushed. He only lived for about half an hour after the mauling. From what I can make out he missed the animal at close range as it charged—same as he did with you—but this time the elephant was more determined and was not frightened off by an explosion in its face."

Nicholson loses an average of about two scouts a year. Usually they are tusked, though a few have been stood or knelt on. . . .

Nicholson's revolutionary indirect control has saved the unnecessary killing of many hundreds of elephants since it was first introduced on his range eight years ago. And the technique has spread to other parts of East Africa, though elephants are nowhere else as numerous or troublesome. In Uganda, for instance—the country just above Tanzania's northern border—the yearly average shot on control is only 200, and in Kenya 300. Since Nicholson's culling is directed principally at females, it will also in time put a check on overbreeding, which has made the elephant such a problem in recent years.

There was never any fear among professional game managers for the elephant's survival, but there is a real fear for the big tusker. It would take decades of strict conservation to produce anything like the world record pair of tusks of 226 pounds and 214 pounds now in the British Museum. Indeed, to see an elephant today with a tooth approaching 100 pounds is something to talk about. However, Nicholson's methods are giving the bulls a break, and already he has noticed a marked improvement in the ivory in southern Tanzania.

By the time I'd finished my safari with Brian Nicholson, my preconceived opinions had changed. I had seen so much utter devastation of farmers' crops that my sympathy had switched from the elephant to the struggling African. There *are* too many elephants in southern Tanzania to get along with people. But as long as the country has men of vision and compassion controlling the elephants, both man and beast will prosper in the end. **—Dennis Holman**

GOOD CATCH, NO EAT

[*Continued from page 39*]

the Florida fish taxidermist. Indeed, Al McClane in telling me about this area had remarked on the number of sharks to be seen. "Bring a few big white flies," he'd suggested. "You might want to try them."

Even so, I was hardly presold. A few years ago at Mobile Bay, Alabama, I'd caught a seven-foot hammerhead shark off the bottom in about 20 feet of water and it had been a poor performer. At home, off the Connecticut shore, we occasionally catch small sand sharks, and they had never been much excitement either. . . .

The place I had come to was the Deep Water Cay Club at the eastern end of Grand Bahama Island. The club is run by two brothers in their mid-20's: Tommy Drake and Gilbert Drake, Jr. Recent publicity given to the gambling at Freeport, at the opposite end of Grand Bahama, might suggest that the whole island is swinging and in a state of rapid development. Not so.

Deep Water Cay has been modestly developed, but for fishing only. There are attractive cottages and a large main building, plus a sturdy dock for visiting boats. It is possible to drive here from Freeport, but it takes an hour and a half over a miserable road. Because of this, most people take the 20-minute air charter from Freeport for about $30, or the similarly priced charter from West Palm Beach, 90 miles and about an hour away.

As your plane banks to line up with the grass strip, you realize suddenly that you've come to an isolated haven at the edge of a huge fishing area. Flats, guts, islets and bays stretch to the horizon. This place has the greatest concentration of bonefish I have seen anywhere, and I've fished for them elsewhere in the Bahamas, in British Honduras and in the Hawaiian Islands.

It also has a hell of a lot of sharks lurking around the bonefish schools.

"I suppose a shark waits till a bonefish gets its head into the grass, stirring up the mud, then sneaks in and grabs it."

I was talking to Tommy Drake that first evening. Bonefish when feeding often stand on their heads as they root along the soft bottom. A fish in this position—with the water cloudy around it—would be very vulnerable.

Tommy smiled. "A shark will cut out a single bonefish from a group and run it down."

"You mean these sharks are as fast as bonefish?"

"Man, wait till you see one really turned on. The main thing they have going for them is their endurance—they can go fast *longer* than bonefish."

"Put together a sturdy outfit," Gilbert Drake warned me. . . .

The sharks didn't come easy. My Bahamian guide—Armand Carey from the nearby settlement of McClean Town—ran the boat to secluded bonefish grounds and there poled us mile after mile. Whenever we saw a shark—and this was often—I'd pick up the fly-rod outfit I'd prepared for them the night before and belt a fly out. Sometimes I'd get a shark to follow for a foot or two. But mostly they ignored me.

It was a wonderful day though. The bonefish were eager and even stronger than I'd remembered. But by the time I'd cast to the last shark of the day—number 33—and got no response, I felt a bit frantic. Maybe the miserable things wanted an orange fly. I'd try one tomorrow.

But they didn't want orange. Or white polar bear. Or blue and white. Or yellow with a red head.

I glanced around the boat in desperation and my eye lit on a dead bonefish, one we'd kept because the hook had injured it. Maybe a short strip of fresh bonefish meat an inch or so long on the fly's hook would tempt them. I cut a little strip and impaled it.

"Shark!" Armand said presently. He'd fallen into the habit of announcing the quarry the moment it came in sight.

It was about a four-footer. Out went

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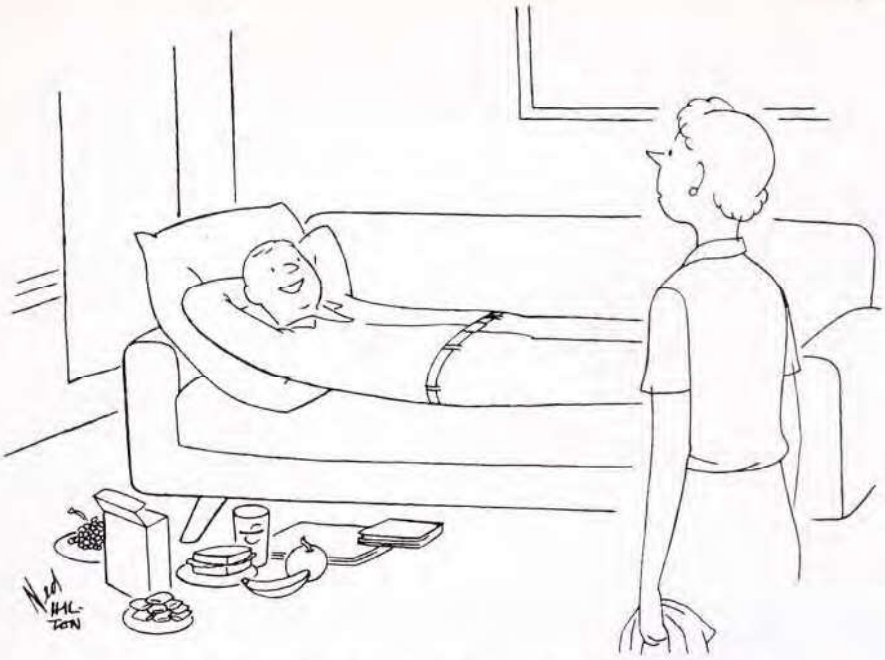

"I saw a job consultant today and he said you should get one."

the fly as before. Once again the shark followed. Only this time its trapdoor mouth opened and the fly disappeared. For a long moment I could hardly believe this. Then I socked the hook home hard, twice.

The shark was a comet of surprise. We were at the edge of a tidal stream with a stiff current. The shark bolted up this current as if it were dead calm. With electric speed, it ripped away with 50 yards of line, 100, and then the red mark at 150 fled through the guides. Somewhere a little short of 200 yards the shark suddenly halted.

I checked the reel's brake. Yep, it had been on full.

Armand chuckled. "He gone. If he stop now, he gone."

So it was. The shark had snubbed the line on something. When I got unhung I found that the fish had bitten through the short length of 20-pound-test steel cable at the end of my leader.

"What *was* that?"

"Little lemon shark."

Shaking a little with excitement, I replaced the broken end with a foot of 60-pound-test steel cable and clamped on a bright yellow tarpon fly. Armand picked up his 13-foot push pole and with incredible smoothness shot us forward to new water.

"Shark!"

It was cruising past some mangrove roots. I laid the bare fly a yard in front of it and it turned but wouldn't follow.

"Keep him in sight while I bait this fly."

Presently Armand put me in good position for a cast, and the fly plopped near the shark. Suddenly it turned and charged the fly. Watching it head on, I could plainly see the snout lift a little and the sudden gleam of white teeth as the jaw opened. I struck this one three times fast.

The shark ran in a tight circle about 15 feet across, shaking its head savagely and going so fast that the line hissed on the surface with a sound like a ripping sheet. Then it took off across the flat, passed the 200-yard mark on my backing line and came out of the water in a beautiful clean jump.

Man!

There was nothing predictable about this shark. And as there was no place for it to hide in these endless shallows, it ran full tilt, heedless of the brake. It was still strong when I at last drew it alongside for Armand's gaff. I extricated the ruined fly with a forceps-like gadget called a Hookout and we turned the critter loose.

It was a lemon shark of only 30 pounds. Yet it had been wildly powerful.

Armand and I grinned at each other. We knew there were dozens more to be seen and stalked in a day's fishing, as well as bonefish and the occasional barracuda. I kept three fly rods ready—one for bonefish, another with a steel-tipped leader and bass bug for 'cudas, and the husky shark outfit.

Off we went again. Suddenly we came to a large patch of muddied water which meant that bonefish had been rooting on the bottom. I picked up the bonefish rod, and caught one presently.

"Shark!" Armand sang out happily, knowing I was too busy with the bonefish to do anything about it. Just then the shark—about a four-footer—spotted my hooked bonefish and instantly took after it.

The bonefish knew it was in trouble but it also knew what to do. Off it sprinted with new energy for the nearby shore. There it thrust itself toward some mangrove roots till it was in maybe three inches of water with its back out.

The shark put on the brakes only when its back was well out of water. It was about 10 feet from the bonefish, now lying still as death, but could only smell it. The shark ranged back and forth like a hungry wolf, waiting, then it got bored and left.

I broke off from the bonefish, and we continued on our way. But this encounter had given me an idea.

"Suppose we dragged a dead fish behind the boat—would sharks follow?" I asked Armand.

"They come fast, mon! I'll bring something tomorrow."

That night I told Gil Drake about my leaping shark and two others that had broken water and thrown the fly.

"Lemons jump some," he remarked. "But you should see the blacktips we have here from April through June. I mean they really make the water fly!"

"Do many people fish for them?"

"Nope. Just us locals, mostly. Bonefish have so much glamor everyone concentrates on them."

We kept talking. I knew that bonefish are found wherever the seas are tropical—from the Bahamas clear to East Africa and over vast ranges of the Pacific. Now it suddenly struck me how many sharks I'd seen in the past on bonefish flats . . . sharks I'd never considered fishing for.

"They could have been caught," Gilbert said. "A shark on a flat is looking for food."

I picked up a copy of the International Game Fish Association records from a coffee table to see if any of the sharks we'd discussed were on the IGFA list of saltwater game fish. None was, though six other sharks—deepwater types—were.

"This is all so new that hardly anyone knows about it," Tommy Drake explained. "These sharks don't have a reputation for fighting yet."

We decided that the main reason the sharks fought so well here was that they were caught in shallow water. Any sizeable fish that ventures into shallows panics when hooked and, if possible, heads for the shelter of deeper water. In most areas of the east end of Grand Bahama there is nothing but flats two to four feet deep stretching for miles. There is no hiding place, nothing for a fish to do but run.

"It's not a matter of pain," Gilbert explained. "Sharks are insensitive to pain. I've seen a wounded shark with its innards hanging out keep eating while other sharks fed on its guts."

I went to bed happy. I had landed a shark and fought two others and couldn't remember a more exciting time. . .

Armand gave me a big white grin next morning and silently held up the bloody skeleton of a big silk snapper, its head intact, from which the fillets had been cut. He tied this to a length of plastic rope, tucked it under a scrap of wet burlap and we went roaring off.

"I must catch a bonefish first for bait meat," I explained as we began our search of the flats on another lovely morning. Soon we had our fresh bonefish. I had given up casting a plain fly to the sharks, but I was to change my mind about this soon for a reason I never suspected.

"Shark coming!" Armand sang out presently.

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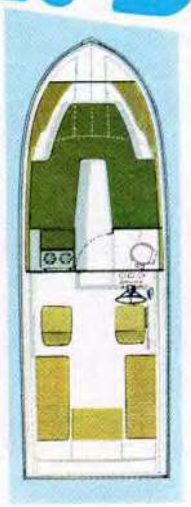

Chrysler's patented Hydro-Vee hull gives hydroplane performance with deep-vee stability.

MARINE PRODUCTS CHRYSLER CORPORATION

I turned around, grabbing for the shark outfit. Armand was staring past the stern at a shark fin cutting the water about 200 yards away. The shark was coming toward us like a missile on course.

Armand grunted deep in his chest. The shark was driving in like gangbusters. When it was maybe 20 feet away, Armand yanked in the trailing fish skeleton and I lobbed the baited fly in the path of the shark. You could just about hear its jaws snap with a *chung* on the fly. It turned to look for something else to devour.

Then I jolted it, and away the shark ran, an engine of destruction with no place to go but far and fast, head shaking in annoyance. *What the hell is holding me back?* it must have wondered.

A unique rod, for one thing. There are plenty of good, sturdy, saltwater fly rods in existence, and I was using a typical two-piecer of hollow fiber glass that was nine feet one inch long. What made this new Fenwick Model FF-115 different from all others was a fiber-glass stiffener four feet eight inches long. After you cast to and hook a strong fish, you grab the stiffener and ram it up inside the rod through its butt. Instantly the rod's power is just about doubled.

This shark raced dead away from me and was still going strong against the full brake when the line went slack at around 175 yards. I reeled in. The 20-pound-test, level-monofilament leader had apparently been slapped a time or two by the shark's abrasive tail and parted. I substituted 30-pound, rerigged and we went on.

"Don't forget that fish skeleton, Armand."

Splat! Once again we began to lay a scent trail for roving sharks. This was to bring us some of the most exciting fishing yet, for often the sharks came in numbers. One day three appeared together, all good-sized lemons—that is, 50 pounds or better. At the first cast a shark took my baited fly. But instead of hooking it, the piece of bonefish meat stripped off in the shark's teeth.

"Throw the bait in!" I shouted. "Keep them around!"

There was no time for me to fiddle around cutting a fresh bait. So I flipped the fly at the nearest shark. The lure landed about a foot in front of a five-footer, which promptly chomped on the fly.

"I got a big one!" I shouted.

"So have I!" Armand replied.

I turned around hurriedly. A shark had grabbed the fish skeleton on its rope and was actually towing the boat. Armand was hanging on laughing. Meanwhile the remaining shark circled, hungrily looking for something to rip into.

My shark made a tremendous run, leaped violently and threw the fly, a common occurrence. I reeled in like mad, keeping an eye on the third shark. Armand's hadn't let go yet and was still savaging at the rope's end. At last I got the line in and dropped the tattered fly in front of the circling shark. It seized hold immediately and took off.

Just then Armand's lemon let go and he quickly hauled in the mauled skeleton. The shark followed right to the stern and suddenly bit the outboard's prop in frustration. It was wild, I can tell you.

There was a lesson in those two sharks hitting a bare fly dropped in front of their noses, but I didn't grasp the significance of this then. The sharks seemed so frenzied they'd take *anything*, and a story that Armand told me bore this out.

"One time," he recalled, "I was finishing lunch with a mon when a shark came to the boat. I'd cleaned a fish and tossed the head and stuff out. Well, the shark he eat this stuff and look around for more. The mon threw an empty beer can on the water and the shark took it. He'll take anything that moves then."

The point I'd missed is that these sharks are quite nearsighted. A two-inch fly easily goes unnoticed unless you drop it not much more than a foot in front of a shark's nose.

At this point you may well wonder: *Does one have to be an expert caster to catch these sharks?* Not at all. Unlike the terribly shy bonefish and barracuda in shallows, a shark is by no means as spooky of a boat, nor does it often bolt at a poor cast—particularly when you've attracted it with a dead fish on a rope. If a cast goes badly, the shark will still be there and you can try again and again.

In fact, you don't even have to use a fly rod and fly. Spinning or light bay gear, with just a chunk of bloody fish meat on a bare hook, will catch sharks easily.

Toward the end of the trip, one of the Drake brothers cued me on the nearsightedness of the sharks. I then began catching them on unbaited flies cast about a foot in front of their noses. By the way, it made no difference what shape, size or color of fly you used when there was a bit of fresh bonefish meat on its hook. But a bare fly definitely needs a lot of white on it.

One thing is sure—you need a lot of flies for these sharks. When we got going I was hooking around a dozen a day. And even if a shark made only one long run and threw the fly at the end of it, you'd reel in a wrecked fly or a bare hook unless the fly got sucked in behind the teeth.

Another necessity is a fly reel made for hard use in salt water. It should have a quick, powerful brake—such as the type on the McChristian Seamaster, made in Coral Gables, Florida. This reel was designed for big tarpon over 100 pounds. It was also used in the making of what I believe is still the world's largest fly-rod catch: a 243-pound nurse shark taken by Flip Pallot of Miami Beach at Flamingo, Florida.

TRUE

***"That's* a short skirt!"**

Custom Camper Pickup *¾-ton Fleetside Pickup*

Chevrolet pickups are the smoothest riders

Because only Chevrolet gives you full coil spring ride with Independent Front Suspension

Let's face it. Pickup users like their comforts as much as anybody—on the job or off for the weekend. Chevrolet pickups provide that comfort—first through big, easy-going coil springs front and rear on ½- and ¾-ton pickups.

Combined with truck-strong Independent Front Suspension, road shocks are smoothed out "independently" — without ping-ponging from truck to driver and cargo. Rear 2-stage coils adjust automatically to the load.

Put Chevrolet's coil suspension to work on highway or byway. The result is a *road-balanced* ride that's not only smooth but also contributes to easy handling. Rear leaf springs are available for those who prefer them.

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And you won't find more power or a bigger selection of engines in any popular pickup! The standard 250 Six has 155 hp. Economy *and* power! A larger six and four V8s — up to 310 hp — are Chevrolet-designed for smooth efficiency.

There's a new gold and white Fleetside waiting for you to drive —at your Chevrolet dealer's. It symbolizes Chevrolet's 50th Truck Anniversary. Drive it *soon!* . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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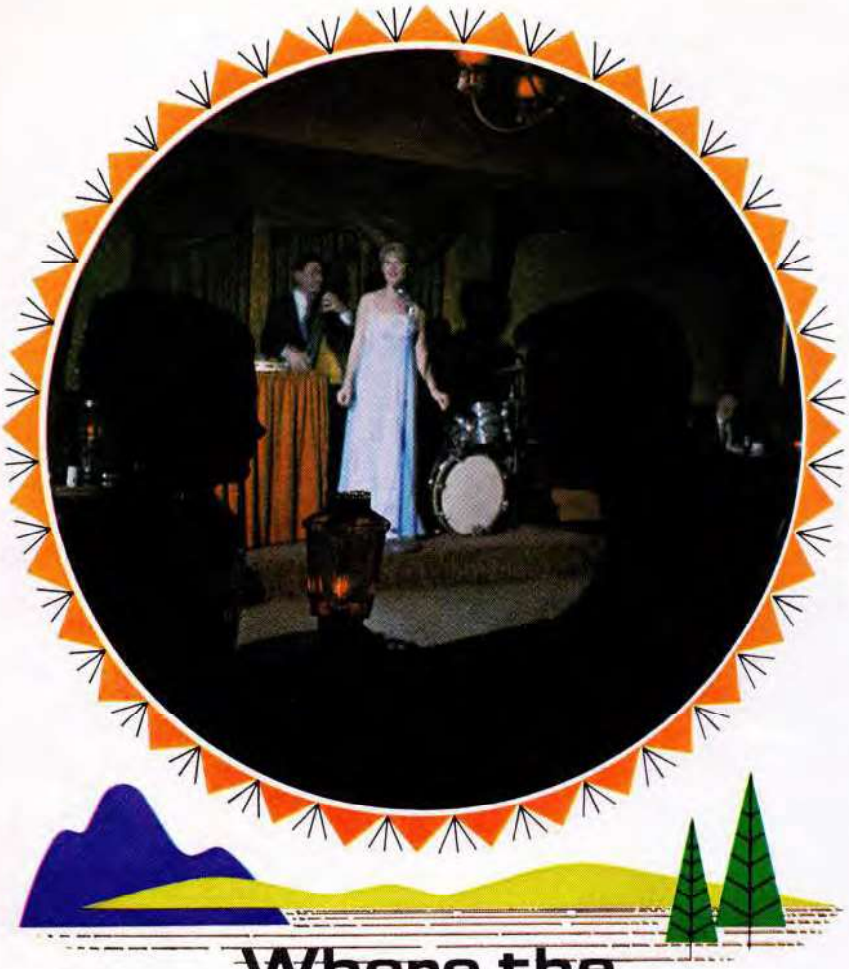

Where the Fun Shines all the time

Morning, noon and night, there's always something **different** to do in New Mexico. Most people will enjoy Carlsbad Caverns or White Sands, the art community of Taos, the fiesta life of Santa Fe, or the excitement of metropolitan Albuquerque. But many will form a love affair with the High Country; they will make camp along a bubbling stream, or beside a mountain lake, hike or ride through our Ponderosa forests, gaze out over hundreds of miles of scenic splendor, ride America's longest tram. Others will swim, play golf or tennis at our fine dude ranches in the shadow of the cool blue mountains. Many will seek out our unique boutiques and shaded patio cantinas, dine to mariachi brass or the strum of Flamenco guitar, or dance the Boogaloo 'til dawn. This is do-it-yourself country . . . at prices as delightful as our magnificent scenery. This year, enroute to the HemisFair or the 1968 Olympics, visit New Mexico — where the Fun never sets!

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Though I didn't catch a shark nearly as big as Pallot's monster, I did land one that was larger than any fish I'd previously taken on a fly rod. It was a shark that was attracted by a big grouper head that Armand was dragging behind the boat.

It never failed to give me an eerie feeling, watching a shark come hell-for-leather from afar, following the scent of blood in the water with undeviating accuracy and intent.

This one was husky. The head was about a foot across and I guessed the length at a bit under six feet. Two remoras swam with this lemon, ready to feed on any bits of food that might fly about in the sea when their host tore into its prey.

Armand and I were a team by now. As he hauled in the fish head at the last moment, I dropped the unbaited fly a yard in front of the oncoming shark. It kept coming on fast, and snapped up the fly without pausing. I let it come another 10 feet till it was only an arm's length from the stern, then I socked the hook home with three strong belts. With a tremendous swirl, the shark rocketed away.

Armand gave me a big grin. There is something very satisfying about putting a shark into this first grand orbit of surprise, as if you are settling an old score. This one ran satisfactorily in the usual unstoppable headlong rout. I rammed the stiffener into the rod for the hard work that lay ahead.

We were going to land this rascal, Armand and I, and heft its bulk on the gaff for a guess of 80 pounds or so. Then I was going to tap its snout on the underside, as I'd learned, so its jaws would open, making it easy to probe for the hook. Finally, we'd set the shark free and go look for another, or perhaps we'd find a barracuda or a bonefish next.

But right now we savored the morning and the look of the sun on the tiny green cays nearby. We watched the line flowing off the reel and then looked toward the horizon. Maybe the shark would jump, and we didn't want to miss that ever. For somehow a shark on a fly rod is more than just another fish—it's an *adversary*, and the sport is in the dueling. **—Peter Barrett**

ATTENTION FISHERMEN!

When To Go

Sharks are plentiful at Deep Water Cay from January through June, and are present to a fair extent in other months. For further information, write to Gilbert Drake, Sr., P.O. Box 1145, Palm Beach, Florida.

How To Go

Various airlines fly from New York to Nassau in the Bahamas, thence to Freeport, Grand Bahama Island. Charter from here to Deep Water Cay Club. There is also frequent plane service between Miami and Freeport. Direct charter service connects the club to West Palm Beach.

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finest Bourbon, Jim Beam.

which is the favorite."

World's Finest Bourbon a 173-Year-Old Secret

CHICAGO, ILL.—Before you can call yourself the world's finest anything—you'd better have a case in your favor.

Jim Beam Bourbon has that "case."

The whole matter started with Jacob Beam—who would be 200 years old this year—and a secret he discovered.

The secret, in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon, goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right land. The right climate: the perfect Bourbon formula.

In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

Six Generation Formula

The pride of this first Beam distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

GRAVEL SWIT
—When the world f
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Ask T.

JIM BEAM BOURBON—MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

CLERMONT, KY.—173 years ago Jacob Beam started making Beam Bourbon here in Kentucky. It is still being made here today. And still by the Beams.

Along with inspired skills, the making of a Bourbon like Beam requires an unusual combination of land, climate and natural materials. And it's all here, in north central Kentucky.

There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.

The rich, fertile, surrounding valleys and plains provide

Fresh Charred Oak

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illery in the wooded
Kentucky hills. It's far from
the main thoroughfare, but

POOF PROOF

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the
the label says
cause 86 proof
people prefer.

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But remember
he proof is not
always quality.

Toast

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Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky. Jim Beam 86 proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon

I STUCK PINS IN A VOODOO DICTATOR

[*Continued from page* 59]

Papa Doc Duvalier. And for 10 years that war has been one long series of fiascos, of carnage and comic opera, of debacles for everyone concerned—everybody, that is, except Papa Doc himself. He is today the world's most absolute dictator. Duvalier's claim that he has Haiti's voodoo gods working for him almost seems valid.

Not, I hasten to add, that I'm superstitious. It's that voodoo is bone deep in Haiti and no one knows it better—or exploits it more—than old Papa Doc. His secret police, an army of murderous savages with firepower, is known as the *Tonton Macoute*, creole for voodoo spooks. *Houngans*, voodoo priests, serve him as both spies and consultants. Duvalier's garb—funeral parlor black suit, black homburg, black horn-rimmed glasses—is copied from the way Baron Samedi, voodoo lord of the dead, supposedly dresses. It is because of his supernatural power, Haitians say, that Papa Doc has survived so long. He is also supposed to use magic to destroy his enemies.

Papa Doc has another Haitian characteristic going for him: sheer wholesale violence. Haitians have enthusiastically slaughtered each other and foreigners for centuries. But no ruler this side of Hitler has been so uninhibited in applying total terror. A firm believer in "leave no seed," he wipes out the entire families of suspected political enemies.

Papa Doc is also the man I helped to put in power. My only excuse is that everybody makes mistakes.

All foreigners seem to make mistakes when it comes to Haiti. The would-be invaders who almost counted me among their number were arrested by police and federal agents in the Florida Keys in January, 1967. They were not exactly typical; at least they're all still alive. Most of the other foreign "liberators" are dead. The only reason I survived a decade of this sort of thing is that I'm a dedicated coward.

Yet, even as I write, there are rumblings of still another push against Papa Doc. Funds are again being raised, guns are being collected, adventurous Americans are listening to a persuasive new group of Haitian exiles. The war against Baron Samedi is beginning anew. But little seems to have really changed.

You might wonder why anyone would even want to take over Haiti. It's an impoverished land, probably the only country in the world less developed today than it was in 1804, the year it won its independence from France. Primitive, spook-ridden Haiti, a country with nearly five million inhabitants, is basted only lightly with the veneer of the 20th century.

Main reason for all the outside interest in Haiti is geography. It is less than 50 miles from Cuba—which explains the intense interest of Cuban exiles, the Castro regime and the State Department—and shares the island of Hispaniola with the Dominican Republic. In fact, it was geography which propelled Papa Doc into power in the first place. Duvalier was pushed into the presidency in 1957 with the help of a not-so-friendly neighbor.

He was Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, the late dictator of the Dominican Republic. To Trujillo, it was vital that the neighboring country be ruled by a more or less stable and not unfriendly government. So Trujillo dabbled incessantly in Haitian politics.

But the Dominican dictator remained on the sidelines when Haiti suddenly exploded in violence in the winter of 1956-57. The country's dictator was overthrown and a host of would-be successors came out of the woodwork. Governments were made and broken overnight. Rioting swept the nation's capital, Port-au-Prince. Still Trujillo didn't move. He was unsure of the situation.

I was on his staff as a sort of troubleshooter at the time. Trujillo had hired me because I was an ex-Marine and an American; he was gung ho for the Marines and tended to trust Americans more than he did his own Dominicans. I also knew the Caribbean. I had been involved in a couple little Central American revolutions, had worked briefly for one of Trujillo's generals, then for Trujillo himself. As an intelligence analyst, one of my specialties was Haiti. So Trujillo sent for me.

"You will go to Haiti," he said, "posing as a journalist. Talk with prominent political leaders. Talk to the American Embassy. Get the feel of the political situation. Then come back and give me a complete report."

Haiti in 1957 was an interesting place if you like mobs running amok through littered streets. Public services were almost nonexistent. Extreme black racists shrilled gibberish which if implemented would result in the chaos Trujillo feared. The so-called mulatto elite, which had always run the country, was panicky but lacked effective leadership. A bloodbath seemed imminent.

I checked into the Hotel Riviera and immediately got in touch with an old friend, David Berkaba, a young Arab businessman who had made a fortune building Haiti's hotel and tourist industries. He would be ruined if the situation didn't stabilize.

"There's only one man who can save Haiti," he told me. "That's Francois Duvalier."

Francois Duvalier? He was a mild-mannered, 49-year-old country doctor who had studied at the University of Michigan. They called him Papa Doc. David had to be kidding.

Berkaba shook his head. "Papa Doc's intelligent and he has a real popular support, particularly among the peasants. He just doesn't sound off like the other politicians. I'll take you to him."

We met Duvalier in a small frame house in downtown Port-au-Prince. At the end of two hours I was very favorably impressed. Papa Doc was the last word in moderation and sweet reason.

"I believe in government of the people, by the people and for the people," Duvalier told me when I asked his basic political philosophy. I thought I had heard that statement somewhere before, but I approved the sentiment. Not that either of us really believed that it would

"Would you like to settle out of jail?"

work in Haiti—but it was important to pretend that it would.

Duvalier also had all the right ideas regarding his Dominican neighbors: cordial and correct relations. So I decided that Papa Doc was our boy.

Only one thing bothered me while flying back to the Dominican Republic. Was little Papa Doc Duvalier really tough enough to handle the Haitians?

We were soon to get the answer to that one. Duvalier launched a claw-and-fang campaign backed by a curious clutch of allies. His key supporter was Trujillo. The Generalissimo had accepted my evaluation—although reluctantly—and threw his weight behind Papa Doc.

David Berkaba used his influence with the powerful foreign business community to soften its resistance to Duvalier. Papa Doc is very black and the whites had traditionally favored rule by Haiti's light-skinned elite.

By the time the "elections" were held in September, 1957, the result was a foregone conclusion. When the smoke cleared, Papa Doc was in the Presidential Palace. Cheering on the sidelines were David Berkaba and his Arabs—and Trujillo's Haitian agents. The dazed Haitian electorate never knew what hit it.

COMING. . .

He took a bunch of losers
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Cinderella story

THE NEW WILLIAMS IN BOSTON

A close-up look
at the pennant-winning
Red Sox manager

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

In fact, Duvalier obviously concluded, there were altogether too many people with claims on his gratitude. For openers, Papa Doc disposed of some of his most loyal lieutenants. He had them loaded with heavy weights and sent to the bottom of the Gulf of Gonaves. A few thousand victims later, he got around to David Berkaba. David fled into exile. Papa Doc wielded power like a meat ax, clobbering friend and foe alike.

I watched developments from the Palacio Nacional in Santo Domingo. I felt a modest glow of pride; the gamble had paid off. Duvalier was proving that he was the tough bastard needed to keep the lid on Haiti. Undoubtedly, the Generalissimo would give me one of those fat white envelopes packed with $100 bills that he passed out on suitable occasions.

He didn't. Duvalier had hardly set up housekeeping in the Presidential Palace before Trujillo decided to oust him. I still ponder that phenomenon. I had people in Haiti who were on Trujillo's payroll and had orders to *support* Papa Doc. At the same time, another member of the Trujillo staff, Gen. Arturo Espaillat, was conspiring furiously *against* Papa Doc.

Espaillat was in contact with Gen. Antonio Kebreau, Haitian army chief of staff, and was industriously stoking Kebreau's presidential ambitions. Kebreau was on the point of grabbing Duvalier's palace for himself. Then occurred what could happen only in Haiti..

Papa Doc let it be known that he had put a voodoo hex on Kebreau. Whereupon this tough Haitian general curled up his toes and died. Even Trujillo was impressed. That was his first and last effort to unseat Duvalier. He promised Papa Doc that Espaillat would be permanently sidelined from Haitian politics.

But word now began to come in of a vast anti-Duvalier conspiracy shaping up in Miami. I use the term conspiracy rather loosely; it seems to have been known to about half the population of Miami, the police department, sheriff's office, the crime syndicate, FBI and sundry other interested parties. It centered around an exiled Haitian politician who sometimes used the name Raul Daganais and a tall, muscular Miami deputy sheriff named Arthur Thomas Payne. Contact with Daganais infected Payne with a terminal case of soldier-of-fortune fever.

In one sense, the Payne conspiracy was a wildly absurd political plot; in another, it was a straight con-man operation. Payne was promised the job of director of presidential public relations. Of course, there were a few strings attached to the job offer. Payne would have to get the job the hard way. Not only would he have to lay his life on the line; he would also have to raise the money to do that.

But Payne was a ball of fire as a fund raiser. Money poured in as Payne, who had excellent contacts, "sold" gambling concessions. Miami Beach hotel operators with syndicate links tossed thousands into Payne's pot. So did the owner of a large Miami construction company; he was promised an exclusive contract on Haitian construction projects when Duvalier fell. Other thousands were raised from ordinary Miami citizens.

But Payne's war chest emptied almost as fast as it was filled. He had to share the take with certain Haitian exiles who were accustomed to living well; some of them, in fact, have lived over the years on Payne-type fund raising.

The Haitian exiles should have stopped while they were ahead. Arthur Thomas Payne, fund raiser, meant a permanent meal ticket. Arthur Thomas Payne, conspirator, meant utter disaster.

On his first secret mission, Payne was very lucky: he got out alive. His assignment had been to go to Haiti posing as a tourist and make contact with underground groups. That he did. Payne dived brazenly into conspiratorial circles in Port-au-Prince and led Duvalier's cops to a string of underground cells. Payne was deported. His contacts were slowly and messily executed.

The exiles then decided to stop fooling around. Payne was told to raise an army and invade Haiti. Just like that. And Payne did. With an eight-man army —four other Americans and three former Haitian officers—Payne invaded Haiti. The incredible thing is that Payne damn near did topple Papa Doc.

About 4:30 in the afternoon of July 28, 1958, an old fishing boat, the *Mollie*

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MODEL 100B
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"I'd like to report my wife to the missing persons bureau, but unfortunately she isn't."

C, chugged into the seaside village of Deluge, some 50 miles north of Port-au-Prince. Payne and his men swarmed ashore, seized a pickup truck and headed for the Haitian capital. Their objective was the *Caserne Dessalines*, the military barracks which are the traditional center of military power in Haiti and only 200 yards from the Presidential Palace itself. If they could seize the barracks, they could put the palace under fire. Duvalier would be fleeing for the hills before morning.

And somehow they did manage to take the barracks and almost without opposition. Payne locked the garrison in the mess hall, then had one of the Haitian exiles telephone the palace. "Tell Duvalier that we hold the barracks and we'll attack at dawn unless he surrenders."

That call almost ended the Duvalier regime. Lights popped on in the palace and Papa Doc, panicky, prepared to flee. At the palace gate his limousine wheeled up and parked, motor running, waiting to take Duvalier to asylum in the nearby Colombian Embassy.

Papa Doc was reportedly on the point of doing just that when there occurred one of those incredible acts of temporary insanity which are typical of all attempts to topple him.

One of Payne's men ran out of cigarettes. So he casually called in one of the captive Haitian soldiers and gave the man a dollar bill. "Go out and buy me two packs of Pall Malls," he told the soldier.

The man bought the cigarettes and was actually on his way back to the barracks when he began to think things over. He changed his mind. He went to the palace instead. There are only eight men in the *caserne*, he told Duvalier.

That snapped Duvalier out of his daze. He suddenly liked the odds. He clapped a steel helmet on his head, buckled on a pistol belt and sent couriers fanning throughout the city to muster the *Tonton Macoutes*. The bluff had failed.

The end came swiftly. Swarms of militiamen surrounded the barracks and poured gunfire through the windows. Payne and two men tried to break out of the trap. They were cut down almost instantly. The Haitians then charged the barracks and massacred the other invaders. Payne's war was over.

I was pleased by the outcome. The Payne invasion, lunatic as it was, dramatized the need for both dictators to cooperate in the defense of the island they both shared—even though Haitians and Dominicans loathe each other. A few months after the Payne affair, this community of interest was formalized by a nonaggression pact signed at the desolate frontier post of Malpasse-Jimani.

That day the primitive little village glittered with gold braid and bayonets. But instead of a diplomatic ceremonial it more resembled the confrontation of two savage tribal kings or Asian warlords.

Flanked by his staff, Trujillo sat in a pavilion and stared coldly at Duvalier's pavilion 50 yards away just inside the Haitian border. In a column by the Generalissimo's pavilion stood rank after perspiring rank of the elite Palace Guard. Around and behind Trujillo stood scores of tough, young Dominican officers. They gripped their submachine guns and glared at their black opposite numbers across the border. And scattered all around the Dominican border point were the heavily armed thugs of Trujillo's secret police.

I was there, too, feeling somewhat conspicuous in my simple business suit and unarmed except for a .38 automatic in my trouser waistband. But it was a show I didn't want to miss—this assembly of gold-braided cutthroats.

Across the border, Duvalier sat rigidly in his pavilion. As always, he was wearing his black voodoo suit. I stared curiously at him. His face was an ebony mask, inscrutable. I couldn't make up my mind about him. Was he ridiculous dressed as Baron Samedi or frighteningly impressive? Duvalier *does* look like he could conjure up a spook.

His retinue was identical in form to that of Trujillo. A garishly uniformed presidential guard, a swarm of heavily armed officers, and scores of *Tonton Macoute* in ill-fitting suits with pockets bulging with grenades.

Duvalier and Trujillo rose as a bugle sounded and placed themselves at the head of their respective retinues. Slowly, warily, the two groups approached each other. They met on the exact border. They stared at each other briefly and there was a stiff handshake. The nonaggression treaty was produced and the two men scrawled their signatures. Somebody broke out a bottle of champagne. Both dictators took a quick sip, then signaled withdrawal.

I felt a warm glow of accomplishment that night back in the Dominican capital. At last I had done something constructive in this business. More than a year before I had picked Duvalier as our boy. I felt positively paternal. And now the vulnerable flanks of both dictators were protected. I could see a new era of stability for both countries.

It didn't quite work out that way, of course. A year and a half later the Generalissimo was assassinated and all sorts of big and little revolutions ensued. From the Dominican Republic and elsewhere, the war against Baron Samedi was resumed. And I was out of a job until I found a new employer. He turned out to be Raul Daganais, the patron of the late Arthur Thomas Payne and his boys. It began in Montreal in 1962.

I met with Daganais in a suite in Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel and was promptly signed up on the side of the angels. No more dictators for me. I was now on the side of the forces of freedom in their eternal struggle with tyranny. I was going to serve in the crusade that would liberate Haiti from Duvalier's savage dictatorship. I was going to get paid.

My fellow freedom fighter had some difficulty in expressing a point regarding his precise objectives. However, I got the message.

"Let's not be shy," I said. "What you're trying to say is that you don't merely want Duvalier eliminated. You want him ousted and *your* boys put in."

Daganais expressed some noble senti-

ments, but allowed as how that was exactly the case. He needed help in carrying out an operation for which he and his exile faction could take direct credit.

The exiles were in contact with a minor Haitian official who worked in Duvalier's palace. The official was due for a vacation and had permission to travel abroad. He had sent word to the exiles that he had access to Duvalier's bedroom and that Papa Doc invariably entered it alone each evening. The official wanted to rig up an explosive device which would blow old Papa Doc through the roof when he flipped the light switch.

However the official knew nothing about explosives. Neither did the exiles. They asked me if the idea was feasible and, if so, could I arrange for the palace official to be given a crash course in explosives during his vacation abroad.

"His idea is feasible, and I have a man who can train him," I told them, but without enthusiasm. I have never liked bombs and explosives generally. No matter how expertly used, they are inherently sloppy and indiscriminate and as often as not the wrong people get blown up.

However, when the official went abroad—it's wiser not to name which country—I arranged for him to be trained by an associate, Marc Krausse, a European soldier of fortune. Krausse, a veteran of French Foreign Legion campaigns in Indo China and Algeria, was of the type who should be sealed in cages and labeled "Break Only in Case of War." War was all he knew and bombs were his only passion. His specialty was homemade bombs.

The palace official was an apt pupil, Krausse reported. However, a slight problem had come up: the official had learned about the vast array of technical and electrical equipment which can be used in demolitions. So no home-brewed bombs for him; if he was going to blow up Papa Doc he was going to do it with the very best equipment or not at all. Krausse wanted to know what to do.

"Don't do anything," I told him. "The whole purpose of his training is so he can do the job without needing all that gear. He could never lug it into the palace. Besides, it's expensive as hell."

The situation reached crisis proportions just before the official returned to Port-au-Prince. He announced that he was taking his trade elsewhere. The exiles had all proved to be a bunch of finks. Therefore, he would get the demo equipment from the communists and work with them. Someone, however, tipped off Papa Doc that his aide was planning to blow him off the map. Duvalier promptly eliminated the threat.

For the next round against Papa Doc, an invasion was planned. Here the exiles had distinctly suicidal—or homicidal—tendencies. I advocated a diversionary attack on Cap Haitien, the country's second city, while guerrillas infiltrated across the border to the south. But the exiles said they didn't want to fool around. They said I should lead a seaborne commando raid on Port-au-Prince itself, a city swarming with troops, militia and secret police. Like an old Errol Flynn movie, we were to pour ashore, guns blazing, and assault Papa Doc's palace. I told them I wasn't

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Errol Flynn. Neither was I Arthur Thomas Payne.

Finally a coherent plan was mapped out. There would be a land invasion of Haiti coordinated with an air strike on Duvalier's palace. My younger brother, Bill, hired an "air force" consisting of Alex Rorke of New York City—who owned a B-25 bomber—and Alex's pilot, Geoffrey Sullivan of Waterbury, Connecticut. Rorke flew his bomber to a Caribbean island near Haiti in July, 1963, and awaited the arrival of the bombs and other ordnance which the exiles had promised.

Meanwhile, a French soldier of fortune, Andre Riviere, had joined the conspiracy. I had known Riviere from the days when we both worked for Trujillo. Physically, he was impressive. Lean, intense, hard-eyed, he seemed right out of "Terry and the Pirates." However, he had always made me uncomfortable with his constant talk about such dreary subjects as death and doom and lost causes and so forth. Worst of all, he never discussed money. Any normal mercenary would. I put him down as a dangerous neurotic. His role in the plot was to train a shabby little army of Haitian exiles at a camp just inside the Dominican border. Styling themselves the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Haiti, they numbered barely 250 men. Across the border were some 15,000 to 18,000 *Duvalieristes*. Somehow, the enemy's overwhelming numerical strength would have to be neutralized.

One method was to wage guerrilla warfare. Riviere stressed the importance of avoiding a pitched battle with the enemy. I had suggested the same thing—that they must first attack only the weakest points and build strength little by little. The exiles seemed to agree.

The rebels were also urged to wage psychological warfare. They agreed that Papa Doc's troops should be softened up by a barrage of propaganda stressing that a general amnesty would be accorded Duvalier supporters. I helped arrange for thousands of conciliatory leaflets to be printed and flown to the Dominican Republic. I presume they're still there. Because they were never used.

Instead, one exile leader printed thousands of other propaganda leaflets. Those promised Duvalier's thugs that they would be "exterminated like insects" when the rebels took over. Those *were* used.

The land invasion was equally consistent. Riviere's "guerrillas" shaped up into a conventional force in August, 1963, and marched across the border into Haiti. The first objective was not some small post; it was Ouanaminthe, the strongest fortress in the frontier area. The little column was ambushed and routed before it reached the fortress.

As for the "air force," it remained grounded. Rorke never received the promised supplies. A short time later he and Sullivan took off from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, en route to Central America. It was their last flight. They were never seen again.

And that was the end of that campaign.

The whole 1963 operation was so fascinatingly inept that I suppose the Central Intelligence Agency simply couldn't resist the temptation to show what professionals can do. At least I assume it was the CIA. Because in the spring and summer of 1964, mysterious Americans trained, armed, financed and transported two forces of Haitian exiles. One group was based in the Dominican Republic; the other was just outside New York City itself. The two groups totaled about a hundred men.

The Dominican-based group was put ashore at Saltrou in southern Haiti on the morning of June 29, 1964. The exiles disappeared into the hills and began to wage limited guerrilla warfare. On August 5, the New York force landed near Dame-Marie on the western end of the southern peninsula. It, too, slipped into the hills.

And again the word went forth: Duvalier is doomed. The guerrillas are growing in strength and a supply line with the outside has been set up. And still another invasion is being organized.

At least the last statement was true. In fact, Daganais had magnanimously consented to let me take part in the third invasion. We were scheduled to hit Haiti's north coast in mid-September 1964. But that same month things began to get very complicated.

The arms to be used in the third invasion were seized by police in Miami—and the police made no secret of the fact they had been tipped off by federal agents. What was interesting was that it was the federals themselves who had supplied those same guns. At the same time, two T-28's—small, 300 mph. propeller-driven aircraft, ideal for counterinsurgency warfare—were illegally sold to the Duvalier regime. And involved in the deal was a man who was or had been an agent of the CIA. This came out in the official investigation, and the CIA asked that the case be dropped because of "reasons of national interest."

What had happened was obvious. Washington's policy had suddenly shifted. It was decided that the United States could coexist with Duvalier. So again the revolutionary movement collapsed in confusion. The two guerrilla groups, now cut off from all outside aid, were slaughtered.

But the war against Papa Doc goes on. Raul Daganais and 44 other Haitian exile leaders still meet to plot invasions, still scrounge money to buy arms which they wheel around in U-Haul trailers—and still make deals with an almost infinite variety of outsiders. And the outsiders invariably still get stung.

There is, however, one very slight difference: the Haitians will have to include me out. Somehow I don't feel I have a real aptitude for Haitian politics.

—Robert Emmett Johnson

TRUE

"Of course, this is one hell of a time to realize it, but the most effective forces in this area would be horse cavalry and good old mule-pack artillery!"

MY LIFE WITH THE MONTAGNARDS

[*Continued from page* 43]

Saigon governments have made promises and failed to keep them. Viet Cong have also made promises, but without much chance so far to show whether the pie-in-the-sky is real. Rightly or wrongly, many tribesmen lean to the VC, saying they hardly could be worse.

My introduction to all this was a fluke. Driving back to Pleiku after counseling some GI's one spring day, I saw several ragged tribesmen squatting outside a village compound about two miles from the air base. In one hand, they held home-made native crossbows. They waved three fingers of the other hand to show they wanted 300 piastres (roughly $3) for each. I bought several bows as souvenirs, but I didn't keep them long. Back at the base, friends wanted them and offered me three times the price I had paid.

Each time I passed that village I purchased more crossbows. The villagers began inviting me in. Soon the transactions grew into an organized enterprise—I called it "Montagnard Industries, Inc." —with a guaranteed price to villages for "number one" crossbows and an account book at the air base where prices, sales and profits were carefully recorded. Before long I was handling 100 crossbows a month, buying them at $7 and selling them for $9.

The profits—plus some extra money from my pocket and that of my assistant, Sgt. William Rice—went to buy soap, flashlights, sewing kits, paint for schoolhouses, cement for village projects and other things wanted and needed by the village people. Since our dealings were unofficial, the supplies we bought didn't have to go through South Vietnamese provincial and district headquarters (like formal U.S. aid, which is often stolen, diverted or rendered useless in this process). I explained to the tribesmen that these were part of the earnings due them. As a result, the items were not resented as belittling gifts from "Big Daddy."

As the crossbow business grew from village to village in the area, so did my knowledge of these people. The tribesmen began to speak with increasing frankness, through Se, a native, English-speaking interpreter I found working in Pleiku. Many afternoons Se would come to the base and teach me *Jarai*, the local dialect. Between the lessons and the frequent visits to villages, I was able to understand and be understood entirely on my own.

Knowing the language was a huge breakthrough. First I became a *giang mah* (friend). Then late one afternoon after the sacrifice of a pig in a village, I was taken inside a hut and asked to remove my right boot and sock for a solemn ceremony. The schoolteacher of the village, a gnarled, muscular little man in a loincloth and brown shirt, squatted down and daubed my bare foot with the blood of the pig, then washed it in rice wine. He prayed to the spirits, the earth, the fire and the water. The village chief produced a bronze friendship bracelet, one of 27 I was given by different villages. He slipped it on my right wrist and said, "I speak to you same I speak brother of the heart, father me." Then his wife chimed in, "That is true, that is right." Others in the room echoed her. From that time on I was accorded a special status of trust and friendship among all the tribesmen. Later I was given my own tomb in the communal resting grounds, complete with a graven image and a three-foot high carved wooden bird. The idea was that it would fly my soul to its grave if I should die across the mountain, or across the sea.

At the time of the sacrifice, I wondered what good it would do to be a "brother of the heart." The answer came out in bits and pieces over the months as the tribesmen repeatedly saved me from harm at the hands of the Viet Cong. If they did the same for the U.S. troops generally, or the ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam), the war in the highlands would be quickly won. But as long as they sit on the sidelines, proclaiming "a plague on both your houses," the Viet Cong roam at will through most of the area. The Montagnards just can't see why taking a stand against them is worth the risks it would entail.

My case was quite a bit different. I was considered almost one of their own, and protected accordingly. For example, one evening in the village I shall call Plei Brong Bao (like other Montagnard names in this account, it has been changed to avoid reprisals), I was sipping rice wine with tribal leaders when a little boy came to the door.

"*Rai mo'tam*" (come right away), he said to the village chief. The leader rose and left, and returned a few minutes later looking solemn.

"Your motorbike makes too much noise," he said to me. "The VC have come into the village looking for you." Then he announced that a deal had been made. The Viet Cong were to keep their distance, but in return I would have to stay right where I was. I could not leave the hut until the following morning.

This last, I guessed, was a concession extracted by the guerillas to make sure I wouldn't tip off American authorities to their whereabouts. With only my M-16

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"You'll have to change this—they drafted me anyway!"

and 80 rounds of ammo, I was in no position to argue about anything. As the evening wore on, I found out it wouldn't help anyway. When I needed to go outside to relieve myself, my host quickly objected *"bi-o, bi-o"* (no, no). After some pleading, he agreed to allow me to proceed as far as the wooden platform just outside the door of the hut—but not before loudly alerting tribesmen stationed on all sides of the small lot. That was as far as I went, and I had to make the best of it.

Sacked out that night on the bamboo pallet of Plor, my host, I slept fitfully. Each time I awoke I could see his figure silhouetted in the doorway. He squatted there all night, on guard in case VC soldiers should be daring enough to violate their part of the bargain.

Another time, in another village, I remained a guest in a tribesman's house while some VC harangued the people with propaganda less than 100 yards away. Another afternoon a village *shaman* (witch doctor) refused to allow me, Sergeant Rice and my interpreter Se to depart for the base until, as he put it, "the VC have crossed the road and gone to the mountains." Still another time I was halted by friendly tribesmen while walking down a village compound path and steered outside by a side exit. As I left, Viet Cong were entering through the front gate.

The strangest episode began late one afternoon when I was preparing to return to the air base from the village of Plei Kao, about six miles away. As I walked toward my motorbike, three stocky tribesmen blocked my way. "You no go," they said. "You no go." I was perplexed, but not convinced. I put on my crash helmet. They pulled it off. I moved toward the Honda, they pulled my arm and dragged me back. Their insistence was something new and strange, and most unusual for tribesmen. I agreed to stay over.

In the early morning hours, I awoke to the sound of far-off sirens from the base. The sky was bright with flares. Tracers seemed to be flying in every direction. It looked a little like the Fourth of July, but the sounds were different. Along with the shriek of the sirens came the thunder of mortars hitting their targets.

About 50 mortar rounds hit Pleiku Air Base, where I normally would have spent the night, and more than 300 pounded nearby Camp Holloway, an army airfield. At least 10 helicopters were hit and a vast amount of aviation fuel destroyed. Several Americans were killed and many more wounded.

The attack had been well prepared. A mysterious "tip" in English on a supposedly secure telephone line had launched HU-1B helicopter gunships on a fruitless airborne search for VC attackers late in the evening. Finally the choppers ran low

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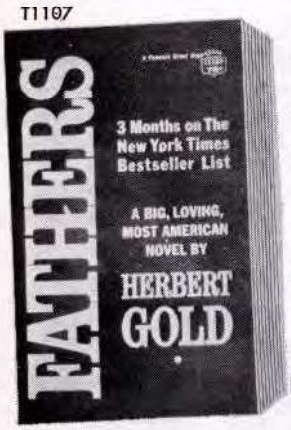

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on gas and returned to the base for refueling. Just then, with the gunships grounded and vulnerable, the mortar shells began to fall.

I found my Montagnard friends squatting on the platform outside the door of the hut where I was staying, watching the spectacular pyrotechnics in the distance. They were curiously expressionless as though the raid had nothing at all to do with them. They never told me how they knew something would happen, why they didn't try to stop it, or why they decided to keep me safe in the village. They would never talk about that night at all.

The tribesmen were never so silent about anything else. The people of the villages work hard all day in the rice fields, but at night when work is done they are a gabby lot. The men sit around smoking long-stemmed pipes made of mahogany and cartridge cases, drinking rice wine, talking about the weather, the crops, the "smoke in the sky" (the clouds) and the happenings of the day. The women and girls are busy boiling the rice and cooking chicken and snails which are the delicacies that go with it. Children are quietly watching in the background; until spoken to by an adult, they are seen but not heard.

The typical Montagnard village is a rectangular compound of about 75 houses, all on long stilts with woven bamboo sides and straw-thatched roofs. In the middle, in a large clearing, is the "spirit house," containing certain rocks and other items believed to be sacred. On the outskirts of each village is a water hole where almost everybody bathes twice a day.

Around every family's house and lot is a small bamboo fence, the symbol of the Montagnards' strict respect for one another's rights and property. These people may be primitive but they are also highly honest and moral. Visiting the Montagnards, I often left hundreds of dollars worth of candy, tobacco, soap, blankets and other goods in an open jeep for hours and even overnight. Nothing was ever taken, though sometimes the tribesmen insisted on posting guards in case, they said, some Vietnamese should happen by.

It isn't that the villagers couldn't use the merchandise. Most families have only meager possessions: their houses and rice fields, their water buffalo, wooden hoes, a few chickens, clothing, homemade blankets, kitchen implements, and cross-

Too Good To Be TRUE

TRUE

"You're too old for me to go out with, Mr. Digby. How about coming over Saturday night and baby-sitting me?"

bows with arrows tipped with poison from a local root. The single most important measure of wealth is the number of rice-wine jars each family owns. These are large earthen crocks which stand about two feet high, and about a foot in diameter. Rice wine is the staple pleasure and diversion of the Montagnards. When well made, it tastes like a weak saki with a faint smoky flavor. Like some narcotics, rice wine seems to be a mind-boosting substance. After an evening sipping it, I could think more clearly and speak Montagnard more fluently than at any other time—yet my body often became so uncoordinated I could hardly walk. I never had a hangover.

The landmarks of life—birth, death, the building of a house or the marriage of a villager—are celebrated with animal sacrifices and a communal feast. At such a time the sweet, pungent smell of the rice wine permeates the village along with the scent of roasting meat. The rhythmic beat of gongs and native wooden instruments fills the air. Standing out against the greens and browns of the forests and the houses are the bright reds, blues and yellows of the native dyes. Men wear their most colorful loincloths and homemade shirts, and women their finest homemade *som* (or sarongs). Except for villages near American bases or Vietnamese cities, the women are usually barebreasted.

A stranger who solicits a Montagnard woman would be lucky to escape the village without serious injury. Yet to an honored visitor, a leading villager may say, "My daughter will sleep with you." This gesture of hospitality is not expected to be accepted on the first occasion. On a later visit, though, the offer may be made again, but in different terms. "You will sleep with my daughter," the guest is told, and in such a way that he realizes the hospitality is to be accepted. When darkness falls, the rest of the family departs for the night to the huts of neighbors, leaving the daughter and her visitor alone. At daybreak, the rest of the family returns as if nothing unusual has happened.

That is one variety of hospitality and trust, lightly held and quickly given. Political trust comes much later. The Montagnards have drawn a heavy curtain of secrecy around their serious politics, and allow few outsiders to venture in. Quite without warning, that curtain was drawn back for me near the end of my stay.

It started with a command, not an invitation. "Come with me," said my friend Bleo, a wiry, energetic tribesman whose company I had come to appreciate. He wouldn't tell me where we were to go, or what we were to do. He told me, however, to leave my M-16 in his house; it would not be needed, and was not wanted.

With Bleo behind me on the motorbike, we rode to an undistinguished village. A pack of teen-age boys milled around the entrance, as if they might have been posted as lookouts. At the door of an inconspicuous hut, we were met by a Montagnard dressed in cotton slacks, a white shirt and suit coat. He spoke Jarai, French and English. Lining the walls of the hut were 33 tribesmen. Many wore colorful jackets denoting high office among their people. All except for the man who greeted me were wearing loincloths.

As I sat on the floor and listened, I deduced that this must be the local high command for FULRO ("United Front for the Liberation of the Oppressed Races"), which is the outlawed Montagnard Nationalist organization. It has much influence and, it turned out, much information. As I listened in amazement, these supposed savages summarized for more than an hour almost every step I had taken in the villages since my first contact many months before.

Having displayed a stunning knowledge of my life, they proceeded to the life of the U.S. Air Force at Pleiku Air Base. They knew the names and jobs of the key officers, the number and types of aircraft and their activities. Some of these facts could have been gathered by access to the mailboxes in the orderly room and a decent view of the runway, but others could not.

"There is trouble with the stick that shoots fire," said their elderly leader at one point in a tone of voice that carried special emphasis. I did not understand what he meant, but decided to find out. Several days later at the base I asked an officer in charge of ammunition if he was having any difficulty with his rockets. "How did you know?" he demanded. After saying that "I had heard it around," he told me of a then-secret shortage of certain parts for the 2.75 aircraft rockets. The subject was considered too touchy to be mentioned in the daily staff meetings of U.S. officers. I never did determine how the tribesmen found out about it. Only four Montagnards worked on all of Pleiku Air Base. None was allowed closer than two miles from the bomb dump, which was off limits even to most American personnel.

During this and four other meetings, the FULRO leaders went to great lengths to assure me that they were not Viet Cong. They said they hoped they would never have to cooperate with the Viet Cong. They spoke with bitterness of the VC units intruding in their villages to propagandize the people and to force villagers to help them or suffer execution. In one instance, they reported, the

[*Continued on page* 102]

COMING. . .

The only way to separate the flaming tankers was to get that water-spewing fireboat between them

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man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

UPI

Estes Kefauver won all but three Democratic primaries but not the nomination.

All winter long assorted candidates tramped through the New Hampshire snows, trying to persuade voters to cast ballots for them in this year's first Presidential primary on March 12. Early in April Wisconsin will hold a similar primary election. Later this year a dozen other states and the District of Columbia will become primary battlegrounds as politicians kiss babies, pump hands, make speeches and spend millions in the hope that victories in these preliminary contests will lead to nominating stampedes at the Democratic and Republican national conventions. Reader Dana Freeman of Detroit, Michigan, wants to know just how significant these primary contests are and why they aren't held in every state.

In the early days of the Republic, Presidential contenders were selected by "King Caucus"—a closed meeting of senators and representatives of the same party who wheeled and dealed to come up with acceptable candidates. By 1842 the process had evolved into national party conventions, with delegates from each state meeting to do the Presidential horse-trading.

It was early in this century that Gov. Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin pushed for a system that would allow all the nation's voters to participate in the nominating process. "The remedy for the ills of democracy is more democracy," he preached, and in 1903 his state was the first to pass a Presidential primary law.

By 1912 Democratic candidate Woodrow Wilson was loudly endorsing the concept, and by 1916 several more states had passed primary laws similar to Wisconsin's. But enthusiasm for the movement waned before it could sweep the nation. Today fewer than one third of the states hold Presidential primaries, and the big headlines they make are far out of proportion to their real importance.

The votes amassed in primary elections are seldom decisive when the delegates get down to business at the party nominating conventions later in the year. For example, of the 2944 delegates at the 1964 Democratic convention and the 1308 at the G.O.P. conclave, only a small percentage were legally obligated to cast their ballots for the winners of the primaries in their states.

Nothing better illustrates how meaningless Presidential primaries can be than the case of the late Sen. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. He won 11 of 14 Democratic primaries in 1952 but the nomination went to Adlai Stevenson—who had not entered a single one! As for their relationship to elections themselves, Stevenson easily won the 1956 Democratic primary in California and yet, in that state where Democrats outnumbered Republicans 2-to-1, G.O.P. President Eisenhower was an easy victor in November.

Political observers contend that the only practical reason for holding Presidential primaries is that they do force candidates to speak out early and long on the issues of the day. But for the public, as the relentless cacophony of an election year builds, the primaries do have another virtue: the politicians have to demonstrate that they're up to the constant wear-and-tear of vote-seeking life, the harassment from the press, the grind of incessant party warfare. And for that reason, if nothing else, primaries do serve to separate competent candidates from the crackpots, kooks and misfits who would otherwise crowd the ballot in every election.

Q: Why are wedding rings worn on the third finger? ***Thomas Vinnik, New London, Conn.***

A: The custom comes from an ancient belief that a delicate nerve runs from the third finger of the left hand directly to the heart. Also, early Greeks and Romans considered the third finger of each hand the medical finger. Physicians used the third finger to stir medicine because they believed that no poisonous substance could come in contact with that finger. Similarly, no evil would come to a marriage represented by a ring on that finger. From a practical point of view, it is the least used, the least mobile, the least sensitive, and, thus, the most comfortable finger on which to wear a ring.

Q: Around the turn of the century, my father belonged to a fraternal order called "The Order of Red Men." What kind of organization is it? ***E. A. Atkinson, Cascade, Colo.***

A: It traces back to a number of secret societies founded in and around Boston in 1765. Members met in the forests, disguising themselves as Iroquois Indians. It was a group of such "Red Men" who dumped the King's Tea into Boston Harbor, and many of those who took part later became signers of the Declaration of Independence. Today, with a membership of 85,000, which includes Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, the Improved Order of Red Men is dedicated to the principles of "freedom, friendship and charity." Nonmembers are known as "Palefaces."

Q: What is the story behind Britain's Coronation Stone? It's also known as the Stone of Scone. ***David Miller, Durham, N.C.***

A: Originally it was the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, which according to legend was brought to Ireland in prehistoric times by the magic folk known as *Tuatha dé Danann*. The stone supposedly groaned its approval whenever a worthy king rode across it. Later the stone was taken from Ireland to Scone, Scotland, by an early Scottish King. In 1296 Edward I, King of England, took the stone to England and had it built into the coronation chair to symbolize the subjugation of Scotland. The chair, now on view in Westminster Abbey, is still used by English monarchs.

Q: What ever became of John Scopes, the man who was defended by Clarence Darrow in Tennessee's famous "monkey trial"? ***Richard Bejcek, Phillips, Wisc.***

A: He is now 66 years old, retired and lives in Shreveport, Louisiana. In 1925, Scopes, then a high-school science teacher in Dayton, Tennessee, was convicted there of breaking the state's so-called "monkey law," which prohibited the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution. Scopes was fined $100, although a higher court reversed the decision. Scopes rejected all money offers which resulted from the highly-publicized trial, including $50,000 for vaudeville lectures. He left the teaching profession and later became an oil-company geologist. The "monkey law" was finally repealed by Tennessee in May of this year.

Q: How did the terms "on deck" and "in the hole" come to be used in baseball? ***Master Sergeant David Moore, Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Tucson, Ariz.***

A: In 1872 a Boston team went to the seacoast town of Belfast, Maine, for a game. Most of the Belfasters, including the official scorekeeper, were seagoing men. As the scorer announced each batter, he would add the name of the next batter as "on deck," and the following one as "in the hold." "Hold" eventually became "hole," referring to the dugout, and the expressions have been part of baseball ever since.

Q: Are complete, unedited manuscripts of court trials available to the general public? ***Steven Luminair, Aurora, Ill.***

A: Yes. In the clerk's office of every court all manuscripts of trials conducted there are kept on file. These can be read by the public upon request. Some courts also permit transcripts to be purchased.

Q: What is the most dangerous time to drive on highways? ***Gregory Poe, Seattle, Wash.***

A: The highest percentage of fatal automobile accidents occur over the weekend, with Saturday (21.6 percent) claiming the most lives. On a time basis, the greatest number of deaths (14.7 percent) occurs between the hours of 1 a.m. and 6 a.m.

Q: What is the motto of the Order of the Garter, the most illustrious of British orders of knighthood? ***Frederick Cleaves, Miami, Fla.***

A: *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* (Evil be to him who evil thinks.) It was first uttered at a dance in August, 1347, by Edward III, who, with 12 fellow knights, later founded the Order of the Garter. At the dance, held to celebrate the capture of Calais, a garter was dropped by Joan, Fair Maid of Kent. The king picked it up and bound it around his own knee, making at the same time that now historical remark.

Q: Not counting fixed costs such as insurance and registration, how much does it cost to operate an average car in the U.S. for one year? ***Harry Cuzco, El Paso, Tex.***

A: If the car is driven 10,000 miles a year, which is about average, $380. When all costs, including depreciation, are added, the cost is about $1,360 or about 13.6 cents per mile, according to American Automobile Association figures.

Novosti Photo

Q: I read recently about the people in Azerbaijan, Russia, who live to be 175 years old. Is this true? ***Rudolph E. Bauer, Auburn, N.Y.***

A: Azerbaijan, one of the 15 Soviet Union republics, is famous for the longevity of its people, many of whom live to be well over 100. There is nothing on record, however, to indicate that anyone reached the age of 175. The oldest man in Azerbaijan, who is also believed to be the oldest living man in the world, is Shirali Muslimov. He claims to be 160 years old and there is some evidence that he could be right. According to APN, the Novosti Press Agency of Moscow, Shirali attributes the air in the high mountainous region where he lives, and the water and food there for his prolonged life. He sleeps in fresh air, even in winter, and has never been gravely ill. He did lose an eye, though, a number of years ago.

Q: How did the television awards come to be called "Emmies"? ***Trevor Johnson, Dallas, Tex.***

A: The name Emmy is derived from "Immy," an engineering term for the image orthicon—a television camera tube.

Q: How many times did Sugar Ray Robinson meet Jake La Motta in the ring, and who won the most fights against the other? ***George Burchett, Emmett, Ida.***

A: Between October 2, 1942 and February 14, 1951, they met six times. Robinson defeated La Motta five times.

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Q: According to the Constitution, if no Presidential candidate receives a majority of the electoral votes, the choice of the President will revert to the House of Representatives, with each state having one vote. Has a President ever been elected in this manner? ***James Redhair, Columbus, Ohio.***

A: Yes, two. Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams.

Q: I've heard that bees have a highly organized social system of workers and queens. How is each selected? ***Dale A. Clemens, Flint, Mich.***

A: The quality of the food given a female honeybee larva determines the bee's function. If the larva is fed a mixture of honey and pollen, it will develop into a worker. If it is fed "royal jelly," a white paste secreted from special glands connected with the mouth of the worker honeybee and which contains hormones, it will become a queen.

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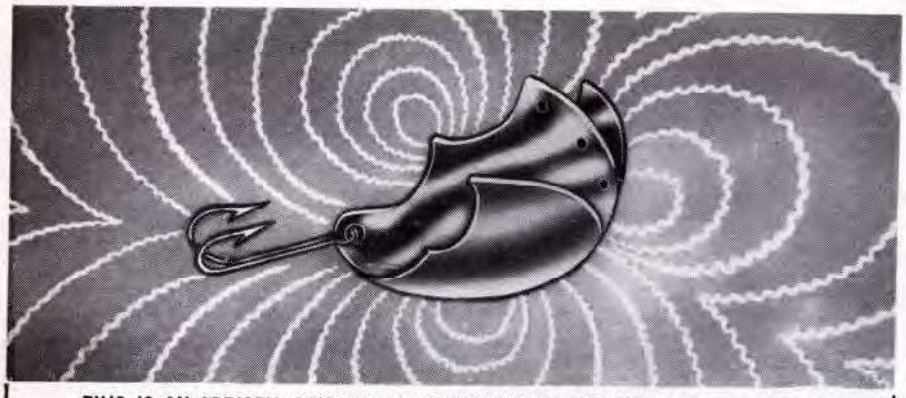
Weird New Sonic Lure Caught Fish Like Crazy!



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By Lyman Walton, Co-Inventor
As Told to Paul Stag
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And has already used this weird sight and weird sound and weird sonic vibrations – in one of its very first Summer trials–to lure fish into attacking it so savagely that they actually knocked it out of the water. Hauled in trout, bass, muskie, walleye, and pike, even when other lures had caught little or no fish right next to it! Here's why–

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At Cattail Lake, Illinois, on August 20, 1961. A hot summer day! A beautiful stream-fed pond–90 by 60 feet wide! Fishermen trying lures, flies, natural bait! But there is only an occasional strike. It looks like a wasted day!

And then, three die-hard friends decide to try their luck with me! We start to cast from the edge of the water. At the end of our lines is an **ENTIRELY DIFFERENT LURE**–a weird little metal monster that casts like a bullet and flutters back through the water like a drowning bat!

EVEN EXPERIENCED FISHERMEN WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT!

Almost at once **THAT QUIET WATER EXPLODES INTO ACTION!** The first strike causes a shout of excitement! And then a second strike! A third, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth! Beautiful rainbows and browns still shimmering from the water – being pulled in at the rate of more than one every minute!

Now the water is almost exploding with fish striking! Sometimes four and five trout savagely attack one lure at the same time! Fifty–seventy–ninety fish are caught and released! People along the shore stop to watch the spectacle!

In one short hour, we have caught and released 120 fish! All **WITH** the very same weird little lure that can go to work for you next week, without your risking a penny!

WHAT'S THE SECRET? UNDERWATER SONIC VIBRATIONS!

Why did this bat-shaped lure catch fish by the stringer-full–even after ordinary lures, and natural bait have caught little or nothing? For this simple reason –

Because this lure gives off unique **GURGLING, BUBBLING, SPLASHING SURFACE NOISES**– plus up to 200 sonic vibrations every minute underneath that water – that I believe **FISH FIND IRRESISTIBLE!**

Navy Fish Biologist report about the sounds fish make between themselves in the water. Fish follow the propellers of a boat as though they were hypnotized by the sound!

Those gurgling, bubbling, splashing surface sounds and underneath vibrations–actually seem to call fish to them. Research showed me that lures, like fish, create Sonic Vibrations in the water by their movements! So I designed a lure that flutters through the water up to 200 times a minute! Wing-shaped–bat-like–jerking and fluttering madly through that water–sending out irresistible sonic waves–gurgling, splashing, bubbling surface sounds that travel through water in every direction at the rate of 4,760 feet every second, the actual speed of sound under water!

JUST READ THESE FISH-CATCHING ACHIEVEMENTS!

No wonder this "VIBRA-BAT" lure caught a 10 pound 7½ ounce Northern on one of its first tests– only moments after it hit the water–hauled in six bass in sixty minutes in another test, all 2½ pounds or larger–pulled in perch by the dozens in a third test at Belmont Harbor, Illinois, even after live bait and lures had scarcely a strike, and continued to land so many fish, so quickly, that fishermen watched in amazement!

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[*Continued from page 99*]

VC burned down a village after its leaders cooperated with the government.

Then they turned with even greater bitterness to their problem with ARVN and the Vietnamese government. They told of an uprising by Montagnards against government troops, and the killing of many Montagnards and imprisoning of large numbers of others by the Vietnamese government.

"The ARVN say they will protect our villages," a FULRO leader told me, "but we only see them in the daytime when they take our food and rob our people. At night, when we need the protection, they disappear."

Over the months in the mountain villages, I had ample opportunity to confirm what they had said. One afternoon in Plei Kra village I saw a Vietnamese ranger in a red beret making off with a large basket of chickens. The Montagnard owner was highly agitated. I hailed the thief and pointed my M-16 at him.

"Come back you, bring those chickens back," I shouted.

"I'm in the army, I'm a Vietnamese ally," responded the brazen thief. "We fight together against VC."

It took an order to stop or be shot to slow him up. Even then, he continued to argue that. "I am a Vietnamese soldier. I can go anywhere I want and do anything I want."

"You speak like a VC to me," I told him. "Bring back the chickens or I shoot one VC." That did it. He sheepishly complied.

On another occasion, it took my similar threat of gunfire and warning that "you talk like VC" to stop government troops from stripping a Montagnard rice field only 400 yards away from II Corps headquarters, a key Vietnamese government installation where many U.S. advisors live and work. I later learned that Viet Cong guerillas often visited villages just outside military installations in the area and cited just such misdeeds in appealing to tribesmen to help them with intelligence and supplies.

For all their complaints about these incidents, the FULRO leaders make it clear that they expect nothing better from Vietnamese troops unless the United States straightens things out. In Montagnard eyes, this means making the Saigon government fulfill its promise to treat the Montagnards with honor and respect.

Right now U.S. troops are repulsing

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

major attacks in the highl nds, yet keep on being mortared and taking casualties. Without losing the war in the area, we could continue fighting for years without winning either. It seems obvious that active Montagnard assistance would bring us victory much sooner and easier.

Yet some of my American friends in Viet Nam believe the Montagnards are too primitive to be of much help and see no value in the U.S. getting involved in their problems. They compare the Montagnards to our Indians. Like the Indians, it is said, the mountain people face the inevitable day when a richer and better-equipped civilization—in this case the Vietnamese—will push them from their best lands and shatter their way of life.

I don't agree. I often asked my friends what would have happened in the West if the Indians had been able to fall back on a well-organized, well-armed and well-trained Viet Cong organization. Surely there would have been many more Custer's last stands. And there could be a lot more Dien Bien Phus if the Montagnards should ever turn in desperation to the VC.

It doesn't have to happen, but a lot of people in the highlands are pessimistic. The tribal leaders tend to believe the war will end badly, with bloody fighting continuing around them until finally the Americans, in frustration, will pull out and go home. Then, they fear, the Vietnamese on one side or the other will descend on their mountain villages like a plague.

I'm not that pessimistic, but the Montagnard record for prophetic accuracy gives me at least pause to worry. Three months before my scheduled rotation to the States last year, the leaders at a FULRO meeting prophesied that I would depart the highlands on April 10, and that I would leave Viet Nam on the afternoon of April 12. I said they were wrong, because my service was not due to be up until several weeks thereafter. As it turned out, orders were shifted at the last minute. I departed Pleiku for Saigon on April 10. On the afternoon of April 12 I boarded a Pan Am jet bound for Travis Air Force Base, California.

Before I left their country the leaders gave me a final "legend sacrifice" in the same hut where I had met them previously. We sipped rice wine, and we talked, and then the tribesmen rose one by one, each singing a tale of some experience we had shared. One sang how I had given soap in his village; another that I had talked to a boy he knew; another sang that together we had fixed a stairway to the water hole in his village. As each one finished, he began to cry profusely and then sat down, still weeping. I was stunned. I had never seen a tribesman cry before.

Finally the oldest chief of all rose. He walked slowly from his place at the other end of the hut. Clasping my hand, he said clearly and loudly: "I have spoken to many people and they say, 'Yak eats like a Montagnard, he speaks like a Montagnard, he thinks like a Montagnard.' " And then he removed the richly decorated tunic of office from his bronzed back, and pulled it down over my head and my fatigues as best he could.

It is three sizes too small, but I treasure it today more than almost any other possession. Some day I will return to the villages of the highlands, the chief declared with certainty. And when I come back, he said, I'll be wearing this shirt.

—John F. Rudy II

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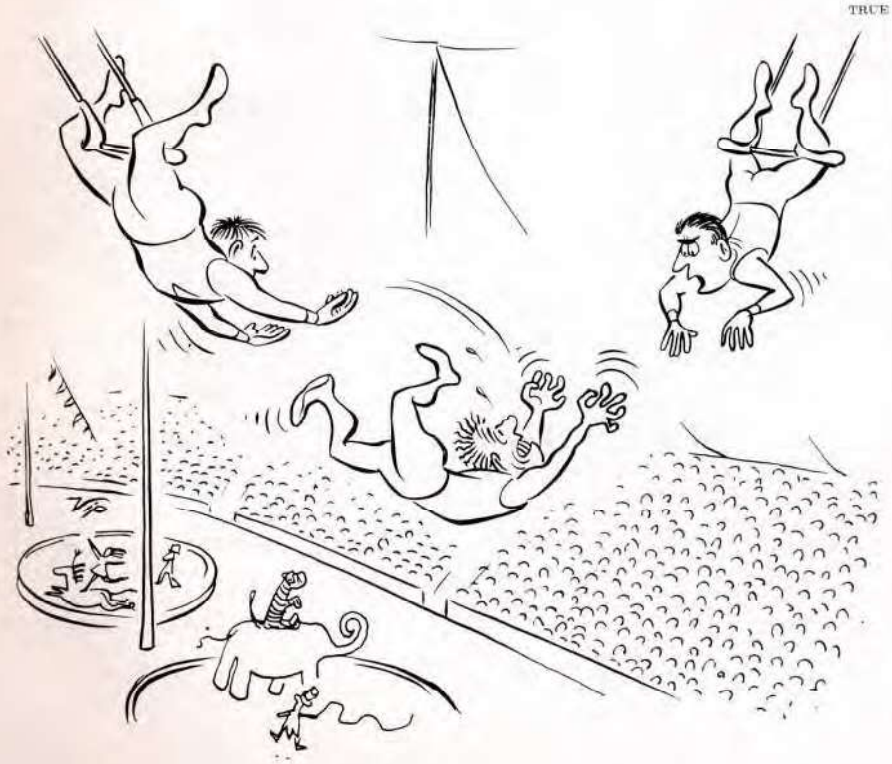

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COLONEL SUN

[*Continued from page* 35]

when he commented, "It's only natural. Sailors hate being ill."

The previous winter M had developed a distressing cough which he had testily refused to do anything about, saying that the damn thing would clear up when the warmer weather came. But the spring and early summer had brought wet and humidity as well as warmth, and the cough had not cleared up. One morning in July M fell semiconscious over his desk, gray in the face and fighting for breath. He was bundled half by force into his old Silver Wraith Rolls and escorted home. After three weeks in bed under the devoted care of ex-Chief Petty Officer Hammond and his wife, M had largely recovered from his bronchial congestion, though his temper—as Bond had amply discovered on his periodic visits—was taking longer to heal. . . . Since then, Bond had taken to breaking his weekly return journey from Sunningdale by looking in at Quarterdeck, the beautiful little Regency manor-house on the edge of Windsor Park, ostensibly for an informal chat about the affairs of the Service but really to keep an eye on M's health.

Bond now said, "Why don't you come along too, Bill? Then I could give you a lift back to London."

Tanner hesitated. "I don't think I will, James, thanks all the same. There's an important call coming through which I'd like to take personally. And anyway, there's something about that house of his that gives me the creeps."

A quarter of an hour later, having dropped the chief of staff at the railway station, Bond swung the long bonnet of his Continental Bentley towards Quarterdeck, M's house. Ahead of him was a pleasant, leisurely drive of 10 minutes or so via twisting minor roads.

The man who had been watching Bond earlier sat in a stolen Ford Zephyr, unobtrusively parked 50 yards from the turning. He now spoke a single word into his Hitachi solid-state transceiver. Four and a half miles away, another man acknowledged with a monosyllable and emerged with his two companions from the dense woodland thicket where they had been lying for the past two hours.

The occupant of the Zephyr sat quite still for another minute. It was his nature to avoid unnecessary movement, even at moments like the present when he was as tense as he ever allowed himself to become. The timetable of the operation was now 50 minutes in arrears. One more major delay would entail disaster, for the step his radio signal had just initiated was as irreversible as it was violent. But there would not be another delay. None was inherently present in the situation. His training told him so.

At the end of the minute, calculated after careful research as the optimum interval for following in the wake of the Bentley, he put the Zephyr in gear and started for the turning.

Bond crossed the county boundary into Berkshire and made his unhurried way among the ugly rash of modern housing. Not once did the Zephyr appear in his rearview mirror. Bond would have paid no particular attention if it had. He had never seen it before and would not have recognized its driver even if brought face to face with him. Although he had been under close surveillance for over six weeks, Bond had noticed nothing out of the ordinary. When not on an assignment abroad, a secret agent does not expect to be watched. It is also much easier to watch a man who keeps regular hours and has a fixed domicile and place of business. More important, the operation involving him was regarded by its planners as of the highest priority. This meant a lavish budget, which meant in turn that an unusually large number of agents could be employed. Changed frequently, no one of them had had time to register.

The Bentley slid across the Windsor-Bagshot road. Soon, on the right came Quarterdeck, a plain rectangle of Bath stone weathered to a faintly greenish gray, shadowed in parts by the dense plantation of pine, beech, silver birch and young oak that grew on three sides of it. As he slammed the car door and moved toward the shallow portico, Bond fancied he caught a flicker of movement behind M's bedroom windows: Mrs. Hammond, no doubt, turning down the bed.

Under Bond's hand, the hanging brass bell of a long-defunct ship of the line pealed out sharply in the stillness. Silence followed, unbroken by the least rustle of air through the treetops. Bond pictured Mrs. Hammond still busy upstairs, Hammond himself in the act of fetching a bottle of M's favorite Algerian wine—the aptly inamed "Infuriator"—from the cellar. The front door of Quarterdeck was never latched between sunrise and sunset. It yielded at once to Bond's touch.

Every house has its own normally imperceptible background noise, voices, footfalls, kitchen sounds, all the muted bustle of human beings about their business. James Bond was hardly across the threshold when his trained senses warned him of the total absence of any such noise. Suddenly taut, he pushed open the solid Spanish mahogany door of the study, where M habitually received company.

The empty room gazed bleakly at Bond. As always, everything was meticulously in its place, the lines of naval prints exactly horizontal on the walls, watercolor materials laid out as if for inspection on the painting table up against the window. It all had a weirdly artificial, detached air, like part of a museum where the furniture and effects of some historical figure are preserved as they were in his lifetime.

Before Bond could do more than look, the door of the dining room across the hall, which had been standing ajar,

was thrown briskly open and a man emerged. Pointing a long-barreled automatic in the direction of Bond's knees, he said in a clear voice:

"Stay right there, Bond. And don't make any sudden movements. If you do I shall maim you very painfully."

INTO THE WOOD

In the course of his career, James Bond had been held up and threatened in this sort of way literally dozens of times—often, as now, by a total stranger. The first step towards effective countermeasures was to play for a little time and analyze what information was immediately available.

Bond concentrated on the enemy's gun. This was recognizable straight away as a silenced 9mm. Luger. Bond knew that to be hit by it at the present range, even in a limb, would hurl him to the floor and probably shock him unconscious.

The man himself had a thin, bony face and a narrow mouth. What made him disquieting was the economy and force of the words he had just used and the tone in which they had been uttered, devoid of vulgar menace or triumph, above all without the faintest hint of that affected nonchalance which would have marked an amateur and therefore a potential bungler.

All this passed through Bond's mind in three seconds or so. Before they were quite up, he heard a car turn into the drive and felt a flicker of hope. But the man with the Luger did not even turn his head. The new arrival was clearly going to lengthen the odds, not shorten them. Rapid footsteps now sounded on gravel and another man entered by the front door. He hardly bothered to glance at Bond, who had a fleeting impression of washed-out blue eyes. Smoothing his crop of black hair, the man drew what looked like an identical Luger from just behind his right hip; then, moving as if to some carefully worked out and practiced drill, passed behind and well clear of his companion to the foot of the stairs.

"Out here and up, slowly," said the first man in the same tone as before.

Bond glanced round the incongruous normality of Quarterdeck's hall—the gleaming pine panels, the 1/144 scale model of M's last ship, the battle-cruiser *Repulse*. This thing was bad and big. Bad on all counts, not least his lack of any weapon: The stakes had to be frighteningly high. Not to know what these stakes might be was like an intolerable physical thirst.

James Bond's feet mounted mechanically on the worn old olive-green Axminster stair carpet.

"In."

This time the black-haired man spoke. The other waited on the stairs. Bond crossed the threshold of M's bedroom, an airy room with brocade curtains drawn back from shut balcony windows, and came face to face with M himself.

A gasp tore at Bond's throat.

M sat in a high-backed Chippendale chair by his own bedside. His shoulders were hunched as if he had aged 10 years, and his hands hung loosely between his knees. After a moment he looked up slowly and his eyes fastened on Bond. There was no recognition in them, their habitual frosty clarity was gone. From his open mouth came a curious wordless sound. While Bond still stared appalled at M, there came to him from somewhere or other a strange exultation. He knew instantly that he had *not* gone soft, that at need he was the same efficient fighting machine as ever.

A voice spoke. It was a neutral sort of voice with a neutral accent, and it used the same practical, colorless tone as the earlier voices had done. It said sharply, but without hurry, "You need not be distressed, Bond. Your chief has not been damaged in any way. He has merely been drugged in order to render him amenable. When the drug wears off he will be fully himself again. You are now about to receive an injection of the same drug. If you resist, my associate here has orders to shoot you through the kneecap. This, as you know, would render you utterly helpless at once. The injection is painless. Keep your feet quite still and lower your trousers."

The speaker was a burly man in his 40's, pale, hooknosed, nearly bald.

Bond had registered purely subconsciously the positions of his adversaries: one gunman facing him, the other somewhere on landing or stairs covering the door, the man who was doing the talking stationed with his back to the windows that gave on to the balcony, a fourth man, a doctor of some sort, physically negligible, standing at the foot of the bed with a hypodermic in his hand. So much for that. What clamored for solution were two problems, which Bond knew to be vital without understanding why. Where was the fallacy in what the man by the windows had just finished saying? And what was the tiny unimportant fact about those windows?

"Move."

Bond waited.

"You will gain nothing by this. You have five seconds in which to begin carrying out my instructions. Should you not have done so, you will be disabled and then given the injection at our leisure."

Bond did not waste any of his attention on the countdown. Before it was over he had the solution to the first of his two problems. He had found something contradictory in what was proposed. Why not maim him immediately, which as things stood would be quick, certain and without risk, and forget about the injection, which was already turning out to be troublesome? So they wanted him not merely helpless, but helpless *and undamaged*. The chances were high that the gun threat was just bluff.

The voice had finished counting and Bond had not moved. In the silence M made another small inarticulate sound. Then—

"Take."

Bond's arms were seized from behind and jerked backwards—he had not heard the approach of the thin-faced gunman from outside the room.

The struggle that followed, though two-to-one, was almost on equal terms, for Bond was full of the exultation of having his guess proved right, not to speak of his joyful recovery of confidence in his fighting abilities. But he was up against one man who was his equal in build and another who, though slighter, had a genius for throwing on the most painful available nerve hold as soon as the one before it had been broken.

An elbow jab that just missed the groin brought the top of Bond's body forward. Before he could recover, 10 fingers that felt like steel bolts had sunk into the ganglia at the base of his neck. The muscles of his upper arms seemed to turn into thin streams of cold mud. He tried to bring his heel back and up, but his legs were grabbed from the front and held. A wrench, a heave, and Bond hit the floor. He lay face down, one body across his shoulders, the other immobilizing his lower half, relaxed, not struggling uselessly, thinking, thinking about the windows, if he ever reached them, the windows. . . .

Bond felt the arrival of the third man, the doctor, above him, and gathered himself for a supreme effort. As he strove and sweated, with no objective beyond not allowing any favorable area of his body to become available to the hypodermic, he remembered what he had to remember. The windows, though closed, could not be fastened. The catch was broken. Hammond had mentioned it the previous week.

Perhaps the triumph of remembering this snatch of talk made him relax for an instant. Perhaps one gunman or the other found an extra ounce of strength. Anyway, Bond's wrist was caught and held and the next instant he felt the prick of the needle in his left forearm. He drove off a wave of despair and loathing, asked himself how long the stuff was supposed to take before it worked, experimentally let himself go limp, found the pressure on him relaxing slightly but significantly, and moved.

In that one possible split second he was able to twist himself partly free. He arched his back and drove out with both feet. The thin-faced man screamed. Blood spurted from his nose. He fell heavily. The other man chopped at the back of Bond's neck, but too late. Bond's elbow took him almost exactly on the windpipe. The man who had been attending M swung a foot as Bond came up off the floor, but he was not in time either. All he did was lay open Bond's path to the windows. The two halves flew apart with beautiful readiness as his shoulder struck them. One hand on the low stone balustrade, over, down to a perfectly balanced four-point landing, up and away into the nearest trees.

Those first scattered pines seemed to move past him only slowly, run as hard as he might. Now there were more of them. And blackberry bushes and wild rhododendrons. Making the going difficult. Very important not to fall. Not to slow down

either. Keep up speed. Why? Get away from them. Must save M. Save M by running away from him? Yes. Go on. Where? Far. Go on far. Far. . . .

Bond really was hardly more than a machine now. When there was nothing left of his mind at all his body ran on, as fast as before but without sense of direction, for perhaps another minute. Then it stopped panting with slack mouth, the arms hanging loosely by the sides. The eyes were open, but they saw nothing. Then, impelled by some last flicker of intelligence or will, the body of James Bond took a dozen more steps, dropped, and lay full length in a patch of long coarse grass between two dwarf poplars, virtually invisible to anybody passing more than five yards away.

In fact, nobody came as close as that. The pursuit was hopeless from the start. Bond was just out of earshot by the time the trio reached the first trees. They moved in the obvious, and indeed in the right, direction for a time, but time was the very thing they were short of. It was not very long before the leader looked at his watch and called a halt.

"Back."

Before they turned away, the speaker looked with a peculiar intentness at the thin-faced man. That face lost some of its color. Then the three moved off. By the final irony in a day of ironies, another 60 or 70 yards' advance would have brought them straight to where Bond lay.

More time passed. The shadows in the wood lengthened, began to fade into the blur of dusk. If Bond had been able to strain his ears to their limit, he might just have heard a distant scream, abruptly cut off, and then, a little later, a car being started and driven away. But he heard nothing. He was nothing.

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The room was small, but it was still not possible to decide what was in it or where it was, and there seemed no point in trying. Those men were talking again. Their voices were muffled by long tangled strips of gray stuff, vague and smoky at the edges, that hung in the air in front of them.

"Well, Doctor?"

"He's been given a massive dose of some drug or other, I couldn't say which at this stage. Could be hyoscine. I've given him something that should help him come round. How did you get hold of him?"

"A motorist brought him in half an hour ago. Said he found him wandering about in the road near one of the entrances to the Great Park. His name is Bond, James Bond. Business address in London, Regent's Park somewhere. I gave 'em a ring on the off chance and they said to hold him and not let anyone but a doctor see him and they'd send a man down right away."

"Indeed. . . . Ah, I think we may get something now. . . . Mr. Bond? Mr. Bond, you're quite safe and in a very few minutes you'll be completely yourself again. You're in a police station but you've done nothing wrong. All you need do is rest a little."

James Bond looked up slowly. There was nothing left of the gray tangle that had obscured his vision and hearing. He saw a very English face with an inquisitive pointed nose and dependable dark eyes, eyes that at the moment were puzzled and concerned. In the background were two solid-looking men in dark-blue uniform.

Bond swallowed and cleared his throat. It was very important that he should get exactly right what he knew he had to say, the more so since he was not as yet quite sure what all of it meant or why he had to say it.

Now take it slowly, word by word. "I want," said Bond in a thick voice, "I want a car. And four men. Armed. To come with me. As quickly as possible."

"Mind wandering, poor chap," said the sergeant.

"Admiral Messervy," said Bond distinctly, and saw the sergeant react. Bond's mind was clearing fast now. "There's been some trouble along at his place. I'm afraid he's been kidnapped."

"Go on, please, sir," said the sergeant, who had picked up the telephone before Bond had finished speaking.

"There were four men. They'd given him a shot of the same stuff as me. I don't quite know how I got away."

"Number unobtainable," the sergeant said grimly.

"Naturally," said Bond. "Give me that thing." When the police operator answered he said, unconsciously clenching his fist, "London Airport. Priority. I'll hang on."

The sergeant looked at him once and left the room at a run.

While Bond was rattling off descriptions of M and the four enemy agents to his friend Spence, the Security Officer at the airport, Bill Tanner arrived. Bond finished talking, hung up, drew in his breath to start explaining the position to Tanner, but just then the sergeant returned. His round, good-natured face was pale. He addressed himself to Bond.

"I got a patrol car up to the house, sir," he said swallowing. "They've just come through. I'm afraid it's too late for your armed men now. But we shall need you, doctor. Not that you'll be able to do very much, either."

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AFTERMATH

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The body of the thin-faced man lay on its back in the hall at Quarterdeck. There was not much left of the face. Ex-Chief Petty Officer Hammond had been shot twice, once in the chest and again, to take no chances, in the back of the neck. The corpse had been dumped in a heap in the kitchen, where the third body was also found.

Mrs. Hammond at least could have known nothing of what happened to her. The killer, using the same light gun, had got her with a single well-aimed shot through the back of the head as she stood at the stove or the sink. She was lying close to where her husband had been dropped, so close that the back of his outflung hand rested against her shoulder. It was as if he had tried to reassure her that he had not left her, that he was nearby, as he had been for 20 years. Since Hammond had been demobilized just after the war and had come with his wife to serve M, the two of them had not spent a night apart.

Bond made a muffled sound between a sob and a snarl. This act, this casual sweeping aside of two lives just to save trouble—there were half a dozens ways in which the Hammonds could have been neutralized with the minimum of violence and without risk to the enemy—was not to be endured. The men who had done it were going to die.

In M's study a minute later, Bond and Tanner each tacitly avoided the straight-backed Hepplewhite armchair where M habitually sat.

"Perhaps his boss knocked the thin guy off in a fit of rage," suggested Tanner. "By what you told me on the way here our dead friend didn't handle himself too cleverly in the scrap upstairs. Could be considered to have helped to let you escape, anyway. But then these people don't sound as if they're given to fits of rage. Of course, a man with a bloody nose is to a certain extent conspicuous. Would that have been enough to earn him a bullet? Rather frightening if it was."

"That would fit the airport theory," replied Bond. "It would be a big risk already to walk M through Immigration, passing him off if necessary as under the weather or whatever they had lined up. Anyway, we can leave that for now. The point is that, whatever the risk, it was one they'd been able to prepare for. But here was something they couldn't have taken into account. A man who'd clearly just been in some sort of serious fight would be just the thing to arouse that fatal flicker of official curiosity. Yes, it fits. And yet. . . ."

A police constable in shirt-sleeves knocked and entered. "Phone's in order, sir," he said. "And London Airport Security informed as you requested."

When the man had gone Tanner began pacing the faded Axminster rug. He studied his watch again. "They've had something like four hours' start now. . . .

"And they wouldn't have counted on much more whatever had happened. If they took him out by airplane, then with the airport not much more than down the road from here they'd have been in the air in well under an hour. Another hour at the most to Orly or Amsterdam, or these days as far as Marseilles—and they *must* have gone somewhere comparatively near, they wouldn't have dared spend six or eight hours in transit and risk being met by the wrong people at the far end. . . . Well then. That's two hours. Another half hour for Customs and Immigration. We've had it, James. We've lost him."

The telephone rang noisily from its alcove in the hall (M would not have the hated instrument where he could see it). Tanner jumped up. "I'll take it. You relax."

Tanner's abrupt return brought Bond out of a daze—evidently traces of the potent drug still lingered in his system. His face was tightly drawn at the forehead and cheekbones. He looked ghastly.

"Well, James, I was nearly right. A great consolation." Tanner went back to pacing the rug. "Shannon. They went off on Aer Lingus flight 147A at 20 to 9. The fellows on duty remember them all right. The whole thing was stage-managed down to the last detail—pattern of previous trips by supposedly the same four people, a diversion timed to the second, the lot.

"They landed at Shannon at half-past 9 or so. That's . . . nearly two and a half hours ago, while you were still wandering about in that wood. So they're away. Met by car at Shannon and driven off to God knows what remote inlet, any one of hundreds. I know that coast a bit. It must be the most deserted in the whole of Western Europe. After that . . . you can bloody well take your choice. Boat out to ship, or to submarine for all I know—this thing looks as if it's on that kind of scale. Rendezvous with seaplane 100 miles out in the Atlantic. Then anywhere in the wide world.

"So that's that," Tanner finished. "We'll pass the word to the Irish coastguards and navy. Then there are various parties in London we can at least tell to foregather. Come on, James, let's go and do a bit of telephoning. There's nothing more for us round this place. It always did give me the creeps."

Inspector Crawford, a tall saturnine man in his 40's whom Bond had immediately taken to, came up as they finished the last of three calls. He carried a large unsealed manila envelope.

"We're about through here, gentlemen. If you want to get away I think you'll find all you'll really want in this." He handed Tanner the envelope, then gestured without looking at the body on the floor. "Contents of the man's pockets. That's the lot. I'll have to ask you to sign for it, sir."

Tanner scrawled on the proffered slip. "Thank you, Inspector. I'm afraid we must ask you to accompany us to London right away, to attend a meeting that may go on for the rest of the night. I expect you understand."

Crawford nodded impassively.

As they moved off, Bond glanced down at the corpse of the man whose death he had unwittingly brought about. Bond hated and feared the half-unrevealed purpose that had brought the man to this house, but he could not repress a twinge of pity at the thought of the casual chance that had led to this summary removal. Was this how James Bond would end, shot in the head and flung aside like a heap of unwanted clothing to smooth out a kink in somebody's plan?

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LOVE FROM PARIS

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Sir Ranald Rideout, the minister concerned, was not best pleased at being abruptly summoned from the late stages of a dinner party given by an Austrian princess whose circle he had been trying to infiltrate for years. The telephone message stressed the magnitude of the matter requiring his attention without revealing anything about what it was.

When the facts were baldly laid before him, he looked about with angry incredulity at the faces ranged round the battered oak table: the permanent undersecretary to his ministry, Assistant Commissioner Vallance from Scotland Yard, the man Tanner whose office this was and whose insignificance was shown clearly enough by the condition of its furnishings, the spy called Bond who seemed responsible for the mess, and some policeman or other from Windsor.

"As you know, sir," said Tanner in level tones, "the Prime Minister flew to Washington today—yesterday. He can't do anything about this from there, and I doubt if he'll be able to cut short his stay. So it looks as if we must push ahead ourselves."

"Of course we must. The question is where? You people seem to have nothing at all that can be called information. Extraordinary. Take this man you found shot. Not the servant, the gangster or whatever he was. All you appear to know about him is that he met his death by a bullet shattering his skull.

"Now . . . Bond," Sir Ranald went on with a momentary expression of distaste, as if he found the name unaesthetic in some way, "you at any rate saw this man when he was alive. What could you say about him that might help?"

"Almost nothing, sir, I'm afraid. He seemed completely ordinary apart from his skill in unarmed combat, and he could have learnt that anywhere in the world. So. . . ."

"Yes, you weren't about the place very long, were you? You were anxious to be off. I congratulate you on your escape. No doubt you would have considered it ridiculously old-fashioned to have stayed and fought to save your superior from whatever fate was in store for him."

The undersecretary turned away suddenly and stared into an empty corner of the room. Inspector Crawford, sitting opposite Bond, went red and shuffled his feet.

"Mr. Bond showed great courage and resource, sir," he said loudly. "I've never heard of anybody who could hope to subdue four able-bodied men single-handed and unarmed, let alone being full of a drug that incapacitated him a few minutes later. If Mr. Bond hadn't escaped, the enemy's plans would be going ahead *in toto*. As it is, they'll have to be modified, they may even be fatally damaged."

"Possibly." Sir Ranald beat the air with his hand. With another grimace of displeasure, he said to his undersecretary, "Bushnell, get a window open, will you? The air in here isn't fit to breathe with three people chain-smoking."

While the undersecretary hastened to obey, Bond was hiding a grin at the memory of having read somewhere that hatred of tobacco was a common psychopathic symptom, from which Hitler among others had been a notable sufferer.

"Good. Now have we any idea of who's behind this business and what its purpose is? Let's have some educated guesses on that."

"An enemy secret service is at any rate the obvious one," said Tanner. "As regards purpose, I think we can rule out a straight ransom job, if only because they could have operated that from inside the country and so avoided the immense risk of getting out with Sir Miles, and presumably Mr. Bond too if they'd managed to hold on to him. The same sort of reasoning counts against the idea of interrogation or brainwashing or anything of that sort. No, it's something more . . . original than that, I'm certain."

Sir Ranald sniffed. "Well? What sort of thing?"

"No bid, sir. There's nothing to go on."

"So we know nothing. It looks as if we have merely to wait until the other side makes a move. Thank you, all of you, for your help. I'm sure none of you could have done more than you have. I'm sorry if I may have seemed to suggest that you, Mr. Bond, could have acted in any other way. I spoke without thinking. Your escape is the one redeeming feature of this whole affair."

The minister spoke with what sounded very much like simple sincerity. The thought had occurred to him—belatedly, but then he had always been prone to let his impatience with lower-echelon muddle run away with him. He turned to Vallance, "In the meantime, Assistant Commissioner, what about the press?"

"I think not a blackout sir. The admiral has plenty of connections and we don't want them turning inquisitive. I suggest a short tucked-away paragraph saying his indisposition continues and he's been advised to take a thorough rest."

"Excellent. I'll leave that in your hands, then. Now—any more suggestions? However tentative. Anybody. . . ?"

Crawford stirred. "Well, sir, if I may just. . . ."

"Go on, Inspector. Please go on." Sir Ranald crinkled his eyelids. "Most welcome."

"It's this piece of paper with the names and numbers which we all had a look at earlier. We found it crumpled up in a corner of the man's wallet. Have we considered the possibility that these are telephone numbers?"

"I'm afraid there's nothing in that, Inspector," said Tanner, rubbing his eyes wearily. " 'Christiana' looks like Christiania in Norway, of course, and 'Vasso' might be Vassy in north-eastern France, and we all know where Paris is, but it didn't take us 10 minutes to establish that these numbers aren't possible for the exchanges at those three places."

"Actually, sir," the Inspector went on with quiet persistence, "I wasn't meaning it quite like that. Take the one we haven't mentioned—Antigone. What does that suggest to people?"

"Greek play," said Tanner. "Sophocles, isn't it? Code word for God knows what."

"That is possible, sir. But Antigone isn't only a Greek play,

is it? It's also a Greek name. A woman's name. Now Christiana. Doesn't that sound like a woman's name too? And Paris, of course, is another Greek name."

Abruptly, Bill Tanner got up and hurried to a telephone.

"What are you leading up to, Inspector?" broke in Sir Ranald, with a return to his earlier manner.

"That our man was going to Greece and had got some telephone numbers so that he could fix himself up with some female company if he felt inclined. That these are telephone numbers on the same unstated exchange.

"To me this looks planted, sir. If it's genuine it got into our hands as a result of at least three oversights. Not removing the body. Not emptying the pockets. Not at any rate searching the pockets. Well, now. . . ."

"You mean it's a red herring?"

"No, sir, quite the contrary. It's a straightforward pointer to Greece, clear enough but not too clear."

Tanner rang off and returned to his chair. He glanced over at Crawford with heightened respect.

"All four are perfectly possible modern Greek first names, according to Mary Kyris at the embassy. And the figure groups could be telephone numbers in Athens, Salonika and a couple of other cities."

"We're on to something, gentlemen," said Sir Ranald, his eyes almost disappearing in crinkles.

"And we know exactly what we're on to."

James Bond's head had been sunk in his hands since he had last spoken. He had seemed half asleep. Now, as his voice sounded through the low-ceilinged, smoke-laden room, he sat up in his chair and gazed at Tanner.

"Inspector Crawford is right. This is a plant. Or let's call it a lure. They were very anxious to include me in their plans. Clearly they still are. The names and numbers on that paper are a brilliant piece of improvisation designed to get me following in their track at full speed. Which of course I'll have to do."

Tanner nodded slowly. "Where would you start?"

"Anywhere," said Bond. "Let's say Athens. It doesn't really matter, because I shan't need to look for them. They'll find me."

SUN AT NIGHT

The island of Vrakonisi lies midway between the coasts of southern Greece and southern Turkey; more precisely, near the middle of the triangle formed by the three larger islands of Naxos, Ios and Paros. Vrakonisi is volcanic in origin. It is what remains of the crater walls of an immense volcano extinct since prehistoric times. Its misshapen semicircular backbone of hills rise in places to 1200 feet. From the air, Vrakonisi looks like the blade of a sickle drawn by a very drunk man. The tip of the blade has broken off, so that a hundred shallow yards of the Aegean lie between the main body of the island and a tiny unnamed islet off its northern end. On it is only a single house, a long, low structure in brilliantly whitewashed stone situated among palm and cactus at the farthest corner. The owner, a Piraeus yacht-builder, lets it to foreign visitors in the summer.

This particular summer month the house had been occupied by two men whose passports said they were French; morose, taciturn men, their complexions suggesting little acquaintance with life in the sun. Their behavior suggested the same thing. Pallid and uncomfortable-looking in gaudy bathing shorts, they could sometimes be seen sprawled in canvas chairs above the little private anchorage (empty throughout their stay so far) or splashing grimly and very briefly across it. For long periods they were not to be seen at all. They had the air of men whiling away time.

Their identity and purpose, and very much more, were well known to Col. Sun Liang-tan of the Special Activities Committee, Chinese People's Army. The two men on the islet were out of sight of the colonel as he sat at the window of a smaller and even less accessible house than theirs, situated on the main body of the island. For even the chance of a look at them he would have had to go outside, make his way up an overgrown hillside to a point perhaps 250 feet above sea level, and look down across the farther slopes, the stretch of water and the 80-yard length of the islet, about a kilometer in all. But, ever since arriving here by water the previous night, Colonel Sun had not gone outside for a moment. Nobody on Vrakonisi, nobody outside China, must even have cause to wonder whether a Chinese might not be present here and now.

And nobody catching a glimpse of the colonel would have had to wonder about his nationality. He was tall for a Chinese, nearly six foot, one of the northern types akin to the Khamba Tibetan, big-boned and long-headed. But the skin color was the familiar flat light yellow, the hair blue-black and dead straight, the epicanthic eye fold notably conspicuous. It was only when you looked Sun straight in the eyes that he seemed less than totally Chinese. The irises were of an unusual and very beautiful pewter-gray like the eyes of the newborn, the legacy perhaps of some medieval invader from Kirgiz or Naiman. But then not many people did look Sun straight in the eyes. Not twice, anyway.

The colonel continued to sit on his hard wooden chair while darkness fell outside. Twice he smoked a cigarette, not inhaling, allowing it to burn away between his lips. They were British cigarettes, Benson & Hedges. Sun did not share his colleagues' often-expressed contempt for everything British. He was fond of many aspects of their culture and considered it regrettable in some ways that that culture had such a short time left.

The men themselves (he had met none of their women) had often aroused his admiration. He had first encountered the British in September 1951, when he was a 21-year-old subaltern, at a prisoner-of-war center near Pyongyang in North Korea. After September 1953, he had had to content himself with the odd spy captured inside China and the occasional U.S. Army prisoner taken in South Viet Nam who turned out to be a recent immigrant from the 'Old Country.' Fortunately, his reputation as an expert on, and interrogator of, the British was well known to his service superiors and had even reached the ears of the Central Committee, so it was rare indeed that any British captive was not passed over to him. The colonel could not repress a gentle thrill of anticipation at the thought of tonight's reunion with his British and of the 72 hours of uninterrupted contact which were to follow.

There was a tentative knock at the door. Sun called amiably in English, "Yes, please come in."

She did.

The Albanians, as a race, are not noted for their beauty. But Doni Madan, aged 23, citizen of Korse in southeastern Albania, strictly temporary holder of a Greek passport, was physically remarkable.

She wore a pair of serpent-green Thai-silk trousers, close fitting and low cut, with a plain turquoise jacket of the same material and Ferragamo slippers in embroidered leather. Nothing else. Although this outfit had been selected purely to do its part in proclaiming Doni to be one of a standard house party of well-off cosmopolitan holiday-makers, it did more for her than that.

She was above middle height, within a couple of inches of Sun, but slender and light of frame, narrow in the waist, richly rounded above and below. The swell of her breasts made the casually-buttoned jacket fall straight, well clear of her midriff. Asia was in her cheekbones and the strong planes of her jaw, Asia Minor in the all-but-black brown of her eyes, Venice in the straight but fully-molded mouth. She stood there in the doorway of the bare room in an attitude of meek unconscious provocation that took no account of Sun as a man.

Anything more overt would certainly have been wasted. Sun Liang-tan was unmoved by women. He glanced somewhere in Doni's direction and said simply, "Yes?"

"I am wondering if you wish any food," said the quiet harsh voice.

Doni's Italian, Serbo-Croat and Greek were idiomatic and relatively accentless. Her English was neither, but she had no other means of communication with her temporary master. Being forced to use the enemy's language in order to work with European agents is a habitual source of irritation to Chinese subversives.

Sun laced his fingers behind his long head and leant back as far as his chair allowed, making a curious semi-Westernized figure in his white T-shirt and uncolored cotton trousers. "No thank you. Not just now. Let's hang on for a bit until our chums join us, shall we? They shouldn't be long."

Followed by Doni, he walked out of the room across a stone-flagged corridor, and into the main sitting-room of the house, a high-ceilinged, airy place with a cobbled floor that sloped gently and splendid shapely furniture of olive-wood, made in the island. Open double doors gave on to a narrow terrace with

folding chairs and a low table, and beyond there was nothing but the sea, flat calm and brilliantly lit by a three-quarter moon.

The girl stretched out on the square-cut daybed looked up quickly. She was Doni's height, had the same near-black eyes, wore the same kind of outfit, but her slimness made the other girl appear almost lumpish. Long-legged and high-breasted, with an exquisitely-shaped small dark head cut short in a boyish style, Luisa Tartini was Albanian but looked Italian. Her glance at Sun was edged with resentment and fear.

It seemed that Sun did not notice. He said pleasantly, "What a lovely evening. Your main function, as I told you, is to give our little party the appearance of a group of friends on holiday. But tonight your duties will be, er, enlarged. You and Doni will put yourselves at the disposal of some men who will be arriving soon."

"Which men?" Luisa sat up so that her shoulder touched Doni's. "How many?"

"Six in all. Two are reactionaries and needn't concern you. The other four are fighters for peace who have been on a dangerous mission. You must give them all the comfort in your power, both of you."

The two girls looked at each other. Luisa shrugged. Doni gave a sleepy smile and put a brown arm around Luisa's waist.

Hands in pockets, Sun turned away and strolled towards the open doors. Then he halted and called sharply over his shoulder, "The lights. All of them. What can't be concealed should be flaunted. This is the remainder of our little house party arriving."

Just below the crest of the hillside above the house, the two men from the islet lay under a stunted fig tree and saw the terrace and anchorage spring into bright illumination. They watched the slow approach of the motorboat, and waited without moving or speaking while lines were thrown and secured, laughter and cries of greeting were borne faintly to their ears, and three men came ashore, one of them needing some assistance, the other two springing forward to be embraced by the two women from the house. The servant dealt with some suitcases. The party retired indoors.

On the hillside, one man looked at the other and spread his palms. The two got up and resumed their arduous and ineffective patrol. They had 11 more houses to check on tonight.

In the house, Sun Liang-tan sat and surveyed the three new arrivals. He said nothing.

The black-haired gunman, he who had followed James Bond from Sunningdale to Quarterdeck 30 hours earlier, spoke. "Bond," he started to say, but his throat was dry and he had to clear it. "Bond got away from us in England."

"I could only manage an intramuscular injection," put in the second man.

Sun nodded, perfectly expressionless.

"He escaped after damaging Doyle's face severely enough to attract attention," the first man went on as before. "So Doyle was eliminated on the spot. After that everything proceeded according to plan.

"Quantz brilliantly improvised a clue which he left on Doyle's body," the recital continued, "and which he estimates cannot fail to lure Bond to Athens in search of his chief. The details are in here," said the gunman in a hurry, and passed Sun a sealed envelope. "By now Quantz is in Athens himself. He will contact our friends in Athens. Should Bond fail to appear after all, Quantz will arrange for the abduction of one of the regular British agents there and will transport him to this island. Quantz estimates that even in that event the operation will succeed in its main object."

Sun sat on in silence for half a minute, tapping the envelope gently against his knee.

At last the colonel looked up, and the purple lips parted in a smile. Tension relaxed; somebody exhaled sharply.

Turning to the gunman, Sun said, "Well, De Graaf, you certainly seem to have had the most damnable bad luck. But I must say it looks as if you've done everything in your power to put things right." Sun was a fair-minded man. Further, his responsibility started and finished with the Vrakonisi end of the plan.

"But now you'll want to relax," he went on. "Full discussion in the morning. Help yourselves to a drink. These girls are called Doni and Luisa. They've been instructed to please you in every way and at any time. Oh, and finally. . . ."

Rising unhurriedly to his feet, Sun went over to the third of the newcomers, who had remained slumped in a chair.

"Good evening, Admiral, I am Col. Sun Liang-tan of the Chinese People's Army. How are you feeling, sir?"

M raised his head. Some of the old sharpness had returned to his gray eyes. He spoke firmly.

"I shan't be answering any of your other questions, you yellow-faced bandit. Save your breath."

"The main reason for your presence here, Western filth, is not the answering of questions. But answer them you will when the time comes. Rest assured of that."

Sun's tone was equable as ever. "Lohmann," he told the second man, "take your patient away and put him to bed with a shot of something that'll give him a good night's sleep."

The doctor, bald, slight, fortiesh, did as he was told.

Holding a tumbler half-full of vodka, De Graaf sauntered over to the daybed. He looked each girl up and down in the manner of a farmer at a cattle market. Finally he pointed at Luisa.

"The colonel said any time," he murmured. "So now."

Luisa glanced at Doni, who talked emphatic Albanian for almost half a minute. At the end of it, Luisa shrugged, then nodded. Doni fixed her eyes on De Graaf.

"I like you to take me also. The other man disgusting. No hairs on his head and too little and hands like a bird. You take me also. We did this before. We do many things for you. You enjoy it."

"Suits me," said De Graaf, draining his glass and grinning. "Lead on, my dears."

Left alone, Sun Liang-tan strode to the terrace and spat as hard as he could toward the Aegean.

THE SHRINE OF ATHENS

James Bond sat in the bar of the Hotel Grande Bretagne in Athens and waited for something to happen.

There was no alternative, no active policy in the least pursuable. He was to await capture and hope the Athens station could follow him to M.

A packet containing the midget transmitter had been awaiting Bond when he checked in at the hotel, and he had duly installed it in the compartment Q Branch had made for it in the heel of his left shoe. But Bond realized grimly that, on this assignment as on all his previous ones, the tools he basically had to depend on were invisible, intangible: his own guts and ingenuity.

He had a look round the crowded, decorously noisy bar. Perhaps, merely for curiosity's sake, he would be able to pick out the local agents whose job it was to keep him under their eye. (Standard Service procedure, aimed at minimizing the possibility of betrayal under torture, dictates that no agent shall have any knowledge of his coagents that is not absolutely necessary.)

It was 10 o'clock, the hour when fashionable Athens considers where it will dine. By now the enemy would have confirmed Bond's arrival, finalized his own plans and moved his units into position. Time to go. Bond signaled to the waiter.

Bond's bill came. He was reaching for his money when his eye was caught by a sudden movement at the little table adjoining his. A tubby, swarthy man with a thick moustache, a Turk by the look of him, had seized the bare upper arm of the girl next to him, pulled her close and was talking into her ear in something between a whisper and a snarl. She was young, with the delicate features, full breasts, and tobacco-blonde hair of the most attractive physical type in this region. Now she was straining away from the Turk's heavy head and writhing red mouth, trying to undo his hand, her tan-colored eyes wide with what looked like shock and fright. Their glance fell on Bond, who was the nearest unattached male.

"Please," she called in English, not loudly but urgently. "Please do something."

Bond's instinct told him that here was something relevant, something that stuck out from the innocently busy social scene round him. And the girl certainly was a beauty. . . . He made his decision.

"Bring it to me in a moment, please," he told the waiter, walked across and sat down next to the Turk on the corner of the green plush bench. "Now what is all this?"

"He's annoying me," said the girl with much resentment.

"He says awful, obscene things to me. I beg you to get rid of him."

Bond's Greek was small but well-chosen. He leaned close to the man, who was staring at him contemptuously, and said in his deadliest tone, *"Fiye apo tho, malaka."*

What made this standard Greek insult effective was Bond's air of determination and his sudden grip on the man's nearer arm. There was a pause while the two men stared at each other and Bond tightened his grip, noticing half-consciously that the arm was distinctly harder than its owner's general corpulence would have suggested. Then the Turk quickly and quite calmly let go the girl, waited for his own arm to be released, rose to his feet, adjusted his jacket, and walked out of the bar.

"Thank you," said the girl in excellent American English. "I'm sorry about that. I could see no other way without a public disturbance. You dealt with him very competently." She chuckled suddenly, a warmhearted, gay sound that showed remarkably quick recovery from the fear she had been displaying. "You must have had practice."

"Shall we have a drink?" asked Bond, raising his hand. "Yes, I rescue girls from obscenity-spouting Turks all the time."

"Thank you. Tzimas isn't a Turk. But he is obscene. My family have been pushing me at him—he has a carpet-manufacturing business here. After this tonight there'll be no more pushing in that direction. My name, by the way, is Ariadne Alexandrou."

"Mine is Bond, James Bond. How did you know just now that I spoke English?"

The girl laughed again. "Most people do. And you look English, Mr. Bond. Nobody could mistake you, not even for an American."

"As a matter of fact I'm not strictly English at all. Half Scottish, half Swiss."

"The English have swallowed you, then. What are you doing in Athens? Business or pleasure?"

"Business, but I hope to get some pleasure in while I'm here."

Ariadne Alexandrou returned Bond's gaze for a moment without reacting to it, then turned away to observe critically as two small tumblers of cloudy drink—the cloudiness curling whitely outwards from the ice-cubes like liquid smoke—were set in front of them and as much again of water added. Bond watched her lovely profile.

No doubt it was for her splendid appearance and obvious quickness of mind that she had been picked by the enemy—of whose presence behind the events of the last five minutes Bond was no longer in the smallest doubt. All the girl's apparent confidence and warmth had not been able to disguise the patness and predictability of the way she had established acquaintance with him. He guessed that, left to herself, she would have stage-managed things with more imagination.

The girl Ariadne had raised her glass. "I know the sort of thing you expect me to say now." The smile turned upward. " 'In Greece, when we drink to someone, we say *ees iyian*, your health, or colloquially *yassou*.' Well, sometimes we do, but half the time it's 'cheers' and 'here's looking at you' these days." The smile faded. "Greece isn't very Greek any more. Are you free for dinner? Shall we go out somewhere together?"

Despite himself, Bond smiled in his turn. He was beginning to enjoy the girl's tactic of wandering away from the point and then jumping back to it with a direct question. But the other half of his mind was cursing. Why hadn't he taken the simple, obvious precaution of getting something under his belt before allowing the enemy to make contact? He could visualize, as clearly as if it had already happened, the deserted street where she would lead him, the men closing in, the car, the long drive to and across the Bulgarian frontier, and then. . . . Bad enough on a full stomach, he thought wryly. Was there another way?

The hell with it, thought Bond savagely—what could he do but play along? It was far too early to start trying to capture the initiative.

"I'm in your hands," he said. And meant it.

Three minutes later they stood on the steps of the hotel between the Ionic columns.

The gray-uniformed commissionaire blew his whistle and a taxi, to all appearance innocently cruising, swung in to the curb. Bond laid his fingers on Ariadne's upper arm as he walked her over. The flesh was firm and the skin deliciously cool. She spoke briefly to the driver and they were away.

Ariadne studied Bond's profile. As always, her employers' instructions had been confined to essentials. She had been told only to induce the Englishman to go with her to a designated area where fellow workers would take over the operation from her. What would happen to him afterwards was no concern of hers—officially. But, more and more, the question bothered her as a woman, a woman who had learned to recognize on sight the kind of man who knew how to love. Bond was such a man. She could find almost nothing to say as the taxi approached the slopes of the Acropolis.

And then, quite suddenly it seemed, the street widened, the shadows receded, the taxi, slowing, began to pull in towards a low incline at the top of which glittered the lights of an open-air restaurant. The driver stopped, switched off his engine and simply sat there.

Paying the man off, Bond resolved quite coolly to behave as if this were what it appeared to be, an encounter between an English visitor and a beautiful Greek girl. Bond laid his arm round Ariadne's waist and murmured, "We're going to enjoy our dinner tonight. Nobody can stop that."

She half-turned towards him, her back arching in what might have been either nervousness or desire, so that the swell of one firm breast brushed his arm. From the top of the steps they looked over at the platform of the Acropolis, an enormous flat-topped chunk of rock adorned with temples of Athens' golden age, the lights of the theater of Herodes Atticus showing near its base. Dominating everything was the moonlit length of the Parthenon, the temple which Bond had heard called the most beautiful building in the world.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Ariadne. "Lovely, isn't it?"

Bond felt a pang of tenderness at Ariadne's obvious anxiety that he should be impressed. "I've never seen a view like it," he said rather lamely.

"I'm glad it pleases you, because it's the main attraction here." She began to move on. "The food is rather pretentious and expensive, though you can have a reasonable meal if you know what to order. Will you leave this to me?"

"Gladly."

They began their meal with tender young crayfish, moist in the mouth and well set off by freshly-made mayonnaise. Bond savored the scents of exotic foods, the calm permanence of the ancient buildings in the middle distance, above all the girl opposite him, eating unfussily and with enjoyment.

"You don't seem very English. Not English at all. I'm told it was the same with your Lord Byron."

"I'm sure you mean to be kind," said Bond, grinning at her, "but I don't really enjoy being compared with Byron. As a poet he was affected and pretentious, he ran to fat early and had to go on the most savage diets, his taste in women was appalling, and as a fighter for liberty he never got started."

"It's not proper for you to talk so lightly of one of your greatest compatriots," she said in a severe voice. "Lord Byron was a founder of the romantic movement in your literature. His exile from England was a victory of bourgeois morality. It was a tragedy that he died before he could lead his troops into battle against the oppressor.

"But his support of the Greek cause with money and influence was. . . . Well, no Greek can ever forget it, that's all. Whether he deserved it or not, he's a national hero, and you ought to be proud of him."

Ariadne was silent for a moment. Then she said quietly, "It wasn't only him, of course. The English have helped us in many ways. Some time ago, not recently. But we haven't forgotten. In spite of Cyprus, in spite of . . . so much, we still—"

Bond could not resist it. "In spite of our having helped your government to put down the communists after the war?"

"If you like." The light-brown gaze was candid and troubled. "That was a terrible thing, all that fighting. For everybody. History can be very cruel. If only one could remake the past."

A faint flicker of hope, the first in this whole affair, arose in Bond's mind. However determined the enemy in general might be, this particular enemy was not whole-hearted. He had found someone who, given a massive dose of luck, could conceivably be turned into an ally.

Then reality returned in short order. As they sipped the delicious, smoky-tasting Turkish coffee, Ariadne said quickly, "James. I want to ask you something. It's 11:30. Tonight it's full moon and the Acropolis stays open late. If we leave now we can go and have a look at it. You must see it like this.

It's indescribable. And I've a wish to see it again myself. With you. Will you take me? Afterwards . . . we can do anything you want."

God! Bond's gorge rose at the vulgarity of it, the confident obviousness, the touch of footling melodrama in the choice of pickup point. But he fought down his disgust and said with as good a grace as he could muster, "Of course. I don't seem to have any alternative."

NOT-SO-SAFE HOUSE

There is something to be said for the view that the Parthenon is best seen from a distance. Certainly the place was badly knocked about in an otherwise forgotten war of the 17th century. But by moonlight, with the bad joinery hidden and the outside world at a proper distance, those tall columns can seem much more than rows of battered antique marble.

Even James Bond was not untouched by such feelings as he paced the southern aisle. But quite soon it was time. Bond was watching Ariadne's face and saw its expression change. She turned to him and his heart filled with longing and despair.

"James," she said. "*Khrisi mou.* Darling. Kiss me."

He took her in his arms and her body strained against him and her firm dry lips opened under his. When they drew apart she looked into his eyes.

"Forgive me," she whispered.

Her glance moved over his shoulder and she frowned. In a few more seconds they were there. Two of them. Both tallish, one plump, the other average build. Each had a hand in his side pocket. They took up positions either side of Bond. The plump one spoke to him in Greek, ordering him to come with them and adding something else he couldn't follow. The girl asked the other man a rapid question. An instant's hesitation, an equally rapid reply. Ariadne Alexandrou gave a satisfied nod, stepped close to Bond and spat in his face.

He barely had time to recoil before she followed up with her hands, no little-girl slaps but stinging blows that rocked his head. A stream of Greek insults, of which "English pig" was the most ladylike, burst from her snarling mouth. Apart from the physical pain he felt only sadness. He caught a glimpse of the plump man's face split in an embarrassed grin.

Then, still hitting him, she switched to English. She used the same abusive tone. But what she said was:

"Listen to me. These men . . . are enemies." Slap! "We must get away. I'll take the fat one. You take"—slap! "the other. Then . . . follow me."

She stopped, moved laughing towards the plump man, cracked her knee into his crotch and drove her stiffened fingers at his eyes. He squealed thinly. Without conscious thought Bond went for the other man, who had involuntarily half-turned, and chopped him cruelly at the side of the neck. The plump man was doubled up with his hands over his face. Bond brought his joined fists down on the base of the squat skull, grabbed Ariadne and ran.

Straight along the empty, shadowed colonnade to the western end, towards the entrance. . . . But Ariadne pulled him away to the left. Yes—danger of more men at the main gate. Where were they going? No questions: he had instinctively chosen to stick to the girl and must continue to.

Now a shout from behind them; the edge of a cliff too high to jump from, too sheer to clamber down in a hurry. But a stretch of wall joins the cliff at an angle, and in the angle a bunch of thick electric cables runs down. Down, then, down a face of irregular, almost vertical rock hanging on to the cables, the girl following. Run together across bumpy rock and earth—a yard away a jet of earth springing into the air. No report: silencer. Above them the sounds of scrambling and cursing. Now another drop, off the roof of some hut, a metal fence, and people, hundreds of people. Easy to get over the fence, help the girl over, and join them.

At Bond's side, Ariadne laughed shakily. "Theater of Herodes Atticus. Performance ending. In all senses, I hope."

Bond's glance was full of admiration. Whatever her motives might be, the girl had shown herself to be speedy, resourceful and determined: a valuable ally indeed.

Again she became all business. "Right now it's your job to push us through this crowd, get us out to the street and grab the first taxi. Show me how rough and rude and un-English you can be."

The next few minutes were a hell of struggling and shoving. There was a brief scuffle by a taxi, Ariadne keeping up a stream of indignant Greek about the airport and her husband's sick father, and they were in and driving off.

Ariadne lolled against Bond's shoulder, trembling violently, and her lips shook as she kissed his cheek. He put his arm round her shoulders and drew her close.

"I'm sorry I spat at you," she whispered jerkily, brushing her cheek with her hand. "But I thought I had to do it. And then all those mean things I said. I kept hoping you weren't understanding. And you can't think I meant—"

"You were brilliant, absolutely brilliant. I don't know anybody who could have made a plan as fast as that and then carried it out so skillfully. But now . . . I've got to ask you some questions. Haven't I?"

Her face was against his shoulder and he felt her nod.

"You were to decoy me to the Acropolis where I was to be picked up by two of your men. Correct?"

Ariadne swallowed and pulled herself upright. "We . . . there was to be a recognition signal just before they moved in. A thing with a handkerchief. They didn't give it. So I told them I was informed Legakis and Papastavrou were going to do the job. Then the guy said they'd been called away to another assignment. But as far as I know there's nobody named Legakis or Papastravrou who's working for us. So then I just gambled that they won't know enough English. And here we are. Can I have a cigarette?"

"Of course."

"Ariadne, who are you working for?"

When she spoke she was herself again, quick and assured. "For the moment I can't tell you anything. And there's so much I don't know myself. Who were those men? It's frightening. . . ."

She was thinking aloud, but her voice died away before she had done much more than express confusion. By now Bond had arrived at his own views about the scene on the Acropolis. For the moment he must follow through and put what faith he could in the midget transmitter in his shoe and the efficiency of the Q branch.

Ariadne turned and gripped his hands. "But I do have one reason for feeling happy. Oh, not happy, but less miserable than a quarter of an hour ago, when I thought I'd never see you again."

They kissed, and for a moment left the world of enmity, violence and treachery in which they worked. The moment held, then passed. The taxi stopped. They moved apart. In the most everyday manner possible they got out and Bond paid off the driver.

It was a narrow street on the outskirts of the city towards the port of Piraeus. One whitewashed house was set a few yards back from the street behind rusty railings. Ariadne opened its gate, which squeaked painfully, and they crossed a tiny paved courtyard. At the front door, Ariadne gave a complicated knock, reached out and gripped Bond's hand.

Bolts were thrown and the door opened. Ariadne's dinner partner, Tzimas, stood there. At the sight of them he gave a grunt of consternation, but a gun was in his hand within the time of a heartbeat. Ariadne led the way across a square tiled hall to an inner door. Bond followed.

There were two men sitting at the cheap barley-sugar-legged table. During the gesticulating three-cornered wordplay that followed, Bond studied the men. One was dark, good-looking, a little overweight for his age: Greek. The other was gray, dried-up, speaking Greek with a heavy accent: Russian. No question about it. Well, that was one point checked off.

The Greek, biting his lip, hurried to an open rolltop desk littered with papers and began telephoning furiously. The Russian continued his dialogue with Ariadne for a time. He glanced at Bond more and more often, finally dismissed the girl with a flick of his hand and came over. He looked tired and frightened.

"Precaution, Mr. Bond," he said, his accent no less thick in English than in Greek. "Take out your gun slowly and give it to me."

Bond, with Tzimas at his side, did as he was told.

"Now take a seat, Mr. Bond. You like a drink?"

The thin mouth twitched upwards. You've got guts, thought Bond. You're scared half out of your mind and you're too proud to be seen yielding to it.

Tzimas handed him a tooth glass half full of the milky *ouzo*.

"Now, Mr. Bond. My name is Gordienko and my associate here is named Markos. We may have very little time, so I must request you to be intelligent and answer my questions. As you have gathered, it was arranged for you to be captured tonight and brought here. You are not captured but you came here just the same. Why?"

"What alternative had I? You must see that."

Gordienko stared back, then shrugged, "Perhaps it was not intelligent of me to ask this now. On capture you were to be kept in custody here in this safe house for approximately three days and then released. You would also be questioned as to your intentions in coming to Athens. These were my orders. Privately, I had much doubt as to the wisdom of the second item. It is known that you're very resistant to questioning."

Bond suppressed a surge of excitement. He was nearly certain he saw the truth. Gordienko's obvious air of competence made it most unlikely that he would lie so pointlessly at such a moment. On this reasoning, he, Bond, had somehow strayed out of one conspiracy into another; the men on the Acropolis had been the agents of the original one, the first, grand, terrifying conspiracy. And that meant that some agreement with this Russian was possible.

He said in a level tone, "I think I believe you. It rather looks as if we've been at cross-purposes, you and I. We're so used to there being two sides that we never remember there may be a third, hostile to both of us. I propose that, for the moment, we join forces."

"Agreed." Some of the tension left Gordienko's lined face. He made a sign to Tzimas. "Let us pool information. Some information, at least. My side is conducting an important, um, event in this region. I must assure you that it's not aimed against your side. It's designed to give strength to my side, naturally, but not so much at the expense of yours. So. My task has been to counter possible outside interference with this event. When your arrival became reported by our observers, I passed on the news and was instructed to move against you. Your presence here at such a time could not possibly be the result of chance. And it is known that you've had success in the past at interfering with events. . . . *Nai?*"

Markos had finished his telephoning. He came and faced Gordienko, shaking slightly and sweating a great deal. Now he burst into a torrent of Greek. Bond made out only scraps, but they sounded to him disconcerting scraps. To judge by their faces, Gordienko and Ariadne agreed with him.

"The men entrusted with your capture have been murdered," said Gordienko. "As you know, Mr. Bond, assassination of agents is exceedingly rare in peacetime. Not unknown, of course"—the mouth twitched briefly—"but rare. I am afraid that nothing less can be intended than total obliteration of the event I spoke about. The consequences of this would be serious. Serious as far as possible war."

With a convulsive movement, Gordienko drained his glass. He looked hard at Bond.

"There is a traitor in our organization. Nothing less will explain what happens. It shames me to admit this to you, but we are allies. And to say so reminds me. I should like us to shake hands."

Bond stood up and complied without much reservation. The Russian's clasp was firm and dry.

"The official who planned your capture is clearly suspect." Gordienko resumed his awkward leaning posture at the table.

"My procedure therefore is plain. I must move with these three to another safe house, at a location known only to myself, and operate as best I can from there. Will you accompany us, Mr. Bond, or do you wish to consult with your own people? If this, I should welcome from you now what information you think you may give."

Before Bond could reply, the creak of the gate's hinges (purposely left un-oiled, he guessed) sounded clearly from the front of the house. Gordienko's mouth tightened. He nodded to Tzimas, who moved to the doorway. Silence. Then came the code knock on the front door Ariadne had used earlier. Markos relaxed. None of the other three did. Gordienko gave a sharp command. Tzimas moved steadily and silently across the dimly-lit hall, put the chain on the door, and opened it a couple of inches. After a pause of about a second he shut it again. Then he turned and walked back to the inner room, but less steadily than before, and not silently.

When Tzimas reached the waiting group he stared at Gordienko with his left eye. Where his right eye had been there was a red hole edged with black and purple. Finally his body seemed to lose all character, all substance, as if his flesh had turned to sand, and he fell at Gordienko's feet.

There was no time for doubts now. Bond snatched his Walther automatic when Gordienko threw it. Markos dived for the light switch and the room went as dark as the bed of the sea. Somebody—Gordienko—began blundering towards the window. "No," said Bond urgently—"they'll be expecting that. It must be the front."

"Correct. Thank you."

They moved into the gloom of the hall and Gordienko carefully took the chain out of the door.

"We will allow one minute so that their first vigilance will become dulled. Then we will leave in the following order: Markos, Mr. Bond, Miss Alexandrou, and myself. Thirty yards down the street to the left there is an alley with high walls both sides. We will rendezvous there."

Gordienko switched to Greek and Markos replied briefly. Then more silence. Ariadne caught Bond's hand and held it against her breast. He felt her heart beating, fast but not wildly. He kissed her hand.

"Good luck, my friends." Gordienko stood with his fingers twisting the doorknob. Then the door swung wide and they were all running.

COUNCIL OF WAR

The enemy had left the gate ajar—a lucky, a near-vital oversight. All four had gained the shadowy, half-moonlit street by the time the first shots came. Flashes showed from the dark of a shop doorway on the opposite side. Immediately Markos gave a loud grunt of surprise, threw his head back, tottered a couple of paces and dropped. Bond fired three on automatic at the doorway as an aim spoiler, the shots banging out almost as one and filling the little cobbled street with a crackle of echoes.

Something fizzed through the air between Bond and Ariadne, knee height, direction ahead. Bond veered to the right, halted in a single stride, went down on one knee, saw the next flash, got in a quick but aimed shot, heard a muffled cry. He bounded up and made diagonally across the street, resisting the natural but slowing and dangerous impulse to crouch. Into the alley and out of danger for the moment. Gordienko and Ariadne there, a body at their feet.

The whole operation had taken less than half a minute, but the street was already coming alive: lights in windows, excited voices, barking dogs. And the party that would have been covering the back of the house must already be starting on its way in their direction. There could be no hanging about, then. But before they moved. . . .

Bond ran across to where Markos had fallen. When Bond turned him over, the limbs moved with the dummylike lack of all resistance that no living body ever shows. Bond closed Markos' eyes and ran back to the alley. There, methodically, he went straight to the other fallen figure, the dying gunman he had shot. The face interested him—the same face he had seen at Quarterdeck some 30 hours previously: that of the group leader. Here was clinching evidence, if any were needed.

Enough. Bond got up and turned to his two companions. What he saw dismayed him. Gordienko was leaning against the other alley wall, breathing slowly and shallowly. He looked up at Bond and the thin mouth labored to speak.

"He was hit in the back, I think," murmured Ariadne.

The Russian went on trying to speak. Abandoning the attempt, he brought his right hand up slowly and pointed successively at Bond and Ariadne in a gesture as plain as any words could have been. Then something went out behind the eyes and Maj. Piotr Gregorievitch Gordienko of the Foreign Intelligence Directorate, Committee of State Security, fell sideways and lay dead in the gutter.

Ariadne was crying. "We must do as Mr. Gordienko told us to do."

"Yes," said Bond shortly. He had enjoyed his 15-minute alliance with the gray man. "Now we've got more running ahead of us, I'm afraid. Can you find us somewhere safe?"

"That's easy. I've a friend who'll look after us."

Ariadne's friend, whose name Bond never learned, turned out to be a plump brunette in a grubby expensive nightdress who showed no surprise whatever at being got out of bed at past 3 a.m. There was an exchange of Greek between the two girls. The friend smiled and nodded at Bond, said something gracious and incomprehensible, acknowledged his bow, and waddled back to her bedroom.

"We're lucky," said Ariadne. "The spare room's vacant. There are drinks in the kitchen cupboard. You go fix yourself one while I put some sheets on the bed."

Bond went to do as ordered. In the cupboard, among tins of Italian soup and packets of biscuits showing signs of age, was a bottle of Bell's Scotch. He poured himself a stiff drink, cut it with a similar quantity of the Nigrita mineral water, and swallowed the drink in two draughts. He felt the familiar spreading, smoldering glow enfold his stomach and seem to blow away the mists of fatigue that had overhung his brain. An illusion, perhaps, but it worked.

It was a pleasant little bedroom with gay hand-painted furniture and brocade curtains, but Bond had eyes only for the girl who sprang up off the bed when he appeared.

She hesitated. "We've many things to do and not much time. But I thought we couldn't do any of them before we'd slept."

"No. And before we sleep. . . ."

The unfinished sentence hung in the warm air. Ariadne smiled, a calm, self-possessed, sensual smile. Then, her sherry-colored eyes never leaving Bond's face, she stripped, unhurriedly but without coquetry or exhibitionism, her movements and expression showing an absolute certainty that he would find her beautiful. She had a truly magnificent body, slender but rounded, longer in the leg than is common with Greek girls, the breasts deep and yet youthfully taut. She narrowed her gaze now and her lips parted.

There was nothing leisurely about Bond's undressing. Within seconds he felt the strength of her as well as the softness. As if they had become one creature with a single will, the two bodies sank to the bed. Soon their voices blended in the cry of joy that sounds so oddly akin to the inarticulate language of despair.

The creature separated, became two bodies once more. Bond tried to think of tomorrow, but his mind, like an overridden horse, refused to budge. He fell asleep with his head on Ariadne's shoulder.

They left the flat early and made their necessary preliminary moves: food, clothes, bath. By the time Bond had finished shaving, all traces of fatigue had dropped from him. He even felt guardedly optimistic—no longer the tethered goat at the tiger shoot, but a hunter on equal terms with the opposition and accompanied by an associate of proven value.

Finally, with Bond sitting on the bed and Ariadne on the blue-covered couch, the council of war went into session.

"Let's take the most obvious point first," said Bond, lighting Xanthis for the two of them. "Your position is horribly dangerous. You're the only survivor of the three people Gordienko felt he could trust. You daren't contact your organization—more than that, after what happened last night this traitor character will be actively interested in having you killed. So then all you can do is to throw in your lot with my people. I needn't explain you—you'll just be my assistant. Agreed?"

"Agreed. But I must do my utmost to let Moscow know what's happened. You understand that?"

"Yes, quite reasonable. I've been working out how you can set about it. I don't suppose you'll have had any dealings with anybody at the Russian embassy here? That means you'll have to take your chance. Telephone them—on a public line—and just mention Gordienko. That'll get you somewhere near the right quarter. You'll know what to say. Of course, for all you know, you might get hold of the chap who sold out to the common enemy. But there's no way of guarding against that. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Good. Now I must get hold of my man here and arrange a rendezvous."

Bond picked up the telephone and asked for the number of the small foreign-language bookshop Stuart Thomas operated as his cover. In less than a minute the operator rang back to say that the number was unobtainable. "No, sir, not engaged, not no reply—unobtainable." Alarm flickered in Bond.

Without exchanging a word, Bond and Ariadne hurried out.

The situation turned out to be quite simple, and quite final. The firemen had done their work and left; the police were in possession. In charge of them was a stocky young lieutenant in smart light-gray uniform, courteous, probably efficient, and anxious to show off his English to Bond, who represented himself as an old customer of Thomas' drawn by curiosity and concern.

The police lieutenant accepted a cigarette. "The firemen have not done badly. They were notified quickly. We're still not certain what has caused the outbreak, but it's being suspected that this was no accident. The heat has been greater than we expect in an ordinary fire. Some bomb, perhaps. Do you know by any chance, sir, if Mr. Thomas is having some enemies?"

Bond said firmly. "I'm afraid I don't know him on that basis, only as a customer. You'd better ask Mr. Thomas himself."

"Unfortunately this is not possible at the moment. Mr. Thomas is not present. I was understanding from the neighbors here that this seems unusual. Normally he's spending the night in his quarters at the back of the shop. You're wanting to see him particularly, sir?"

"No," said Bond. "Not particularly. I'll contact him later. I just thought I'd like to ask him if I could do anything. Thank you."

The lieutenant bowed slightly, glanced at Ariadne with admiration, at Bond with cheerful envy.

"So now we are both on our own," said Ariadne with great determination and force. "I too have been thinking. We must move immediately. We've a long way to travel and it's only . . . 60 hours exactly until the event Mr. Gordienko mentioned. Probably less than that, because—"

"What is this event?"

"I'll tell you when we're on our way."

"So that I won't get the chance to tell London beforehand," said Bond dispassionately. "Of course."

"Darling, I know you must tell London if you can, don't I? Be reasonable. . . . Good. Now, we have a sea trip ahead of us. About two hundred kilometers—a hundred and twenty miles. At least, it's that in a straight line. So we must have a boat and someone to sail it for us. I know who."

THE ALTAIR

"Litsas was in General Papagos's army which fought the Italians when they invaded Greece in 1940. You remember how the Greeks threw them way back into Albania? Well, Litsas was with the infantry that took Koritsa. His platoon had used up their ammunition and he killed 12 Italians with his bayonet. They made him a sergeant for that. He was 18 then.

"My father was his officer in 1941 and they met again in the resistance. They were very brave, both of them, I have to admit that."

Ariadne's face had clouded as she finished speaking. Bond said, "Admit it?"

"Father became very reactionary. He joined what was known as the National Army. Most of them were Fascists, terrorists, no-good people. Litsas joined it too. He was a liaison officer with the British for a time, but he transferred because he wanted to be in the fighting."

"And kill communists. You know, Ariadne—"

"There he is. There."

They had been moving along the walk that follows the curve of Pasalimani, the larger of Piraeus's two yacht basins. Bond immediately picked out a tall white-shirted figure evidently giving vigorous instruction to a couple of cowed-looking employees. As Ariadne and he turned towards the steps leading down to the yard, Bond went on with his train of thought.

"From what you've been saying, this man sounds exactly the opposite of someone who'd help your side."

"It's also your side for the moment, remember. And he's very pro-British. And although he's always been mad at me for joining the Communist Party I think he's continued to be fond of me, because he loves my father. And there's something I know about the other side which may help if he becomes obstinate."

Litsas turned and saw them. He was tanned to a rich brown

by years of sun and salt air, a remarkably handsome man in his mid-forties with thick black hair just starting to go gray, sad and watchful brown eyes, a jutting nose. The belly showed no trace of fat and the shoulders and upper arms bulged with muscle. Bond put him down as a loyal friend and an implacable and ruthless enemy. He trusted him on sight.

After an instant's pause, strong white teeth showed in an unreservedly warm and welcoming smile. He embraced Ariadne affectionately. Then the watchful eyes moved to Bond.

"This is James Bond, Niko, an English friend of mine."

"How do you do, Mr. Bond." The handclasp was strong and warm. "You've picked a good time for your visit. I'm just finishing here before I go over the road for a drink. I hope you'll join me.

"What brings you to Greece, Mr. Bond? You're on holiday?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

Litsas caught the tone at once. "I hope there's no trouble? If I can—"

"There's trouble all right. We desperately need your help, Mr. Litsas."

Litsas stopped dead on the pavement opposite the café. His eyes and voice were full of hostility. "I've finished with politics altogether, and in any case I would never help the . . . the faction you represent. Now you must excuse me."

He started to move away. Bond stepped into his path. "I swear to you I'm not a communist."

"You do, yes?" Some of the fire left Litsas' manner. "Very good, Englishman, I agree to hear your story. I promise nothing more."

They reached the café and sat down at one of the little oblong marble-topped tables. There, over cup after cup of scalding Turkish coffee, Bond gave the full account, all the way from Quarterdeck to the fire at Thomas' shop. Litsas' eyes never left Bond's face. At the end he sat for a full two minutes perfectly relaxed. When he spoke his tone was cold and measured.

"At the moment it's clear that you have no plan. And not a very good story either. I'm sorry—I can introduce you to a dozen people who will charter to you a yacht and crew. . . ."

Bond interrupted brusquely. He had settled in his mind on a force of three as an absolute minimum for the task in hand and he felt sure that this man was the best available for making up the number. "Look," he said, "that line of talk won't get any of us anywhere. What do you imagine is at stake for you in this? Do you think Ariadne and I have told you all this because we're out to steal one of your boats? What are you afraid of?"

"That's enough from you, Mr. Bond, I won't stand—"

It was Ariadne's turn to cut in. "Niko. Listen to me. One fact, or almost certain fact. Von Richter is involved."

She got her effect. Litsas snarled like a wild animal. "That . . . savage! The butcher of Kapoudzona! Come on, Ariadne. How was this found out?"

"He was seen quite accidentally by a guy who was a resistance fighter. The man told the local Party chief, and so on. We got the news yesterday. He was making inquiries about boats to . . . the place of the event."

Litsas took a deep breath and looked from one to the other with the beginnings of a grin. "All right. You've caught your fish. I'll do anything you say. It's time for a change for me. Don't think I believe completely, though. This sweet girl here might still be lying when she tells me about Von Richter. But perhaps she tells the truth and that's enough for me. I'd go halfway round the world for a chance in 10 of seeing that squarehead in my sights."

Bond's heart had lifted in relief. He said, "How soon can we leave?"

"Soon. We'll take the *Altair*. She's a 50-footer with a Diesel. Strong. Not easy to be noticed."

Litsas turned authoritative. "The *Altair* is moored along by the clock tower. Panamanian flag. Next to a big Yankee thing for millionaires. The two of you go on board now and remain out of sight until we sail. Leave everything to me. Be off with you."

Within 10 minutes Bond and Ariadne crossed the deck of the *Altair* and made their way into the tiny saloon. Here everything was squared away, the floor scrubbed, the windows polished, the miniature royal-blue curtains freshly laundered. They took the port midship cabin. Ariadne unpacked and stowed away their minimal luggage. She smoothed back a tendril of brown-blonde hair and turned straight into his arms.

She drew her head back and desire made her eyes look unfocused, opaque. "Don't shut the door. We're alone here." Her breasts seemed to swell against his chest.

Both of them took their pleasure easily, slowly, searchingly, with none of the near-hysterical frenzy of the early hours of that day. The buzz of shouted orders, anchor chains, and fluctuating engines lost all meaning and vanished. At last, exhausted, they drew apart and slept.

Bond was woken by voices and footfalls overhead. He dressed swiftly.

By the time he had moved the few yards back to the saloon Litsas was standing alone, hands on hips, among heaps of various stores, and the voices were retreating in the direction of the dockside.

"Ariadne is asleep?"

"Yes."

The big man looked directly at Bond with eyes that were sad, not watchful. "You'll be good to her, won't you, James? The way you think, it isn't my business, but her father's my best friend and that means very much in Greece. If you drop her suddenly, make untrue promises to her, then I shall come for you and neither of us would like that. Especially you. You understand me?"

"Yes. You won't need to come for me."

"Now. Fuel and water. Full up. Food. That can wait. Drink. That can wait too, but not so long. Weapons. You'd better look at them now. Here."

Bond moved to the table. On it were neat oilskin bundles which Litsas untied to reveal one of the excellent Beretta M.34 9mm. automatics and a couple of boxes of ammunition, four Mills H.E. grenades, and—almost unbelievably—an example of that greatest rifle in the history of warfare, the British short magazine Lee Enfield, with perhaps 60 rounds in clips of five. Bond picked up the rifle and squinted along the V-and-blade sight. "You got this little lot together in pretty good time."

"Oh, it was easy. This is my private store. It must seem rather silly. It isn't really. Not in Greece. You see, here you can't be sure. Oh yes, the communists were completely beaten in 1949, but you'll agree that communists don't give up easily. I must admit that they're not being violent now. But recently they've begun to be active again."

While Litsas talked, he had taken the wooden lid off the starboard-side bench and brought out another oilskin package. This one proved to contain a Thompson M1 submachine gun of World War II vintage. It had been as lovingly cared for as the other pieces.

"A present from the U.S.A. It lives on board. Stacks of ammunition. I hope you think now your firepower is enough?"

Bond grinned delightedly and slapped Litsas on the shoulder. A light step sounded on the deck outside and a youth of about 16, not tall but powerfully built for his age, stepped over the coaming into the saloon. He nodded gravely to Bond.

"This is Yanni," said Litsas. "You and I could manage the boat together, but we need a relief for the wheel. Yanni knows boats and he knows these seas. This is all we need. I shall slip him a couple of hundred drachmas and put him ashore somewhere before we begin the shooting. Well, since you like the weapons we can get the gangway up."

Just then Ariadne joined them. She looked quickly from Bond to Litsas. "Go toward the Cyclades group. I'll tell you which island when we're sailing."

"Very good. Right, James. Let's go."

Five minutes later, a man in a grubby linen suit arrived panting at the quayside, peered after the receding shape of the *Altair*, turned and ran for the café and its telephone.

DRAGON ISLAND

"That's where we're going." Ariadne's finger came down on the map. "Vrakonisi."

Looking over her shoulder, Litsas nodded. "Fourteen hours at least—I don't want to make her go more than about eight knots. Longer if the weather's bad. And it might be."

"It's calm enough at the moment," said Bond.

The dark indigo-blue sea slid past almost unwrinkled. A

fishing boat with a chain of dinghies passed towards Piraeus between the *Altair* and the coast, all the craft moving as smoothly as if they were running across ice.

"It's usually calm here," said Litsas, "but wait till we get past Cape Sounion and leave the shelter of Attica before you be sure. Out there you can meet a norther and it's often quite bloody."

Litsas left them. Bond sat back and gazed out at the coast with eyes that hardly saw. He felt wonderfully relaxed and confident. He had had to learn to get everything possible out of such interludes before action, to savor each moment of calm that lay between him and the shooting, the final assault and the blood.

"Vrakonisi," Ariadne brooded. "The experts say the name means 'rocky island.' But the islanders believe it was originally spelled Vrakhonisi, with the letter *khi*—Dragon Island."

"Now there really is a dragon round the place," said Bond flatly. "Only this time it's a Chinese dragon."

Litsas reappeared at that moment and the words caught his ear. He checked in his stride.

"There's Chinese handwriting over every part of this business." Bond offered cigarettes. "The scale, the recklessness. None of the smaller powers who might want to resist Russian influence in this part of the Mediterranean or the Near East —Turkey, for instance—would or could risk a fraction of what these people have done. But Ariadne's only told us the location of this event. What we need to know now is what it is."

"All right. A secret meeting has been arranged between a top Russian official—you're sure to know his name—and representatives of some countries around here and in North Africa. High-up representatives. All the invitees accepted with the condition that it be held on neutral ground.

"So," the girl went on, "an island seemed just ideal—out of the way, but enough tourists and people around so that a lot of visitors suddenly coming wouldn't be noticeable. Vrakonisi was chosen because at one end of it there's a big house on a kind of rock that you can only get to by water."

"I know the place you mean," Litsas put in. "That was clever of them. It'd be damned difficult to take them by surprise there. And that's what the enemy must want to do."

Bond's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Let's consider his strategy," he said.

"The intention," he said slowly, "is to break up the conference by violence, killing as many people as possible in the process, and making the whole thing as public as possible. After that, the plan would have been to make it look as if my chief and I had done the job, and put us in no position to say we hadn't. Our bodies would be found with the deadly weapons in our hands. No doubt we'd have papers on us 'proving' we were acting under orders. Enough people would believe it, or go on as if they believed it, for British influence hereabouts—which is still not negligible—to vanish overnight, British prestige to be ruined everywhere, rioting to break out, burnings, shootings, and worse. . . . Gordienko wasn't fooling when he talked about a risk of war. I think he was making even more sense than he probably knew."

"One moment, James." Ariadne leaned forward earnestly. "I agree with all this, but I still don't see why you're so sure that the Chinese must be responsible. The Americans are quite capable of this sort of thing."

Bond started to speak, but Litsas held up a hand. "Let me reply, James. Listen, young lady. At Pierce College in Athens the Americans educated you, taught you English, explained to you their way of life. Were you such a bad and lazy student that you're forgetting all that? Can you see no difference between fighting aggressive communists as the Americans have done and this caper, killing chaps in the public streets of a friendly and peaceful nation, taking a security chief from England completely openly? Even the worst men in Washington would not advise that. I beg you, Ariadne, forget your Leninist Institute and start to think!"

Ariadne had flushed. She said, still with a touch of defiance, "Maybe. You could be right. I don't know. But don't tell me about aggressive communists."

The *Altair* moved peacefully and purposely on its way. By imperceptible degrees the weather had been freshening. Whitecaps were beginning to break up the surface of the dark water.

Litsas joined Bond. "We should get busy. We'll be off Vrakonisi about 6. I'll check the course and the weather reports and then we'll see what's in the larder."

When they were alone on the narrow strip of deck, Ariadne turned and clung to Bond. Her lips tasted faintly of salt. As he closed his eyes and kissed her more deeply, he recognized the old feeling of surrender to another person, as always with the illusion of permanence.

But he heard the mental alarm bell that warns the experienced campaigner of duty left undone.

The three of them accordingly made what defensive plans appeared most flexible, and the necessary preparations. Then they ate a meal of black olives, fresh bread, delicious plum-shaped tomatoes, sliced raw onion and manouri cheese, followed by peaches and tiny sweet seedless grapes. They drank the light Mamos retsina and rounded off with Votris, which Litsas declared was the only drinkable Greek brandy.

At 10 o'clock Litsas said goodnight.

The weather was coming from behind them now and the *Altair* was pitching in a steep, short rhythm. Making love in a small ship with a sea running is not unlike flying through some strange element that at one moment seems thinner than air, at the next thicker than water. For an instant, they hung weightless, then plunged as if into the still black depths above the ocean floor.

Bond lay on his face with his arm across Ariadne's belly and sleep came quick and heavy. But he was awake in a flash when a hand pressed his shoulder and a young Greek voice whispered: *"Kyrie Tzems. Despinis Ariadne.* Boat."

DEATH BY WATER

The deck was in darkness, apart from the glow aft, where Litsas would be at the wheel. Elsewhere there seemed to be no light at all. Cloud covered the moon and stars. The wind had abated a good deal. Keeping below the gunwale, Bond crawled aft and round the corner of the deckhousing.

"Dead ahead," said Litsas quietly. "Stay close to the mast and have a look."

Bond raised himself with caution. He narrowed his eyes. A shadowy bulk, showing its starboard green and a light in a pilothouse amidships, lay almost broadside across their bow perhaps 600 yards distant.

"They came at about 20 knots from where Paros is," Litsas went on. "Then, when they were on our port bow, they lost way and hove to. Engine trouble, or they're imitating it.

"Anyway, they'll have trouble if the weather gets worse again. You could hang no more than a sail like a handkerchief from the stub-mast of that cabin cruiser. I'm at half-ahead now. We'll go in slowly."

When the gap had narrowed to something under 200 yards, a faint hail came from the cabin cruiser.

Litsas relayed excerpts and comments to Bond.

"Both their engines are overheating. They say. They say they've nobody on board who can make repairs. A *meltemi*—a northern gale—was blowing for four days and they're afraid it'll freshen again when the sun comes up. That's reasonable. If they're true they must call for assistance. Left alone they could pile up on a reef in a couple of hours. They want us to give them a tow into Vrakonisi."

Bond considered. "Whatever we're up to we're still sailors. Tell them we'll take them in tow."

"I agree." Litsas shouted acceptance, then lowered his voice. "Right, James, here are your parcels. I hope to God we've fastened them well."

Within 20 seconds Bond had tied the string of small plastic-wrapped packages round his waist and donned a pair of flippers and a hunting knife for underwater fishing. He threw a leg over the rail and slipped silently down into the invisible water. It struck chill, but he knew that in this sea at this time of the year it would be no worse than cool once he started to move.

He found time to smile at the thought of the presumption turning out to be comically mistaken, elaborate and highly lethal preparations being made against a party of Dutch businessmen or Swedish teachers on vacation. Then the *Altair's* engine revved up, her bow began to come round to starboard.

To take and secure a line from a craft without steerageway in anything but a flat calm is not straightforward. To do it single-handed is hazardous, but all three had agreed that Yanni

was not to be involved in what was not his quarrel and must stay below in the forecastle as long as danger threatened. And Ariadne could not leave her post.

Every minute counted—or might count. While the two vessels approached closer and shouted directions were being swapped, Bond pushed off from the *Altair's* hull and began to swim, under water, on a slowly turning path that would keep him well away from the strongest light now burning, a fairly hefty installation mounted at the point where the cruiser's stub mast joined the deckhousing. At last he was within 20 feet of the cruiser. He made his way cautiously forward into the shadow cast by its hull and found a fender hanging overside amidships.

Four men incongruously dressed in city suits were at the cruiser's bow. A conversation was in progress. Bond waited for the expected next step. It soon came. The four reached some agreement with Litsas, took up positions at the towrope and began clumsily hauling at it.

Bond stripped off the flippers and let them sink, grasped the rope of the fender, heaved himself up, grabbed the rail and rolled inboard without making a sound. Crouching in the shadow of the deckhouse he unfastened the packages at his waist but left them in position. He drew the knife from its scabbard below his knee and glanced forward.

After a swift prowl on hands and knees Bond had satisfied himself that the party numbered five: four men forward, one, in the faded shirt and slacks of a sailor, leaning on the instrument panel in the pilothouse, closely watching the movements of his companions. There'd be nobody below at such a time.

Bond settled back and waited, a mere couple of strides from the fifth man's back, knife in hand.

Three of the party had reached the afterdeck of the *Altair;* the remaining one was evidently to stay where he was. Litsas was spreading his hands, protesting, the picture of outraged innocence. Bond caught a mention of his own name, then Ariadne's, then the word *astinomia*—police.

Litsas continued to protest. One man stepped forward and tapped Litsas' trouser pockets, then gave an order. The other two filed forward and turned in at the saloon door. Within a minute the two reappeared. The leading one gave the slow upward nod that means "no" in these parts. Another order, and the pair went further forward and out of Bond's sight.

Complete silence. Then a man's laugh, shockingly out of key with the atmosphere of strain. Then the lunatic metallic chattering of the Thompson, sounding flat and echoless across the water. Bond had a glimpse of Litsas grabbing for the place on the roof of the deckhouse where the Beretta lay hidden under a folded tarpaulin. The man near Bond moved at the same moment, flung himself into the pilot's seat and pressed a stud on the panel. Two powerful engines came instantly to life below decks.

Now Bond acted. He leapt forward, flung his left arm round the man's face, covering the mouth. The knife thudded into the chest once, twice, three times. Then trunk and limbs relaxed, warm blood flooded out on to Bond's left arm, he stepped aside and helped the body out of the seat.

There were yells and shots from the *Altair,* but Bond had no time to spare for them. He dropped to his knees, shoved out of the way the legs of the man he had stabbed, got his finger through the brass ring of the trapdoor and heaved it aside. Swiftly and methodically, he drew from the pouches at his waist the four Mills grenades. With deft movements he drew out the safety pins, and tossed all four down the hatchway before the seven-second fuse of the first had had time to release the firing pin.

Then it came, a monstrous pounding, shivering bang underfoot that made the deck boards leap as if struck with a massive hammer, a wash of flame above the hatchway. Immediately afterwards a revolver bullet fizzed through the air four or five feet above Bond's head. Knowing better than to poise himself for a dive, Bond vaulted the rail and fell anyhow into the sea. Then he arched his back and kicked out and swam at top speed a couple of feet below the surface for a hundred counted seconds. Finally he turned and let his head come up. Amidships the cruiser was burning heavily, with the rich fat glow of oil. The breeze was whipping the blaze forward and Bond caught the glow of flames sweeping the deckhouse.

The sky beyond Vrakonisi had become a couple of degrees more transparent. The dawn was gathering. Three short blasts —the success signal—came from the *Altair's* horn as she made slowly away from the burning wreck. Bond leaned forward in the water and swam with leisured strokes towards her.

"I think two of them went off," said Litsas, "but it was hard to tell. The fuel was exploding too. Anyway, it was enough."

From his place at the wheel he nodded towards what was left of the cruiser. It was a mile astern now, partly obscured by the ragged smoke cloud that was being blown almost directly towards them. She would begin to settle when the fire reached her waterline and the first waves came inboard.

As soon as Bond was safely picked up it had been a matter of first things first. The *Altair* had to get out of the area. It was not until now that they had had the leisure to compare notes.

Bond told his story squatting on the afterdeck, sipping the glass of Votris and drawing deeply at the Xanthi that Ariadne had handed him. He ended by asking, "Did anybody see what happened to the man who stayed on the cruiser's foredeck?"

"I certainly didn't," said Litsas. "He made one shot at me. Then the explosions started and I never saw the chap again."

"He's had it anyway," Bond said, "but tell it from the beginning."

"Oh, they asked very many questions and I was the stupid peasant—perhaps you saw some of that. Then . . . but I must let Ariadne tell the next part."

"Like Niko says, it was all luck really. I recognized one of the men. His voice was familiar right away and I saw it was a guy called Theodorou, who was in the same Party branch I was for a while before they expelled him for being a criminal. Well, the Greek police are very corrupt and Fascist and everything, but even they wouldn't sign up a skunk like Theodorou. When he saw I recognized him, he made a horrible laugh and said I must come to his boat for questioning and . . . something more besides.

"So then," Ariadne went on, "so then I said that would be just fine with me . . . and he must wait a minute while I found my sweater. But what I found was the Thompson under the blanket.

"It was just like you said, Niko, vibration and a pull to the right, but mostly I hit him and he yelled and went down. But the other man got down too and that worried me, because I was kneeling on the cabin top while he could move around on the deck without me seeing him and might pop up anywhere and shoot me before I could turn."

"That was where young Yanni turned up," Litsas put in. "He said he didn't want to be sent to bed like a child before the trouble had even started. He wanted to help. So he went to his bunk and got out his knife and stood on the little ladder that comes up from the forecastle. When the second man was getting ready to shoot me Yanni came up from the fo'c'sle and shoved four inches of the best Sheffield steel under our friend's left shoulder. He gave no trouble after that."

Bond shuddered. He had had to get used to the idea of involving innocent outsiders in the kind of savage, unpredictable violence he traded in, but to have brought about the initiation of an adolescent into the ways of killing was something new to him. He asked with assumed eagerness, "What happened at your end, Niko?"

"Oh, that was nothing at all. My chap had had the common sense to get his revolver out, but when the Browning started up the poor devil couldn't help moving his eyes off me for a second. I kicked his gun half out of his hand and then shot him in the face. Child's play."

There was a call from Yanni amidships. They turned and followed his pointing finger. But there was nothing to see. Steel-colored water, lightly touched with the lilac of the opening dawn, stretched unbroken over the place where the cruiser had been.

GENERAL INCOMPETENCE

It was a beautiful morning. Out at sea the rising *meltemi* was blowing the tops off the waves, but off the southern shore of Vrakonisi it did no more than impart a pleasing sense of motion to the slightly flawed surface of the water. And on the land, in the house on the islet, all that could be felt was a mild breeze, gusting a little at times and raising the corners

of the papers on the long pale Swedish desk near the window.

Sitting at the desk with a glass of tea before him, Colonel-General Igor Arenski felt comfortably relaxed. This was his first undercover assignment outside the Soviet Union, though as a high official of the K.G.B. (Committee of State Security) he had naturally made frequent trips to foreign countries in various official guises.

Supervising the security arrangements for this conference had been a simple matter to a man of his experience. Coming all this way merely to witness the operation of the foolproof machinery he had devised at his Moscow desk was, between himself and his professional conscience, quite unnecessary.

Still, he must not complain. It was a good thing to have got away from Moscow for a time; even a short trip like this helped one to maintain an international outlook. The inhabitants were a barbaric lot in general, uncouth and suspicious, but it was true that his contact with one inhabitant—a fisherboy or something of the kind from the port—was turning out to be unexpectedly interesting. Life was treating Igor Alexeivitch well.

At last, bored with the play of sunlight on the most beautiful water to be found off any European coast, Arenski sighed and glanced at the file that lay open in front of him. It was necessary to go through the motions of work in order to preserve good habits. His small blue eyes moved idly over the topmost sheet, although he knew its contents by heart.

Essentially, he would make two secure circles around the conference. The closer would be a cordon of guards around the house. The outer, a sea patrol, would protect the whole island.

A knock at the door brought him out of his reverie. "Da?" he called irritably.

Mily, one of the two men who had first occupied the house, entered and greeted him in an appalling Ukrainian accent.

"Only one thing to report, sir. There was a fire at sea about 5 o'clock this morning, I was informed by a man at the harbor. Two boats went out to investigate. They picked up one survivor, rather badly burnt. He had some story about a fire in the engine room."

"A sad story, Mily. But I don't see that it concerns us, do you? Some fool of a Greek throws a cigarette end into a tin of petrol and blows his ship up. It would be surprising if something like that didn't happen every week in a country as backward as this."

There was movement on the terrace outside and an excited murmur. A man's voice shouted in Greek. Mily went to the door. When he reappeared he seemed agitated.

"A rowing boat is approaching, sir. A girl and a boy of about 16. They're making for the anchorage."

The general got up, pulled his green-and-turquoise check shirt into position and sauntered outside.

Two minutes later, hands on hips, he was on the mole surveying the two arrivals. Arenski waited: always let the other speak first.

The girl faced him. "Do you speak English?"

"Yes."

"My name is Ariadne Alexandrou. I am an employee of Mr. Gordienko in Athens. I have an urgent message for the man in charge here."

General Arenski checked her credentials in a yellow-bound personnel file, and then asked for her story. He heard her out to the end without once interrupting.

When she had finished he sat silent and motionless for a time in his revolving chair, hands behind head. Then he turned round to his desk and reopened the personnel file. Finally he said, looking out of the window, "You were recruited by the Chief Intelligence Directorate, the G.R.U."

"That's correct."

"Have you done much counterespionage work?"

"Not a great deal. Chiefly on jobs that called for a girl like me."

"A seductive temptress," sneered Arenski. "Really, some of us behave as if we're still in the pre-Revolutionary era. Now, your father"—he glanced at the file—"your father is an official of Pallas Airlines. A comfortable bourgeois."

The girl cut in sharply. "General Arenski, I came here to discuss something much more important than why I became a communist. There's a terrible threat against your country and against what we both believe in. For instance, how do you explain why my message to you via the embassy in Athens has never arrived."

Arenski sighed. "You said you don't know who you spoke to there. Some junior clerk, no doubt, probably a Greek, who was too stupid to understand your no doubt guarded phrases, went out to lunch and forgot the whole thing."

Arenski turned businesslike; he had spent too long being reasonable. "Now, I will outline our course of action. I want Bond here. He clearly has designs of some sort against our conference. He has little chance of achieving anything spectacular. There are weapons here that would drive off a small warship. I think I can say that I've neglected nothing." The general gave a narrow smile. "But Bond may be a nuisance. He must be kept out of harm's way until our delegates have departed."

"Anything I can do, Comrade General. . . ."

"Yes, Comrade Alexandrou, there is a great deal. I take it our Mr. Bond is infatuated with you?"

"Oh yes. I've very much influence over him."

"Better and better." Arenski almost beamed. "Persuade him to come here for an interview. Give him my word that he'll be able to depart unmolested at any time he may wish. You'll know what arguments to use. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear, Comrade General," said the girl, getting up. "I'll bring him here as soon as I can, but you must give me a little time."

"Just so, just so," said Arenski. "We shall make a Marxist of you yet. Let me say how much I appreciate your services."

Arenski bowed. He had thought her a typical Balkan whore, foolish, sentimental and pleasure-loving with a streak of gangsterism, but she had determination and her readiness to correct her mistakes was promising. He would mention her favorably in his report. "Au revoir, Comrade Alexandrou, I look forward to seeing you very soon."

Bond . . . Arenski was looking forward to the encounter. And not only that. When the conference was over, Bond would snatch a gun and the general would have to shoot him in self-defense. Perfect.

After a moment Arenski muttered to himself in English, "The man who killed James Bond," and chuckled wetly.

THE SMALL WINDOW

"Here they come."

Litsas lowered the Negretti & Zambra binoculars and put them down on the cabin top. The *Altair* had dropped anchor in a tiny cove whose granite sides dropped steeply into the water.

"Go on, Niko," said Bond from his canvas chair on the tiny foredeck. "By the way, where is Kapoudzona?"

"Macedonia. Mountain village. . . . Well, just after the village the staff car comes to a roadblock, some chaps rise up behind the rocks and blaze away, and all the German colonels are killed.

"Von Richter is commanding the support company of an S.S. infantry battalion who are training close by. There's a new German order saying that attacks of the guerrillas must be punished in a quick and—and severe way. That's enough for him.

"In two hours he's put a cordon round the village and he's lined up everybody in the square. He makes the women and the children under 14 go into the village school. It's big and it's made of wood. Von Richter makes his men lock the doors, throw gasoline down the walls and set fire to them. Then he shoots the other people. Two hundred and eight killed altogether. Two old men somehow survive to tell the story. So James. I must kill him myself. You understand that."

"Yes, Niko, I promise."

Bond moved away and looked towards the approaching dinghy. It was near enough now for him to be able to see Ariadne's fair hair shining in the sun. He waved to her and got an answering wave. Thank God she was near. He realized he wanted to see her—just look into her face and touch her hand.

A movement on the hillside above the dinghy caught his eye. Somebody, a man, was making a painful diagonal descent through the piles of rock and clumped bushes, moving across the steep shouder of the cove. His movements were peculiar, as if he were handicapped in some way. Bond, idly curious,

picked up the binoculars, but by the time he brought them to bear the figure had gone out of view.

The roughly-flagged terrace where Colonel Sun was sitting, like his whole establishment on the island, was on a more modest scale than that of his Russian opposite number on the islet. It was also far more secluded. A lot of persistence would have been needed to climb up from the sea or down the barren hillside, which was overgrown with thorn bushes, littered with great chunks of granite and marble.

The man who had made this uncomfortable journey, and who now sat facing the colonel on the terrace, was physically tough. He would have had to be, after sustaining fairly extensive second-degree burns on board the cabin cruiser, and walking five miles in the sun in order to gain the ridge above the house. Because, as well as being exhausted, he was still suffering from shock, he told his tale ramblingly and with repetitions.

Sun was tolerant about this. Hands on knees, he sat on an olive-wood stool in an upright posture that would have put a crick in any Western back in five minutes, and gazed almost benignly at the unimpressive-looking small-time crook from the Piraeus waterfront who had endured all this for 200 American dollars. Between them Doni Madan lounged on foam-rubber cushions wearing a black-and-green check bikini, an incongruous get-up for an interpreter.

"Tell Mr. Aris I think I have it all clear now," Sun said to her, "thank him for his services, and offer him another drink or whatever refreshment he may desire." Then the colonel went on in a brisker tone, "And tell Mr. Aris I quite understand the difficulties that had to be faced. Assure him that the escape of the man Bond is not serious. It will be turned to account in the interests of peace. And tell Mr. Aris too that his money will be paid in full, plus a bonus of 50 American dollars for devotion to duty."

Doni began talking earnestly to Aris. Sun got up from his wooden stool, unfolding himself vertically like a puppet on a string."

Still keeping in the shadow, he moved to the corner of the stone balustrade at the outer edge of the terrace. There, perfectly impassive, he waited. What was important was action, not its setting. If people had to ask *where* a thing happened, it was a scientific certainty that the thing itself was not unique. And within a short time, he, Sun Liang-tan, was going to have accomplished something unique.

He recollected himself, hurried indoors and bounded actively up the stairs. In excellent spirits he shot the bolts on the door at the end of the corridor and entered.

"Good morning, my dear. Admiral. How are you? I hope you have everything you want?"

"What does it matter to you, you yellow slug," said M with great distinctness, "whether or not I have what I want? Talk as you think, for God's sake."

"No abuse, please, sir. In answer to your question, of course it matters to me whether you have what you want. Your strength must be kept up for your part in the experiences which lie ahead of us—which, I venture to assure you, will be far in advance of anything we've so far undertaken together."

M's gaze did not alter. "That's decent of you."

"But I didn't come up here only to inquire after your health, important as that is to me. I also bring you news. News of your subordinate and fellow terrorist, James Bond. Between ourselves, I don't mind admitting that Bond has been conducting himself with some skill and energy. He has done considerable damage in the Athens sector of this operation. However, that phase was not my responsibility and is now concluded. Bond is here in the vicinity."

No reaction from M.

"Our habit of working in separate units, each answerable to the top, has had the curious result that while Athens was seeking to neutralize Bond at any cost I and my five associates have been preparing to receive him undamaged. It will turn out my way."

M managed a grin. "Bond has successfully taken on far worse odds in the past. Organized by much more dangerous intelligence than a sadistic Chinese infant living in a world of fantasy. Say your prayers, Sun, or burn a joss stick or whatever you do."

The colonel showed his inward-pointing teeth. "Burning is a topic you should have the tact to avoid, Admiral. How is the skin on your chest?"

M went on looking at him.

"Later we might see what we can do with your back. There we have the added factor that the recipient is unaware of where and when each successive stimulus will be applied. The uncertainty can have interesting consequences. But it's vulgar to exchange threats. I'll leave you to your lunch. And today I think we might allow you a glass of wine. You'll want to drink to the safe arrival of your friend and colleague."

Turning away, M looked out his small window at the sea.

"The general was very worried by what I had to tell him," said Ariadne. "He wants you to go see him and have a talk. I think he proposes to join forces with you. He said he needs your help. After the interview, of course, you're free to go if you want to."

Bond examined the tip of his cigarette. "What guarantee have I that he'll let me go once he's got me there?"

"Oh, you have his word for that. The word of a colonel-general in the K.G.B."

There was silence for a moment in the saloon of the *Altair*. Then Bond and Litsas exploded into laughter.

"Did I do it well?" asked Ariadne eagerly. "Did I have you fooled any of the time?"

Bond put his arms round her and kissed her cheek. "No," he said, "I'm afraid not. You'll never make a proper spy; you're too honest. We could tell you were hating every word you said and despising the whole thing for being so unbelievable. A very poor performance all round."

"That chap seems to be raving mad." Litsas was pouring ouzo for the three of them. "What was he thinking? You told him the whole story, I suppose?"

"Everything. He didn't believe me. Oh, he believed the part about Mr. Gordienko because even a moron like myself wouldn't tell a lie he could check out. But the rest was that James was smooth-talking me to help him fight some gangsters so that he'd be able to try to blow up this conference. I had to pretend to go along with him or I would not have gotten away myself."

"In other words," said Bond, "he went on as if he'd made up his mind not to believe you as soon as he set eyes on you."

Bond gave her a sardonic glance and chain-lit another cigarette.

"Well, no help from the general," he said. "In fact we must keep out of his way. We've learned that much."

"More. A survivor from the cruiser is in the hospital here. Arenski's going to check on him."

Bond and Litsas exchanged a glance. "So he was picked up after all, James. Interesting."

"That's about as much as you can say. We haven't the resources to watch him and find out who goes to see him and I can't believe he's any threat to us. Von Richter is our lead. Where do we start looking?

"The harbor. Always the harbor. We can be safe there for a short time and we must get some food, real food, hot food, meat, not these meals of a shepherd. And I'd like to refuel; the range of this tub is only a couple of hundred miles. Off we go, then."

Litsas drained his glass and disappeared in the direction of the engine-room. Bond glanced at Ariadne. The girl's light-brown eyes were veiled and the firm Grecian mouth drooped at the corners. "I'm so depressed," she said. "A big operation like this and they put that monster of complacency in charge of security."

"Don't worry," said Bond. "Rely on Niko and me. And yourself. We'll do what Arenski couldn't."

While Ariadne nestled against him, Bond grinned to himself. Not the least oddity of this adventure was finding himself promising a Soviet agent that Soviet interests would be safeguarded. If M ever heard about that, he would—

The engine caught and Bond's mind shut down.

NEXT MONTH

In the concluding installment, James Bond finally confronts the colonel with the pewter eyes—and undergoes the weirdest torture of his life.

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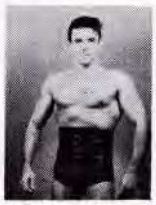

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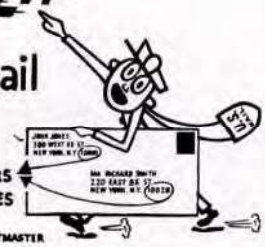

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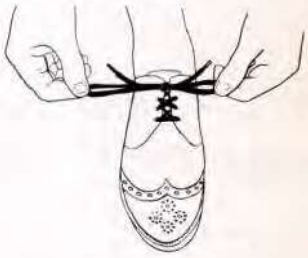

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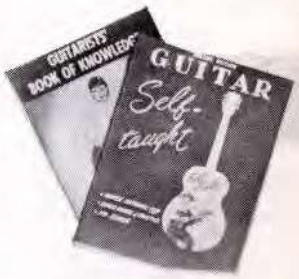

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HOME & GARDEN

COLOR CATALOG, twelve Red King Humbert Canna Bulbs $3.00 postpaid. Horn Canna Farms, Carnegie, Okla. 73015.

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AIRMAIL LOANS UP TO $2,500.00. No interviews or endorsers. The person who cashes your check won't know it's a loan. Trans-Con Finance Corporation, Dept. BIG-4-8, Box 2393, Fort Worth, Texas 76101.

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BORROW $1,205 AIRMAIL! Repay $47 for 36 months. State licensed. Postal Finance, Dept. 74-E, 200 Keeline Building, Omaha, Nebraska 68102.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-C, Universal City, California.

KENNEDY ASSASSINATION! Bibliography and catalogue 50c. Spencer Books, 3295 Victory Center, North Hollywood, California 91609.

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YOU ARE READING the Classified Section of one of the Nation's most responsive markets. These ads are shopped by millions who respond to Opportunity. Tell your 'story'—then watch inquiries, orders roll in. For details, rates write CLASSIFIED, INC., Dept. T-4, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago, 60611.

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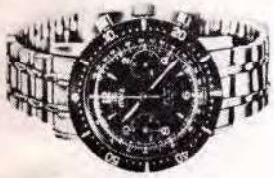

17 JEWEL PRECISION CALCULATING CHRONOGRAPH WATCH with push button control provides split second accuracy—stop, start, fly back. Stopwatch records time with rotating bezel; outer bezel times specific operations. Waterproof; one year guarantee. $50.
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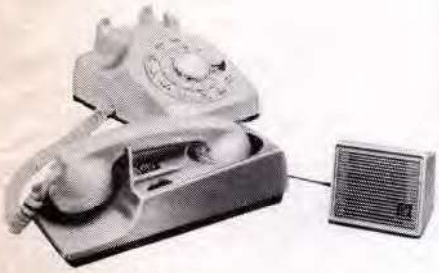

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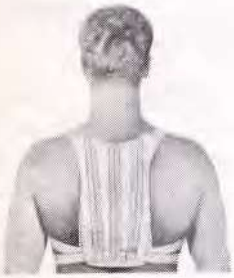

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811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105

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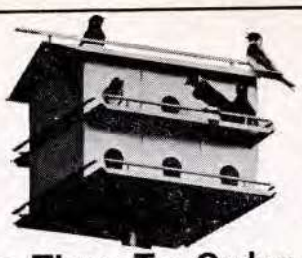

Now Is The Time To Order YOUR MARTIN HOUSES

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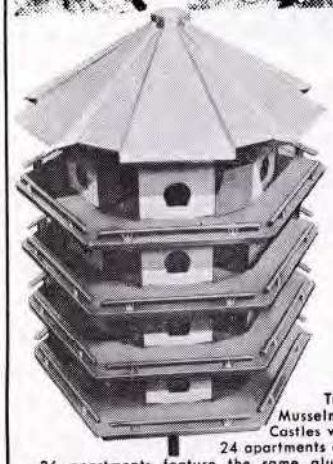

Trio-Musselman Castles with 24 apartments and 36 apartments feature the same aluminum construction. Their beauty is truly magnificent, in gleaming green and white baked enamel with natural roof.

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this funny life

After departing from his planned speech during a recent public address, Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior, remarked to his audience: "As you know, I'm a notorious text deviate."

Allen Glasser
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Marine Corps has recently increased its active strength from three to four divisions because of the Viet Nam conflict. A result of this increase has been the hastening of promotions for those now serving.

Last year, when our promotions came through at least a year earlier than the peacetime norm, we were invited to the officers' club to receive the warrant of our new rank. Each of us was urged to make a speech as he was promoted.

One new captain replied appropriately: "I would like to thank the man who made this all possible—Ho Chi Minh."

Capt. John W. Barnard
San Francisco, Calif.

As a member of my high-school basketball team, I usually came home quite late from school and then still had a lot of homework to do. For this reason I very often had to stay up until all hours of the night to do it.

When I complained about it to my father one evening, he said, "Well, at least it's keeping you out of trouble."

"Yeah, and it's keeping me out of bed, too!" I said.

With a grin he replied, "That's what I mean!"

Gerald M. Kunert
El Paso, Texas

As I was taking our dog for her daily walk, I noticed two hippies on a street corner, trying to thumb a ride out of town. One of them carried a sign which read: KEEP YOUR CITY BEAUTIFUL. GIVE US A RIDE.

Name withheld at writer's request
Goleta, Calif.

The personnel manager (male) of a local insurance firm claims that women in business are a problem. "If you treat 'em like men," he explains, "they'll try to take over the place. And if you treat 'em like women, sooner or later your wife will find out about it!"

Michael S. Leavitt
Westbrook, Me.

One day at a busy intersection in a small town I stopped my car and waited for a traffic officer to motion me ahead.

When I saw him motion, I moved past him and he whistled me over to the curb.

"Who told you to move?" he demanded.

I said, "I thought I saw you nod your head for me to proceed."

Furious, he said, "I've been directing traffic on this corner for two years and I haven't used my head yet!"

Dennis E. Malet
Wayne, N. J.

An eminent surgeon attended the unveiling of a bust of himself at a large university in California. After the ceremony, a well-developed young lady came up to him and remarked, "Doctor, I hope you appreciate that I've come more than 500 miles to see your bust unveiled."

The gallant doctor replied, "Ma'am, I would gladly return the compliment!"

Henry E. Leabo
Repressa, Calif.

During my sister's ninth month of pregnancy, an annoying toothache made a dental appointment necessary. Since it was her first visit to this particular dentist the receptionist asked her to complete an information card.

After filling in her name, age, occupation, etc., she read: "BILL TO:" and wrote "same as above," referring to her own name which appeared on the line directly above.

The answer confused the receptionist, however, who returned to the crowded waiting room to ask my very pregnant sister, "Don't you have a husband, Mrs. Smith?"

"No," replied my sister, annoyed by the stupidity of the question. "I'm just carrying this for a friend."

Name withheld at writer's request
Richmond, Va.

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make yourself a swinger

Something happens when you mix a jigger of Early Times, a couple of rocks, a little sparkling water and Bar-Tender's Instant Whisky Sour Mix in a glass. What happens? "The Swinger" happens. Instantly.

1968 Ford Country Squire with new disappearing headlamps.

12 wagons full of better ideas —from Ford, the Wagonmaster.

When Americans want wagons, they usually buy from the Wagonmaster—Ford. And 1968 is the best year yet for Ford wagons, all filled with better ideas like Ford's Magic Doorgate (available on all wagons).

It swings out for people, flips down for cargo. Standard on the Country Squire, above. Also standard: a brand new 302 cu. in. V-8 that's got the kind of towing power you need. Need extra seating space? Then choose the Squire with dual-facing rear seats. Like all Squires, it works like a wagon but rides like a luxury car!

FACTS ABOUT 1968 WAGONS FROM FORD—12 models. 7 full-sized Ford wagons; new Torino Squire; 2 new Fairlane wagons; 2 Falcon wagons. 8 engines available from 200 cu. in. Six to 428 cu. in. V-8. Ford's wagon features for '68 include SelectShift transmission (works both automatically and manually!), Magic Doorgate, SelectAire Conditioner, Power Doorgate Window, AM/FM Stereo Radio, just a few of the better ideas available on every model!

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